

Vol. XXXIX, No. 2

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# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JUNE  
1922



## Rob Wagner

is the one man who knows all that is to be known about the motion pictures—the one thing in America today that is of the greatest interest to the greatest number of people. His articles and his book, "Film Folks," have established his authority. Yet all he has written during the past ten years has been but preparatory to the writing of his brilliantly revealing novel—

## "A Girl of the Films"

which will begin in the next—the July—issue of this magazine. Every reader of "Souls for Sale," which concludes in the present issue, will want to begin next month this new and different novel of the celluloid world.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN  
Painted from life

Haskell Coffin

### ART SECTION, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Diana Allen, Elsie Ferguson, Martha Hedman, Julia Hoyt, Vivian Tobin, Dolores

### THE BEST SERIAL NOVELS OF THE YEAR

THE BRIGHT SHAWL Illustrated by Everett Shinn	Joseph Hergesheimer	39
CONTRABAND Illustrated by William Meade Prince	Clarence Budington Kelland	60
SOULS FOR SALE Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy	Rupert Hughes	70
MAMSELLE CHÉRIE Illustrated by the Author	George Gibbs	84

### THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE MONTH

THE MEN WHO CLIMBED Illustrated by J. Henry	M. L. C. Pickthall	46
HER OWN LIFE Illustrated by Frederick R. Gruget	Wallace Irwin	49
THE BULL BAITERS Illustrated by J. J. Gould	Gerald Beaumont	54
RENFREW AND THE NEW GENERATION Illustrated by Arthur William Brown	Booth Tarkington	65
WITHOUT MERCY Illustrated by George Wright	Jack Boyle	76
BOXES OF GOLD Illustrated by W. B. King	E. Phillips Oppenheim	80
THE SWIMMING MASTER Illustrated by Walt Louderback	Honoré Willsie	88
THE DIAMOND Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore	Melville Davisson Post	93
CRIME IS CRIME Illustrated by Charles Sarka	O. F. Lewis	98

### THE BEST SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE DAY

SALLIE JONES Illustrated by John Scott Williams	Thomas L. Masson	32
THE MIDLAND MASTER MARINER Illustrated by Angus MacDonall	Tom Daly	34
HE WOULD HAVE NO BOSS Decoration by Charles B. Falls	Bruce Barton	37

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# The Place and Function of Private Preparatory Schools in American Education

By BENJAMIN T. MARSHALL

*President of Connecticut College*

With the new appreciation of the value of education, and with the growing determination to give it more liberal support, there will go a closer scrutiny of present educational institutions. Both public and private schools must establish their right to exist, to the discriminating friend of education who values it as a discipline and as the best training in and for democracy.

The emphasis in most of our private preparatory schools is placed upon the prime essentials of character, industry, intellectual power and fair play. An exacting schedule of academic work is imposed. This obligation must be discharged with daily regularity and faithfulness. Delinquency and every sort of deficiency meets with almost automatic penalties until improvement is assured.

There is many a private school principal and headmaster who, with the aid and co-operative devotion of a fine body of masters, usually far superior to those of the public school, has brought forward each graduating class to a high degree of character and intellectual power and love of learning.

Preparatory schools command the service of superior teachers. They are friends of youth, who bring understanding, patience, enthusiasm, and personal refinement to their tasks,—and who delight in the comradeship and win the confidence of their boys to a rare degree. Then there are the friendships of the students themselves, drawn from many quarters, representative in some schools of upward of forty states and half a dozen foreign countries, living in residence, twenty-four hours a day in the school atmosphere and breathing its spirit. It certainly is a callous and difficult, not to say impossible person,

who is not thereby rid of provincialism, sectionalism, pettiness and threatened snobishness, by these many contacts. What an opportunity among this relatively select group for congenial friends, with some of whom are developed the noblest and ennobling intimacies.

Democracy will always require leadership, and the private preparatory school is not without strong claims for being the best place for the early training of our prospective leaders. On the school campus democracy is enjoined and practised. Large responsibilities are put in the hands of the students themselves. They learn through many extra curricular activities, editorial, dramatic, athletic, and social in nature, how to work with, for, under, and over others. The spirit of fair play, of good sportsmanship, is acquired practically by all. The generous and sincere delight in the prowess, skill, or talent of another is again beautifully manifested. Honors and distinctions of every sort are achieved, and awaken genuine congratulation and rejoicing in the recipient's success.

The private preparatory school is sending forth steadily into our national life its stream of industrious, honorable, scholarly, just-minded and noble-hearted youth. They are dedicated in the spirit of service to the up-building of America and of the world—a product in which the schools may take great satisfaction, and which the country may contemplate with confidence and gratitude.







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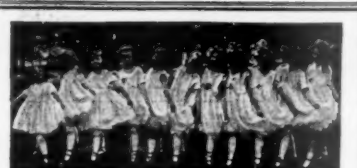
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NEW ENGLAND AND ATLANTIC STATES

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## SOUTHERN STATES

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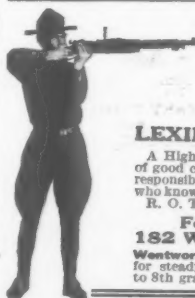


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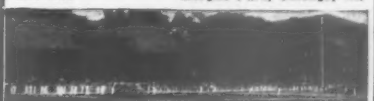
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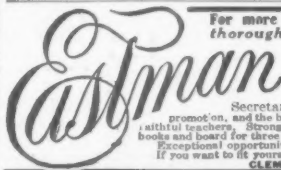
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# Ten Mistakes Are Being Made in This Picture Can You Find Them All?

**S**OME are the bad blunders in table manners. Some are mistakes in dress. Some are glaring blunders in good form. All are errors that you should be able to find at once—errors that are usually made by those who do not know the rules of good society.

See how many you can find. See whether or not any of them are errors you have ever made. It is embarrassing to make blunders in a public place—humiliating to commit breaches that give others the wrong impression. To know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all circumstances, is to be well-poised and at ease in the company of the most brilliant and highly cultivated people.

## At the Dinner Table

Perhaps you are finding it difficult to find the ten mistakes illustrated in the picture above. Suppose you glance through these questions—they may help you.

What is the proper way to hold the knife and fork? Should the knife be placed on the table, after using, or on the plate? If a fork or knife is dropped, should a man pick it up or allow the waiter to attend to it? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? How should a napkin be used, a finger bowl? Should a gentleman sit to the right of a lady at the table, or to the left?

In entering a dining-room together, who precedes—the man or the woman? Who precedes when they leave the dining-room? How can a person learn to be calm and at ease in a public dining-room? Do you know how to create conversation?

## Can You Answer These Questions?

It is not only in the dining-room that one must observe the rules of good form if one wishes to be happy and at ease. There is the ballroom, where problems of etiquette are constantly arising: the hotel, where one can suffer keen embarrassment if one does not know how to register, how much to tip the porter, how to conduct oneself in the dining-room. There are weddings, social entertainments, parties, teas—every day in our contact with men and women we need social knowledge to give us grace and charm.

Do you know what to wear to an afternoon dance? Do you know what a man should wear to an evening dance? How should a gentleman ask a woman to dance? What are the correct dancing positions?

When should wedding invitations be issued and how should they be acknowledged? What should the bride's trousseau consist of? Does the maid-of-honor carry a bouquet of flowers? How should the home be decorated for the wedding? What is the correct order of precedence for the wedding march?

Then, of course, there are the little personal problems that are constantly arising—problems that can be solved only through application of the rules of etiquette. These rules do not represent a fad or a fashion, to pass and be forgotten. They are customs that have come down through centuries of developing culture and are observed today in the best families of America and Europe. For instance, do you know whether or not a widow wears her first wedding and engagement rings when marrying for the second time? Do you know whether the bride uses her own initials or not when embroidering her linens?

To those who know without hesitation or doubt all the important little rules of good conduct, mingling with men and women brings happiness, success. To those who are constantly in fear of doing or saying the wrong thing, who are constantly embarrassed and ill-at-ease, who commit breaches in etiquette, mingling with men and women often brings unhappiness, humiliation.

## What Etiquette Means

You probably know, in your own acquaintance, a man or woman who always seems to do and say the thing that is absolutely correct. That person knows the rules of etiquette. He has a certain calm, well-poised dignity that makes people admire and respect him. He is always welcomed wherever he chances to go, and his friends never think of having an entertainment of any kind without inviting him—or her.

That is what etiquette does—it gives you poise, charm, grace. It gives to you that ease and fine repose of manner that characterize the well-bred person. The French like to call it *savoir-faire*. With it one may possess personality, dignity, cultivation. It often means the difference between social success and social failure.

Etiquette should serve as a shield that protects you from embarrassment and humiliation. It should enable you to do and say at all times what is correct and in good form. It enables you correctly to issue invitations and acknowledge them, to give an entertainment and attend one, to make introductions and to acknowledge them, and helps you to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly.

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Landis has certain peculiarities. For example, whenever a man declares to him that a thing can't be done, he gives the fellow a questioning look—says nothing—and presently you find that he has either tried it out and *proved for himself* that it can't be done, or that *he has gone and done it*—usually the latter.

Someone told him that training by mail was impractical—"It will never get you anywhere."

Do you know what Landis did?

He sent to LaSalle Extension University, the largest business training institution in the world, for the facts.

Here's the way Landis figured it. Said he, "There are a lot of fellows in this world who have never got very far, and who hate to admit that *they themselves are to blame*."

"My hunch," said he, "is that the fellow who says 'there's nothing in it' simply hasn't the stamina to buckle down and do the work. He doesn't *want* to be convinced—because then he would have to dig up *another* excuse to let him drift along in peace, on the big, broad stream to NOWHERE!"

\* \* \*

So Landis sent for the facts.

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that clogged them, freeing themselves of the self-poisons that caused the pimples and blackheads.

The clay remains on the face only a short time. You may read or relax while the beauty mask is doing its work—you may even go about your household tasks. A warm towel applied to the face will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And as it comes off, every blemish and impurity will come off with it, every blackhead and pimplehead will vanish in the magical clay! The skin beneath will be left as soft and smooth and satiny as a child's.

### Our Guarantee Backed by Million-Dollar Bank

We guarantee Domino Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser of the total amount paid for Domino Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful, new discovery.

### Special Introductory Offer

Every woman owes it to herself to try this remarkable new Domino Complexion Clay, to see for herself

how beautiful her complexion can really be, to bring her own charming youthfulness to the surface. As this preparation cannot be obtained anywhere but direct from Domino House, we are making the very special offer of sending a jar on free trial to any one sending the coupon below to us at once.

Don't send any money—just the coupon with your name and address. A jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you promptly. Pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus the few cents postage) when it is in your hands. This special reduced price is made for introductory purposes for a short time only. The regular price is \$3.50—but if you take advantage of this offer at once you pay only \$1.95 (plus postage) and in addition you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after the first application.

Take advantage of our special free-to-your door offer. Mail this coupon at once, and get your jar of Domino Complexion Clay before the present supply is exhausted. Many will have to be kept waiting. Mail the coupon NOW! Address Domino House, Dept. 276, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 276**

269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of your Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first jar with the absolutely guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole and only judge.

Name .....

Address .....  
If you wish you may send money with coupon.



NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS



"THE supreme delight of childhood, the dramatized day-dream of youth, the renewed romance of maturity, the beloved recreation of age—a good story!"

## Stories by Action Specialists

YOU most enjoy stories that move with rapidity, zest and high spirit. So BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE writers are chosen for their ability to produce fiction of this sort—stories that live, stories of men in action. In the June issue, for instance, you will find:

**Courtney Ryley Cooper's "Incense,"** a detective novelette crammed with thrills and action.

**Beatrice Grimshaw's "The Valley of Never Come Back,"** a vivid drama of Papuan adventure.

**William F. Sturm's "Fixed,"** an exciting and authoritative motor-race story.

**Bertram Atkey's "Easy Street Experts,"** a crook story by the author of "Winsome Winnie."

**Lemuel L. De Bra's "A Bowl of Rice,"** **Clarence Herbert New's "Free Lances in Diplomacy,"**

**Charles Phelps Cushing's "The Radio Murder."**

And many other absorbing stories by specialists in fiction at high speed.

## J.S.Fletcher

THERE'S a new light in popular fiction—a master writer of mystery and detective novels, whose stories have a fascination of plot and character, an ease of style and a clarity of presentation seldom equaled.

We know you will share our enthusiasm for his work when you read in the current June issue the first of several novels we count on offering you—

"The Middle of Things"

# The Blue Book Magazine

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publisher, 36 So. State St., Chicago



## He Starts at \$5,200 a Year

One hundred dollars a week!—And only a few years ago his weekly wage was less than \$30. Didn't dream he could do it when he first took up the study of Higher Accounting under the LaSalle Problem Method; but he just couldn't help getting ahead—so he wrote—because he found it the most interesting thing he ever tackled.

Knew nothing about bookkeeping, but LaSalle quickly gave him the necessary foundation. Then, step by step, he was trained in the practical work of Cost Accounting, Auditing, Business Law, Organization, Management, Finance, Income Tax Procedure—not theoretically, mind you, but by the solving of actual problems lifted bodily from business life. As a result, he sits as Auditor at a big mahogany desk and commands a salary of \$5,200 a year.

### Unusual Opportunities in Accounting

Typical, this man's experience, of that of thousands of ambitious men who have found their path to success in the LaSalle Problem Method. Never in the history of business has the need for trained accountants been so great or the rewards so attractive. The files of LaSalle Extension University contain literally thousands of letters reporting rapid advancement—incomes doubled, tripled and quadrupled as the result of home-study training. During three months' time, 1,089 LaSalle members wrote to the University telling of the "raises" they had got as a result of their training. The average increase per man was 56 per cent.

These men were not unusual; they had no "pull" or "luck;" they got their start by signing just such a little coupon as appears directly below this text. Mark that coupon, sign and mail today—and get the facts. We will promptly send you complete information regarding the training you are interested in; also a copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it free.

Remember, the cost of LaSalle training is small and can be covered in easy monthly payments, if you so desire. The decision that you make this moment is important. Mail the coupon now.

**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World  
Dept. 666-HR Chicago, Illinois

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

### ☐ Higher Accountancy

Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.

### Other LaSalle Training Courses

LaSalle is the largest business training institution in the world. It offers training for every important business need. If more interested in any of these courses, check here:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                          | <input type="checkbox"/> Production Methods                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting and Station Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Business Correspondence and Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                   |

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....



# Loses 80 Pounds

## Through Amazing New Discovery Looks 10 Years Younger

No Drugs, Starving, Exercise, Rolling, Massage, Rubber Clothing or Any Bitter Self-Denials or Discomforts. This Method Also Brings Improved Health.

"I FELT duty-bound to tell you what your wonderful method has done for me. I weighed 230 pounds. I was continually sick, and I would have to rest after walking a single block.

"As I had tried many so-called fat reducing remedies in vain I thought it impossible ever to be of normal weight. But I finally sent for your books. After reading them I realized that never before had I tried the **right** way to lose weight. I followed your instructions and today I weigh only 150 pounds—a loss of 80 pounds.

"I feel better than I have in many years. People that I have not seen for some time hardly recognize me.

"I look younger than I have in 10 years.

"Miss Laura Morse,

"279 W. 119th St., New York City."

Notice carefully Miss Morse's two photographs. Besides having gotten rid of her dangerous, burdensome, surplus flesh, her complexion is clearer; lines, folds and double chin have vanished, and she looks at least ten years younger. Her eyes are brighter, because this new method of reducing brings superb health and such renewed health brings a new sparkle to the eyes. Miss Morse is now able to wear any fluffy or bouffant style she desires, whereas before she had to be content with clothes of less pronounced design and of the duller colors.

## Reduce to Your Ideal Figure in Two Weeks

### Make This Free Test—Results Guaranteed

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (normal weight for height) in **two weeks**. Before I started to reduce I was flabby, heavy and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. But I feel wonderful now.

"B. NADDLE, 102 Fulton St.,  
New York City."

Similar experiences have been reported by hundreds of others who have quickly regained their normal healthful weight and strong, graceful figures in the simplest, easiest, most healthful and most delightful way ever known.

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday," writes Mrs. George Guiterman of 420 East 66th St., New York. "And I feel better than I have for months."

### Brings Youthful Appearance

A Pennsylvania woman writes: "Since I lost those 54 pounds I feel 20 years younger and my family say I look it."

This youthful appearance is one of the many delightful gifts conferred by this method. Stout people are usually thought to be 10 to 15 years older than they really are. But this new method not only gives them youthful lines, but also brings the clear eye and the radiant skin of youth, together with superb health and the most abundant energy and vitality. Many people write us of their astonishment at losing wrinkles, because they had supposed that these were inefaceable.

### The Secret Explained

Eugene Christian, a specialist of international renown, discovered that it is not how much they eat, and to a certain extent it is not even what they eat that causes people with **natural fatty tendencies** to put on surplus flesh. It is how their food is **combined**. Eat certain dishes at the same meal and they will cause more flabbiness and fat and fill the body with the poisons that cause the puffiness, the lack-lustre eyes and the skin blemishes which so often accompany obesity. But eat these very same dishes at different times and properly combined with other ordinary foods, and they make muscle and bone and good rich blood, instead of fat. Then the fat you have already stored up is rapidly consumed.

This discovery is the greatest boon to stout people who have found dieting a weakener, exercise a task and drugs a delusion. For when you learn the secret of properly combining your food, you can eat Potatoes, Fowl, Meat, Fish, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate, Corn Bread, Wheat Bread and many other dishes you have probably been denying yourself.

When you have reduced to normal weight and your fatty tendencies have been corrected, it will not be necessary for you to pay further attention to how your food is combined. Still, you will probably want to keep these combinations up all your life, for, as Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Ky., says, "The delicious menus make every meal a pleasure never experienced before."

### Free Trial—Send No Money

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." Use the menus in books 1 and 2 for slow reduction—use the other books for more rapid reduction. 300,000 formerly stout men and women have already been shown this easy, delightful way to lose their fat. To make it possible for every stout person in the country to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on free trial. Send no money. Just the coupon or write a letter if you prefer.

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only.



**Complete Cost  
for All Only \$1.97**  
Plus Few  
Cents  
Postage

When the course arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but by accepting this special offer you pay only \$1.97 in FULL payment. There are no further payments. There are no patent foods or medicines to buy—no expense at all. If you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient, you may remit \$1.97 with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

So you run no risk whatever. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method, or else you return the books and your money is refunded.

Don't delay. This special price will soon be withdrawn. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-1206, 43 W. 16th St., New York City.

### Corrective Eating Society.

Dept. W-1206, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Without money in advance you may send me, IN PLAIN WRAPPER, Eugene Christian's \$3.50 Course on "Weight Control—The Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this Course within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

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Street.....

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Price Outside U. S. \$2.15 Cash With Order.

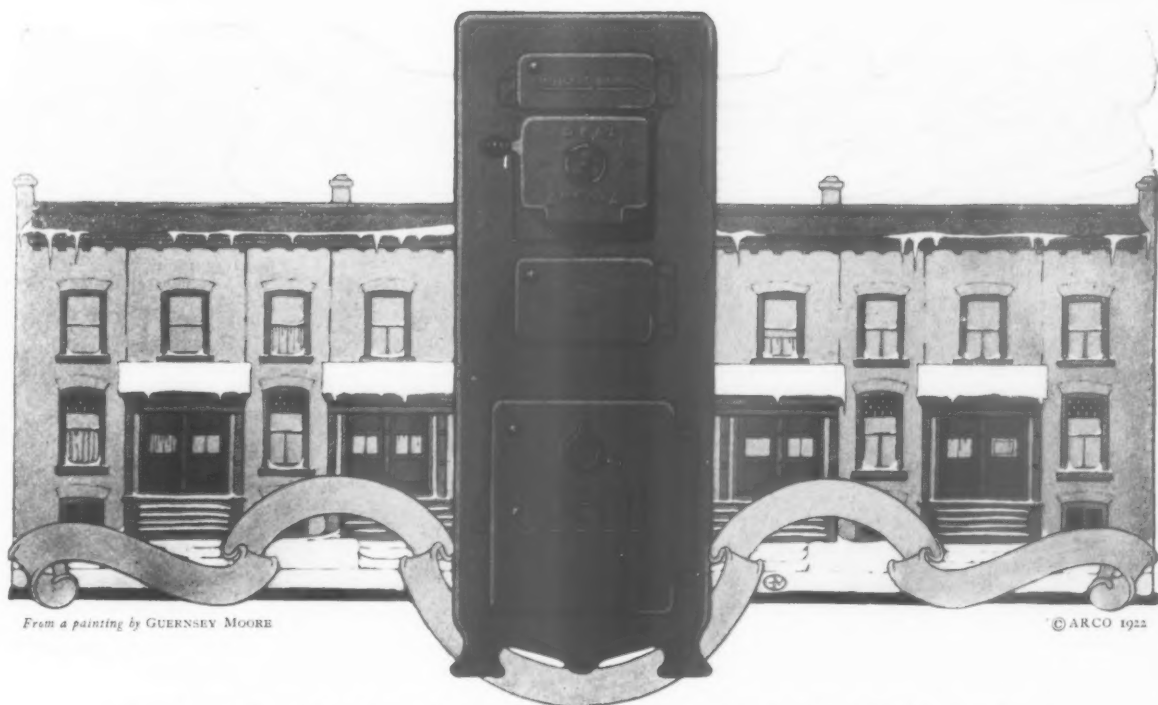


### TIRES OF DISTINCTION

WITH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES on your car you can park it anywhere on earth with the comforting assurance that whoever sees it will credit you with good taste and good judgment. They are the finest examples of tire craftsmanship, a remarkable combination of beauty and durability. Thoroughbreds in appearance, with sleek, creamy white sides and glistening black treads—they have within them the rugged strength that means long wear, long life and long service.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY  
Akron, Ohio

GOODRICH  
SILVERTOWN  
CORDS



No one wanted to rent his flats until ARCOLA came; then he not only rented them all, but sold them at a profit

## ARCOLA will add many times its cost to the value of your home

**A**SK any real estate man; ask any banker.

He will tell you that a house warmed with hot water *rents* for more and *sells* for more.

Here is one instance typical of many.

**WILLIAM A. RUTLEDGE** built a row of four family flats on Lincoln Avenue, St. Louis. They were an unsatisfactory investment. Then he put ARCOLA in each family's flat, connected with an American Radiator in each room.

*"Since then I have had no trouble in renting at an advance that pays a good return on the investment," he writes. "I had tried to sell this property but could not find a buyer. But after installing the ARCOLAS and going through one winter, I*

*found a buyer at an increased price. The tenants are delighted."*

ARCOLA brings to the most modest home the same perfect hot-water warmth which the larger heating plants of this company give to mansions, cathedrals and famous buildings all over the world.

See ARCOLA at the store of your Plumber or Steamfitter. He will surprise you when he tells you how little it costs to install, with an American Radiator in every room. See him; and meanwhile

*Send for this free ARCOLA Book*

A postal card mailed to either address below will bring this finely illustrated book. It tells just why ARCOLA will add several times its cost to the value of your home, and how it pays for itself in the fuel it saves.



## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

*IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need*

104 West 42nd Street, New York

Dept. 35

816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago





DIANA ALLEN  
Film Star

Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York

*Beautiful Women*



ELSIE FERGUSON  
in "The Varying Shore"  
Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, New York



MARTHA HEDMAN  
Dramatic Star  
Photograph by Mishkin, New York





JULIA HOYT (Mrs. Lydia Hoyt)  
in "The Squaw Man"  
Photograph by Albee, New York



VIVIAN TOBIN

in "The Grand Duke"

Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York

*Beautiful Women*



DOLORES  
in "Sally"

Photograph by Victor Georg, New York





## *Sallie Jones*

By THOMAS L. MASSON

*Editor of LIFE*

*Decoration by JOHN SCOTT WILLIAMS*

O you that are a man, did you ever know a girl named Sallie Jones? She might have borne some other name, but that doesn't matter. The Sallie Jones I mean is known to every good fellow, or she ought to be. If not, how sorry we must be for him! Don't you remember, Sallie Jones is the little girl who once, long ago maybe, lived just across the way? When you were very small, and she was very small, you used to make mud pies

with her. And then, a little afterward, you used to walk to school with her. You kissed her one day, but of course, then, you didn't really know how much you loved her. It is only now—

Q Yes, it is funny about Sallie Jones, when you come to think of it. You can see her now, with her hair blowing in the wind. Oh—oh, were there ever such confidences as you displayed together! You can see now what a good sport she was,



and you have come to know now how much you really loved her, although at the time you had no idea of it. When you kissed her, she just laughed and took it as a matter of course. And that little kiss was just an aside, just like a roseleaf that touched the edge of your beautiful friendship—a friendship that had blended in it the masculine and feminine in such delightful, such miraculous proportions! You know now that there was nothing you couldn't have said to little Sallie Jones that she wouldn't have understood. Since then, nobody in all the world has been quite like her. Ah, if you could have only known that at the time!

**Q** How unafraid she was in your presence! And how unafraid you were in hers! Think of having

been vouchsafed a golden gift like that just once in your life—way back in that joyous youth of yours—think of having had a Sallie Jones, and not realizing it until so long afterward when it was too late! Yet now, looking backward, can you really say that it was too late? Isn't Sallie Jones with you now? Can't you see her, dancing by your side? Hasn't she always been with you?

**Q** And you know now, that underneath all of the tumult and shouting of life, it is Sallie Jones who has kept you straight. You have been working for her. She is more real than any other thing there is. And some day you shall meet her again. And she will forgive you everything you have done, just because, through it all, you never forgot her.







## *The Midland Master Mariner*

By TOM DALY

Decoration by ANGUS MACDONALL

Although for all o' fifty years this farm has been my home  
And little my two feet have trod but Indiana loam,  
I'm sure there's not a man alive could ever match with me  
As a merry master mariner a-sailing on the sea.

I've never smelled the briny waves nor seen 'em rise and fall;  
But there's a picture of a ship has hung upon our wall  
As long as I can recollect (the clipper *Elsinore*),  
And I have served my time in her these forty years and more.

I started in as cabin-boy. She was a pirate then,  
And many a cruise I sailed on her with godless, bearded men,  
All up and down the Spanish Main in search o' gold doubloons—  
When I my Bible should ha' read on Sunday afternoons.

Then years o' budding wisdom and a kindly, watchful Fate  
Restored her to a merchantman, advancing me to mate;  
And dreaming at my schoolbooks, on winter nights I've made  
A score or more o' fortunes in the South Pacific trade.

I rose to be her captain (as near as memory tells)  
About the time there came, for me, a sound o' wedding bells;  
And many an evening after, with snowy sails unfurled  
The *Elsinore* has carried Ruth and me around the world.

There never was a mariner so masterful as I.  
We never lay becalmed in fog or found a cloudy sky,  
We never grazed a sunken reef or suffered from the gales,  
But always wore the sunlight, or the moonlight, on our sails.

I have not been so clever with my ventures on the land,  
And yet, since we have prospered some, Ruth thinks it would  
be grand

To take a sudden notion now to get our baggage packed  
And make those lovely voyages we used to dream, a fact.

"But, Ruth," I tell her, "why disturb a forty years' success,  
And barter perfect cruises for what might be something less?  
Besides, our own, our native land, should interest 'us more,  
So let's confine our sailing to the clipper *Elsinore*."

# Olive Oil Makes Lovely Hair

*Let us send you  
one shampoo free  
and results will  
quickly prove it*

Palm and olive oils have been found to possess peculiar qualities—qualities of especial benefit to the hair. Their action imparts gloss and creates softness. It produces a beautiful, silky texture.

This is proved by one shampoo with Palmolive, which contains palm and olive oils. This first shampoo we ask you to accept free. We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial size bottle if you will mail us your name and address on a postal.

A scientific booklet on the care of the hair accompanies this trial bottle. Read it carefully. It tells you how to shampoo with Palmolive so you will enjoy its luxury to the utmost. It explains the care which results in heavy, luxuriant hair which is woman's greatest beauty.



Price  
50c a  
Bottle

*Sold Everywhere*



## *How these oils act*

The softening effects of olive oil are responsible for gloss and softness. It produces a mild, penetrating lather which softens and relaxes the scalp and enters roots and hair cells.

The accumulation of dirt and oil is thoroughly dissolved. Dandruff is penetrated and removed.

Palm oil contributes richness and body to this lather and makes it lasting. Both oils have been famous since Cleopatra's day for their softening, relaxing qualities which no others possess.

## *Frees the scalp from dandruff*

Dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea and say causes most hair troubles, is not removed by most shampoos. The dry, oily scales are impervious to usual cleansing. It makes them more powdery and flaky.

But they must be got rid of some way or you may lose your hair. Dandruff packs around the roots and interferes with nutrition. This makes even the normal secretion found on every scalp dangerous to hair health.

The softening, penetrating lather produced by the combination of palm and olive oils, loosens the scales and dislodges them from the scalp. The delicate organism of each hair is free for healthy activity.

Every drug and department store can supply you with Palmolive Shampoo. But first write for the free 15-cent trial bottle, and booklet on the care of the hair. One shampoo proves this blend of palm and olive oils benefits the hair. Address Department B-300.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited.  
Toronto, Ont.

*Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles*

# PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

*The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils*

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. 1556



# *He Would Have No Boss*

*A Common-Sense Editorial by* BRUCE BARTON

*Decoration by* CHARLES B. FALLS

IN a certain city there lived a young man who was tired of working for other people. And he said to himself, lo, I grow weary of being told do this or do not do that! Henceforth I will be my own master. And first I will go forth into the world and call upon men who are their own masters, to learn how it is done.

So he called at the office of a great corporation and sent in his card to the Vice President, whose name is famous and whose salary is large.

"Sir, I envy you," said the young man, "because you have arrived. You have no boss. I have come to ask you how it is done."

"I will tell you," said the Vice President; but at that moment a lovely young lady opened the door and said: "The President wishes to see you."

The Vice President nodded obediently and rose from his desk at once. The young man followed him into the office of the President. "Here I shall see the real stuff," reflected the young man. "Surely the President has no boss."

But they had hardly arrived before another lovely young lady entered the room and said: "Pardon, sir, but the Chairman of the Board wishes to see you." At once the President went out; again the young man followed.

"Who is this Chairman who sends for the President?" asked the young man. "I will see him; surely he must be it."

So he followed the President into the office of the Chairman, and saw there a gray-haired little man bent over a desk and writing on a piece of yellow paper with a stubby pencil.

"Ah, Henry," said the little gray-haired man, addressing the President, "help me out on this

point, will you? I am making my annual report to the stockholders, and we must get it right."

At which the young man fled out of the office, saying to himself: "Truly, industry is a servitude in which everyone hath masters. I will look elsewhere." So he went to Washington and called at the White House, desiring to see the President of the United States.

As he waited in an outer office, behold, a mailman entered and poured on a table great packages of mail which alert secretaries did open, piling the letters neatly in piles.

The interested young man asked: "What are these letters?" To which the secretary replied:

"They are communications to the President from the voters of the United States, telling him what he should do."

THE young man was discouraged, and picking up an ancient book, he happened upon this verse: "And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

And a great light dawned on the mind of the young man. And he said to himself: "This is something I had not understood—that the more people a man serves, the greater he is. For the laborer serves only one boss, but the president of a corporation serves his stockholders, who are thousands; and the President of the United States serves a hundred million, and is chiefest of all."

"Therefore I will leave off seeking the man who hath no boss and seek to get myself many bosses. For the number of those for whom a man works is the measure of his success."



## Eight Colors in the same sheer Voile Blouse -

Salmon pink (fabric color),  
light and dark green, light and dark blue,  
orange, yellow and brown—

washed 26 Times  
without fading -



From an actual photograph.  
Blouse now on file, with owner's statement, in the Procter & Gamble office.

How she washed this embroidered  
blouse (from her letter):

"I placed it in salt water for about an hour  
before the first washing to set the colors.

"I put a teaspoonful of Ivory Soap Flakes in  
a wash bowl and poured hot water on them,  
soaping up a stiff lather and adding  
enough cold water until I had a half bowl-  
ful of lukewarm suds. I then immersed  
the blouse, shaking it up and down in the  
thick suds for a few minutes. No rubbing  
was necessary. After rinsing in clear  
water and squeezing out with my hands as  
much water as possible, I wrapped the  
blouse in a dry cloth for a short time, then  
ironed it while it was still damp."

**FREE—Enough Flakes for**  
several delicate garments.

A generous sample of  
Ivory Soap Flakes, with  
a booklet of complete di-  
rections for use, will be  
sent free if you will ad-  
dress a post card to Sec-  
tion 28 F1 of the De-  
partment of Home  
Economics, The Procter  
& Gamble Company,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.



Copyright 1922, by  
The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

**WE WISH** you could see  
the fresh tints in this em-  
broidered blouse!

When the young owner offer-  
ed it as an exhibit, it had been  
washed *twenty-six times* with  
Ivory Soap Flakes. Except for  
a slight sun-fading around the  
shoulders, every color is still as  
fresh as when new.

You know from your own experi-  
ence that of all difficult colors to  
preserve, cotton colors give most  
trouble. Cotton fabrics do not ab-  
sorb dyes like silk and wool—the  
dye simply clings to the outside of  
the cotton fibres. Anything but  
the purest, mildest soap suds, gently  
squeezed through the threads, would

have rubbed away, or bleached, the  
dye of this cotton blouse, and  
faded its silk embroidery.

You have probably always  
known that Ivory Soap harms  
nothing that water alone will not  
harm—even a baby's delicate  
skin.

Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory  
Soap in the form of convenient  
thin flakes. It melts the instant  
it comes into contact with hot  
water. It foams into fluffy  
Ivory suds for quick, harmless  
washing of silks, woolens, laces  
and all other fabrics that require  
utmost care.

# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty garments last longer



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# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

JUNE 1922. VOL. XXXIX, NUMBER 2

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, Editor

Illustrated by

Everett Shinn



*The gifted Joseph Hergesheimer has here written another of those brilliant fictions which have won for him distinction as the foremost of America's younger writers.*

*Few recent books have evoked such discussion as Mr. Hergesheimer's daring "Cytherea." This, his latest novel, is destined to call forth even greater interest.*

## The Bright Shazel

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

WHEN Howard Gage had gone, his mother's brother, Charles Abbott, sat with his head bowed in frowning thought. The frown, however, was one of perplexity rather than of disapproval: he was wholly unable to comprehend the younger man's attitude toward his experiences in the late war. The truth was, Charles Abbott acknowledged, that he understood nothing, nothing at all, about the present young. Indeed, if it hadn't been for the thoroughly absurd, the witless, things they constantly did, dispensing with their actual years he would have considered them the present aged. They were so—well, so gloomy.

Yet in view of the gayety of the current parties, the amounts of gin consumed, it wasn't precisely gloom that enveloped them. Charles Abbott searched his mind for a definition, for light on a subject dark to a degree beyond any mere figure of speech. Yes, darkness particularly described Howard. The satirical bitterness of his references to the "glorious victory in France" was actually a little unbalanced. The impression Abbott had received was of bestiality choked in mud. His nephew was amazingly clear, vivid and logical, in his memories and opinions; they couldn't, as he stated them in a kind of frozen fury, be easily controverted.

What, above everything else, appeared to dominate Howard Gage was a passion for reality, for truth—all the unequivocal facts—in opposition to a conventional or idealized statement. Particularly, he regarded the slightest sentiment with a suspicion

that reached hatred. Abbott's thoughts centered about the word *idealized*; there, he told himself, a ray of perception might be cast into Howard's obscurity, since the most evident fact of all was that he cherished no ideals, no sustaining vision of an ultimate dignity behind men's lives.

The boy, for example, was without patriotism; or at least, he hadn't a trace of the emotional loyalty that had fired the youth of Abbott's day. There was nothing sacrificial in Howard Gage's conception of life and duty, no allegiance outside his immediate need. Selfish, Charles Abbott decided. What upset him was the other's coldness: damn it, a young man had no business to be so literal! Youth was a time for generous transforming passions, for heroics. The qualities of absolute justice and consistency should come only with increasing age—the inconsiderable compensations for the other ability to be rapt in uncritical enthusiasms.

Charles Abbott sighed and raised his head. He was sitting in the formal narrow reception-room of his city house. The street outside was narrow too; it ran for only a square, an old thoroughfare with old brick houses, once no more than a service alley for the larger dwellings back of which it ran. Now, perfectly retaining its quietude, it had acquired a new dignity of residence: because of its favorable, its exclusive situation, it was occupied by young married people of highly desirable connections. Abbott, nearing seventy and single, was the only person there of his age and condition.

October was advanced, and though it was hardly past four in the afternoon, the golden sunlight falling the length of the street was already darkling with the faded day. A warm glow enveloped the brick façades and the window-panes of aged, faintly discolored glass; there was a remote sound of automobile horns, the illusive murmur of a city never, at its loudest, loud; and through the walls came the notes of a piano, charming and melancholy.

AFTER a little he could distinguish the air—it was Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody." The accent of its measure, the *jota*, was at once perceptible and immaterial; and overwhelmingly, through its magic of suggestion, a blinding vision of his own youth—so different from Howard's—swept over Charles Abbott. It was exactly as though, again twenty-three, he were standing in the incandescent sunlight of Havana—in, to be precise, the Parque Isabel. This happened so suddenly, so surprisingly, that it oppressed his heart; he breathed with a sharpness which resembled a gasp; the actuality around him was blurred as though his eyes were slightly dazzled.

The playing continued intermittently, while its power to stir him grew in an overwhelming volume. He had had no idea that he was still capable of such profound feeling, such emotion spun, apparently, from the tunes only potent with the young. He was confused—even, alone, embarrassed—at the tightness of his throat, and made a decided effort to regain a reasonable mind. He turned again to the consideration of Howard Gage, of his lack of ideals; and, still in the flood of the re-created past, he saw, in the difference between Howard and the boy in Havana, what, for himself anyhow, was the trouble with the present.

Yes, his premonition had been right—the youth of today were without the high and romantic causes, the service of which had so brightly colored his own early years. Not patriotism alone, but love, had suffered; and friendship, he was certain, had all but disappeared—such friendship, at least, as had bound him to Andrés Escobar. Andrés! Charles Abbott hadn't thought of him consciously for months. Now, with the refrain of the piano, the *jota*, running through his thoughts, Andrés was as real as he had been nearly fifty years ago.

It was nearly fifty years, he mused, since they had gone to the public ball, the *danzón*, in the Tacon Theater. That, however, was at the close of the period which had recurred to him like a flare in the dusk of the past. After the *danzón*, the blaze of his sheer fervency had been reduced, cooled, to maturity. But not, even in the peculiarly brutal circumstances of his transition, sharply; only now Charles Abbott definitely realized that he had left in Cuba, lost there, the illusions which were synonymous with his young intensity.

After that nothing much had absorbed him; very little had happened. In comparison with the spectacular brilliancy of his beginning, the remainder of life had seemed level if not actually drab. Certainly the land to which he had returned was dull against the vivid south, the tropics. But he couldn't go back to Havana, he had felt, even after the Spanish Government was expelled, any more than he could find in the Plaza de Armas his own earlier self. The whole desirable affair had been one—the figures of his loves and detestations, the *paseos* and *glorias* and *parques* of the city, now, he had heard, so changed, formed a unity destroyed by the missing of any single element.

He wasn't, though, specially considering himself, but rather the sustaining beliefs that so clearly marked the divergence between Howard's day and his own. This discovery, he felt, was of deep importance; it explained so much that was apparently inexplicable. Charles Abbott asserted silently, dogmatically, that a failure of spirit had occurred. There was no longer such supreme honor as Andrés Escobar's. The dance-measure in "The Spanish Rhapsody" grew louder and more insistent, and through it he heard the castanets of La Clavele, he saw the superb flame of her body in the brutal magnificence of the fringed *mantón* like Andalusia incarnate.

HE had a vision of the shawl itself, and once more seemed to feel the smooth, dragging heaviness of its embroidery. The burning square of its colors unfolded before him, the incredible magentas, the light blues and oranges and emerald and vermillion, worked into broad peonies and roses wreathed in leaves. And suddenly he felt that, not only prefiguring Spain, it was symbolical of the youth, the time that had gone. Thus the past appeared to him, wrapped bright and precious in the shawl of memory.

No other woman that Charles Abbott might dream of could have worn La Clavele's *mantón*; it would have consumed her like

a breath of fire leaving a white ash hardly more than distinguishable from the present living actuality. Women cast up a prodigious amount of smoke now, a most noisy crackling, but Charles Abbott doubted the blaze within them. Water had been thrown on it. Their grace, too, the dancing about which they made such a stir, compared not with La Clavele's but with no better than Pilar, was no more than a rapid clumsy posturing. Where was the young man now, who could dance for two hours without stopping, on a spot scarcely bigger than the rim of his silk hat?

Where, indeed, was the silk hat!

Even men's clothes had suffered in the common decline: black satins and gold, nicely cut trousers, the propriety of slippers, had all vanished. Charles Abbott recalled distinctly the care with which he had assembled the clothing to be taken to Cuba, the formal dress of evening, with a plum-colored cape, and informal linens for the tropical days. The shirt-maker had filled his box with the finest procurable cambrics and tallest stocks. Trivialities, yet they indicated what had once been breeding; whereas now, incredibly, that was regarded as trivial.

"The Spanish Rhapsody" had ceased, and the sun was all but withdrawn from the street; twilight was gathering, particularly in Charles Abbott's reception-room. The gilded eagle of the old American clock on the mantel seemed almost to flutter its carved wings; the fragile rose mahogany spinet held what light there was, but the pair of small brocade sofas had lost their severe definition. Charles Abbott's emotion, as well, subsided, its place taken by a concentrated effort to put together the details of a scene which had assumed, in his perplexity about Howard, a present significance.

He heard, with a momentarily diverted attention, the closing of the front door beyond, women's voices on the pavement and the changing gears of a motor: Mrs. Vaux and her daughter were going out early for dinner. They lived together,—the girl had married into the Navy,—and it was the former who played the piano. The street, after their departure, was silent again. How different from the clamorous gayety of Havana!

NOT actual sickness, Charles Abbott proceeded, but the delicacy of his lungs, following scarlet fever, had taken him south. A banking associate of his father's, recommending Cuba, had, at the same time, pointedly qualified his suggestion; and this secondary consideration had determined Charles on Havana. The banker had added that Cuba was the healthiest place he knew for anyone with no political attachments. There political activity, more than an indiscretion, was fatal. What did he mean, Charles Abbott had asked; and the other had replied with a single ominous word: "Spain."

There was, it was brought out, a growing and potent but secretive spirit of rebellion against the Government, to which Spain was retaliating with the utmost open violence. This was spread not so much through the people, the country at large, as it was concentrated in the cities, in Santiago de Cuba and Havana; and there it was practically limited to the younger members of aristocratic families. Every week boys—they were no more, for all their sounding *pronunciamientos*—were being shot in the fosses of Cabañas fortress. Women of the greatest delicacy, suspected of sympathy with nationalistic ideals, were thrown into the filthy pens of town prostitutes. Everywhere a limitless system of espionage was combating the gathering of circles, *tertulias*, for the planning of a Cuba liberated from a bloody and intolerable tyranny.

Were these men, Charles pressed his query, really as young as himself? Younger, some of them, by five and six years. And they were shot by a file of soldiers' muskets? They were killed that way, and some on the streets, before the Café Dominica or in the *patios* of their homes, slain with pistols or the cavalry swords of officers. At this the elder Abbott had looked so dubious that Charles hastily abandoned his questioning. Enough of that sort of thing had been shown; already his mother was unalterably opposed to Cuba—and there he intended at any price to go. But those tragedies and reprisals, the champion of his determination insisted, were limited, as he had begun by saying, to the politically involved. No more engaging or safer city than Havana existed for the delight of young traveling Americans with an equal amount of money and good sense. He had proceeded to indicate the temperate pleasures of Havana; but then, Charles Abbott had no ear for sensuous pleasure. His mind was filled by the other vision of heroic youth dying for the ideal of liberty.

He had never before given Cuba, under Spanish rule, a thought; but at a chance sentence it dominated him completely; all his being had been tinder for the spark of its romantic spirit. This, naturally, he had carefully concealed from his parents, for during

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Sharply Charles grasped Andres' arm. "La Clavele!" he whispered.

the days that immediately followed, Cuba as a possibility was continuously argued. Soon his father, basing his decision on Charles' gravity of character, was in favor of the change; and in the end his mother, at whose prescience he wondered, was overborne.

Well, he was for Havana! His cabin on the *Morro Castle* was secured, that notable trunkful of personal effects packed; and his father, greatly to Charles' surprise, outside all women's knowledge, gave him a small derringer with a handle of mother-of-pearl. He was now, the elder told him, almost a man; and while it was inconceivable that he would have a use for the pistol, he must accustom himself to such responsibility. He wouldn't need it; but if he did, there, with its greased cartridges in their short ugly chambers, it was. "Never shoot in a passion," the excellent advice went on. "Only a cool hand is steady; and remember that it hasn't much range." It was for desperate necessity at a very short distance.

With the derringer lying newly in his grasp, his eyes steadily on his father's slightly anxious gaze, Charles asseverated that he would faithfully attend every instruction. At the identical moment of this commitment he pictured himself firing into the braided tunic of a beastly Spanish officer and supporting a youthful Cuban

patriot, dying pallidly of wounds, in his free arm. The *Morro Castle* hadn't left its New York dock before he had determined just what part he would take in the liberation of Cuba—he'd lead a hopeless demonstration in the center of Havana, at the hour when the city was its brightest and the band playing most gayly; his voice, sharp like a shot, so soon to be stilled in death, would silence the insolence of music.

THIS was not a tableau of self-glorification or irresponsible youth, he proceeded; it was more significant than a spirit of adventure. His determination rested on the abstraction of liberty for an oppressed people; he saw Cuba as a place which, after great travail, would become the haunt of perfect peace. That, Charles felt, was not only a possibility but inevitable; he saw the forces of life drawn up in such a manner—the good on one side, facing the bad on the other. There was no mingling of the ranks, no gray, but simply, conveniently, black and white. And in the end the white would completely triumph; it would be victorious for the reason that heaven must reign over hell. God was supreme.

Charles wasn't at all religious; he came of a blood which delegated to its women the rites and responsibilities of the church;

but there was no question in his mind, no doubt, of the Protestant theological map; augustness lay concretely behind the sky; hell was no mere medieval fantasy. He might ignore this in daily practice, yet it held him within its potent if invisible barriers. Charles Abbott believed it. The supremacy of God, suspended above the wickedness of Spain, would descend and crush it.

Ranged, therefore, squarely on the side of the angels, mentally he swept forward in confidence, sustained by the glitter of their invincible pinions. The spending of his life, he thought, was a necessary part of the consummation; somehow without that his vision lost radiance. A great price would be required, but the result—eternal happiness, on that island to which he was taking linen suits in winter! Charles had a subconscious conception of the heroic doctrine of the destruction of the body for the soul's salvation.

The *Morro Castle*, entering a wind like the slashing of a stupendous dull gray sword, slowly and uncomfortably steamed along her course. Most

of the passengers at once were seasick, and either retired or collapsed in a leaden row under the lee of the deck-cabins. But this indisposition didn't touch Charles, and it pleased his sense of dignity. He appeared, erect and capable, at breakfast, and through the morning promenaded the unsteady deck. He attended the gambling in the smoking-saloon, and listened gravely to the fragmentary hymns attempted on Sunday.

These human activities were all definitely outside him; charged with a higher purpose, he watched them comprehendingly, his lips bearing the shadow of a saddened smile; essentially he was alone, isolated—or at least, he was at first; later, during the four days' journey, he kept colliding with the rotund figure of a man wrapped to the eyes in a heavy cloak until, finally, from progressing in opposite directions, they fell into step together. To Charles' delight, the other was a Cuban, Domingo Escobar, who lived in Havana, on the Prado.

CHARLES learned this from the flourishing card given in return for his own. Escobar he found to be a man with a pleasant and considerate disposition; indeed, he maintained a scrupulous courtesy toward Charles far transcending whatever the American would have had at home from a man so much older. Domingo Escobar, it developed, had a grown son Vincente, twenty-eight years old; a boy perhaps Charles' own age—no, Andrés would be two, three, years younger; and Narcisca. The latter, his daughter, Escobar—unashamed—described as a budding white rose.

Charles wasn't interested in that; his thoughts were definitely turned from girls, however flowerlike; but he was engaged by Vincente and Andrés. He asked a great many questions about them,



A lithe figure in blazing silks and

all tending to discover, if possible, the activity of their patriotism. This, though, was a subject which Domingo Escobar resolutely ignored.

Once, when Charles put a direct query with relation to Spain in Cuba, the older man, abruptly replying at a tangent, ignored his question. It would be necessary to ask Andrés Escobar himself.

That he would have an opportunity to do this was assured, for Andrés' parent, who knew the Abbotts' banking friend intimately, had told Charles with flattering sincerity how welcome he would be at the Escobar dwelling on the Prado. The Prado, it began to be clear, of all the possible places of residence in Havana was the best; the Escobars went to Paris when they willed; and altogether, Charles told himself, he had made a very fortunate beginning. He picked up, from various sources on the steamer, useful tags of information about his destination:

The Inglaterra, to which Charles had been directed from home, was a capital hotel, but outside the walls. Still, the Calle del Prado, the Paseo there, was quite gay; and before them was the sweep of the Parque Isabel, where the band played. At the Hotel St. Louis, next door, many of the Spanish officers had their rooms, but at the hour of dinner they gathered in the Café Dominica. The Noble Havana was celebrated for its *camarones*—shrimps, Charles learned; and the Tuileries, at the juncture of Consulado and San Rafael streets, had a salon upstairs especially for women. Most of his dinners, however, he would get at the Restaurant Français, excellently kept by François Garçon on Cuba Street.

There he would encounter the majority of his young fellow-



raked black felt hat made a sultry bow.

countrymen in Havana; the Café el Louvre would serve for sherbets after the theater. The Plaza de Toros, of course, he would frequent; it was on Belascoain Street near the sea. The afternoon fights only were fashionable. The cockpit was at the Valle del Gallo.

There were other suggestions as well, put mostly in the form of ribald inquiry; but toward them Charles Abbott persisted in an attitude of uncommunicative disdain. His mind, his whole determination, had been singularly purified; he had a sensation of remoteness from the flesh; his purpose killed earthly desire. He thought of himself now as dedicated to that: Charles reviewed the comfortable amount of his letter of credit, his personal qualifications, the derringer mounted in mother-of-pearl, in the light of one purpose. It annoyed him that he couldn't at once plunge into this with Domingo Escobar; but whenever he approached that ordinarily responsive gentleman with anything political, he grew morose and silent, or else, more maddening still, deliberately put Charles' interest aside. The derringer, however, brought out an unexpected and gratifying stir.

Escobar had stopped in Charles' cabin, and the latter, with a studied air of the casual, displayed the weapon on his berth. "You must throw that away!" Escobar exclaimed dramatically. "At once, now, through the porthole!"

"I can't do that," Charles explained; "it was a gift from my father; besides, I'm old enough now for such things."

"A gift from your father, perhaps," the other echoed; "but did he tell you, I wonder, how you were going to get it into Cuba? Did he explain what the Spanish officials would do if they found you with a pistol? Dama de Caridad, do you suppose Cuba is

New York? The best you could hope for would be deportation. Into the sea with it!"

But this Charles Abbott refused to do, though he would, he agreed, conceal it beyond the ingenuity of Spain; and Escobar left him in a muttering anger. Charles felt decidedly encouraged; a palpable degree of excitement, of tense anticipation, had been granted him.

**Y**ET Charles Abbott's first actual breath of the tropics, of Cuba, was very different, charged and surcharged with magical peace: the steamer was enveloped in an evening of ineffable, lovely blueness. The sun faded from the world of water and left an ultramarine undulating flood with depths of clear black; the sky was a tender gauze of color that, as night approached, was sewn with a glimmer that became curiously apparent, seemingly near, stars. The air that brushed Charles' cheek was slow and warm; its warmth was fuller, heavier with potency, than the August he knew. Accelerating his imagination, it dissipated his energies; he lounged supine in his chair, long past mid-

night, lulled by the slight rise and fall of the sea, gathered up benignly into the beauty above him.

Later he had to stir himself into the energy of packing, for the *Morro Castle* was docking early in the morning. He closed his bag thoughtfully, the derringer on a shelf. Escobar had spoken about it, warning him again; and it was apparent that no obvious place of concealment would be sufficient. At last he hit on an excellent expedient—he would suspend it inside the leg of a trouser. He fell asleep, still saturated with the placid blue immensity without, and woke sharply, while it was still dark. But it was past four, and he rose and dressed. The deck was empty, deserted, and the light in the pilot-house showed a set solitary countenance under a glazed visor. There was, of course, no sign of Cuba.

A wind freshened; it blew steadily with no change of temperature, like none of the winds with which he was familiar. It appeared to blow the night away, astern. The caged light grew dull; there were rifts in the darkness, gleams over the tranquil sea; and the morning opened like a flower sparkling in dew. The limitless reach of the water flashed in silver planes; miniature rainbows cascaded in the spray at the steamer's bow; a flight of sailing fish skittered by the side. Far ahead there was a faint silhouette, like the print of a tenuous green-gray cloud on the sea. It grew darker, bolder; and Charles Abbott realized that it was an island.

Cuba grew rapidly nearer; he could see now that it wasn't pale; its foliage was heavy, glossy, almost somber. The *Morro Castle* bore to the left, but he was unable to make out an opening, a possible city, on the coast. The water regained its



intense blue, at once transparent, clear and dyed with pigment. The other travelers were all on deck; Charles moved toward Domingo Escobar, but the other eluded him. Undoubtedly Escobar had the conjunction of the derringer and the Spanish customs in mind. A general uneasiness permeated the small throng; they conversed with a forced triviality, or sunk in thought, said nothing.

Then, with the sudden drama of a crash of brass, of an abruptly lifting curtain, they swung into Havana Harbor. Charles was simultaneously amazed at a great many things—the narrowness of the entrance, the crowded ships in what was no more than a rift of the sea, a long pink fortress above him at the left, and the city, Havana itself, immediately before him. His utmost desire was satisfied by that first glimpse. Why, he cried mentally, hadn't he been told that it was a city of white marble. That was the impression it gave him—a miraculous whiteness, a dream city, crowning the shining blue tide.

Every house was hung with balconies on long shuttered windows, and everywhere were parks and palms, tall palms with smooth pewterlike trunks, and short palms profusely leaved. Here, then, white and green, was the place of his dedication; he was a little dashed at its size and vigor and brilliancy.

The steamer was scarcely moving when the customs officials came on board; and as the drift ceased, a swarm of boats like scows with awnings aft clustered about them. Hotel runners clambered up the sides, and in an instant there was a pandemonium of Spanish and disjointed English. A man whose cap bore the sign, "*Hotel Telégrafo*," clutched Charles Abbott's arm, but he sharply drew away, repeating the single word, "*Inglaterra*." The porter of that hotel soon discovered him, and with a fixed reassuring smile, got together all the baggage for his guests.

Charles, instructed by Domingo Escobar, ignored the demand for passports, and proceeded to the boat indicated as the *Inglaterra's*. It was piled with luggage, practically awash; yet the boatmen urged it ashore to the custom house in a mad racing with the whole churning flotilla. The rigor of the landing examination, Charles thought impatiently, had been ridiculously exaggerated; but as he was stepping into a hack, two men in finely striped linen, carrying canes with green tassels, peremptorily stopped him. Charles was unable to grasp the intent of their rapid Spanish, when one ran his hands dexterously over his body. He explored the pockets, tapped Charles' back and then drew aside. Seated at last in the hack, the position of the derringer was awkward, and carefully he shifted it.

AN intimate view of Havana increased rather than diminished the evident charms of the city. The heat, Charles found, though extreme, was less oppressive than the dazzling light; the sun blazing on white walls, on walls primrose and cobalt, in the wide verdant openings, positively blinded him. He passed narrow streets over which awnings were hung from house to house, statues, fountains, a broad way with files of unfamiliar trees, and stopped with a clatter before the *Inglaterra*.

It faced on a broad covered pavement, an arcade, along which, farther down, were companies of small iron tables and chairs; and it was so foreign to Charles, so fascinating, that he stood lost in gazing. A hotel servant in white, at his elbow, recalled the necessity of immediate arrangement, and he went on into a high cool corridor set with a marble flooring. At the office he exchanged his passport for a solemn printed warning and interminable succession of directions; and then, climbing an impressive stair, he was ushered into a room where the ceiling was so far above him that once more he was overcome by strangeness.

He unpacked slowly, with a gratifying sense of the mature significance of his every gesture; and in the stone tub hidden by a curtain in a corner, had a refreshing bath. The room had a single window rising from the tiled floor eight or ten feet, and he opened double shutters, discovering a shallow iron-railed balcony. Before him was a squat yellow building with a wide complicated façade; it reached back for a square, and Charles decided that it was the Tacon Theater. On the left was the Parque Isabel, with its grass-plots and gravel walks, its trees and iron settees, gathered about the statue of Isabel II.

Charles Abbott's confidence left him little by little; what had seemed so easy in New York, so apparent, was uncertain with Havana about him. The careless insolence of the inspectors with the green-tasseled canes at once filled him with indignation and depression. How was he to begin his mission? Without a word of Spanish, he couldn't even make it known. There was Andrés Escobar to consider; his father had told Charles that he knew a few words of English. . . . Meanwhile, hungry, Charles went down to the eleven o'clock breakfast.

A CEREMONIOUS head waiter led him to a small table by a long window on the Parque Isabel, where, gazing hastily at the breakfasts around him, he managed, with the assistance of his waiter's limited English, to repeat their principal features. These were fruit and salad, coffee flavored with salt, and French bread. Clear white curtains swung at the window in a barely perceptible current of air, and he had glimpses of the expanse without, now veiled and now intolerably brilliant. His dissatisfaction, doubts, vanished in an extraordinary sense of well-being, of settled importance and elegance. There were many people in the dining-room; it was filled with the unfamiliar sound of Spanish; the men, dark, bearded and brilliant-eyed, in white linens, with their excitable hands, specially engaged his attention, for it was to them he was addressed.

The women he glanced over with a detached and indulgent manner; they were, on the whole, a little fatter than necessary, but their voices were soft, and their dress and jewels, even so early in the day, nicely elaborate. All his interest was directed to the Cubans present; other travelers, like—or rather, unlike—himself, Americans, French and English, planning in their loud several tongues the day's excursions, or breakfasting with gazes fastened on Hingray's "English and Spanish Conversation," Charles carefully ignored.

He felt, because of the depth of his own implication, his passionate self-commitment here, infinitely superior to more casual to blinder, journeyings. He disliked the English arrogance, the American clothes, and the suspicious parsimony of the French. Outside, in the main corridor of the hotel, he paused undecided; practically no one, he saw, in the Parque Isabel, was walking; there was an unending broad stream of single-horse victorias for hire; but he couldn't ask any driver he saw to conduct him to the heart of the Cuban party of liberty.

The strongest of all his recognitions was the fact that he had no desire—but a marked distaste—for sightseeing; he didn't want to be identified, in the eyes of Havana, with the circulating throng of the superficially curious. In the end he strolled away from the *Inglaterra*, to the left, and discovered the Prado. It was a wide avenue with the promenade in the center shaded by rows of trees with small burnished leaves. There, he remembered, was where the Escobars lived, and he wondered which of the imposing dwellings, blue or white, with sweeping pillars and carved balconies and great iron-bound doors, was theirs. He passed a fencing school and gymnasium, a dilapidated theater of wood pasted with old French playbills, fountains with lions' heads, and came to the sea. It reached in an idyllic and unstirred blue away to the flawless horizon, with, on the rocks of its shore, a company of particolored bathhouses. There was an old fort, a gate—which he could see once formed part of the city wall—bearing on its top a row of rusted and antiquated cannon. Slopes of earth led down from the battery, and beyond he entered a covered stone way with a parapet dropping to the tranquil tide. After an open space, the Maestranza, he came to a pretty walk; it was the Paseo de Valdez, with trees, stone seats and a rippling breeze.

Charles Abbott indolently examined an arch, fallen into disrepair, erected, its tablet informed him, by the corps of Royal Engineers. He sat on a bench, saturated by the hot, vivid peace; before him reached the narrow entrance of the bay, with, on the farther hand, the long pink wall of the Cabañas. A drift of military music came to him from the fortress. . . . A great love for Havana stirred in his heart; already, after only a few hours, he was familiar, contented, there. It seemed to Charles that he understood its spirit; the beauty of palms and marble was what, in the bleak north, all his life he had longed for. The constriction of his breathing had vanished.

THE necessity for an immediate and violent action had lessened; he would, when the time came, act; he was practically unlimited in days and money. Charles decided, however, to begin at once the study of Spanish, and he'd arrange for lessons at the fencing school. Both of those accomplishments were imperative to his final intention. He lingered on the bench without an inclination to move—he had been lower physically than he realized. The heat increased; the breeze and band stopped; and finally he rose and returned to the *Inglaterra*. There the high cool shadow of his room was so soothing that he fell into a sound slumber and was waked only by a pounding at his door past the middle of afternoon.

A servant tendered him a card that bore engraved the name, *Andrés Escobar*. He would see Mr. Escobar, he sent word, as soon as he could be dressed. And choosing his garb in a mingling of haste and particular care, he was permeated by an in-



She swept into an appalling fury, a tormented human flame, of ecstasy.

definable excitement. Facing Andrés, he had a sensation of his own clumsiness, his inept attitude; for the other, younger than he in appearance, was faultless in bearing: in immaculately ironed linen, a lavender tie and sprig of mimosa, he was an impressive figure of the best fashion. But Andrés Escobar was far more than that; his sensitive, delicately modeled dark face, the clear brown eyes and level lips, were stamped with a super-fine personality.

His English, as his father had said, was halting, confined to formal phrases, but his tones were warm with hospitality.

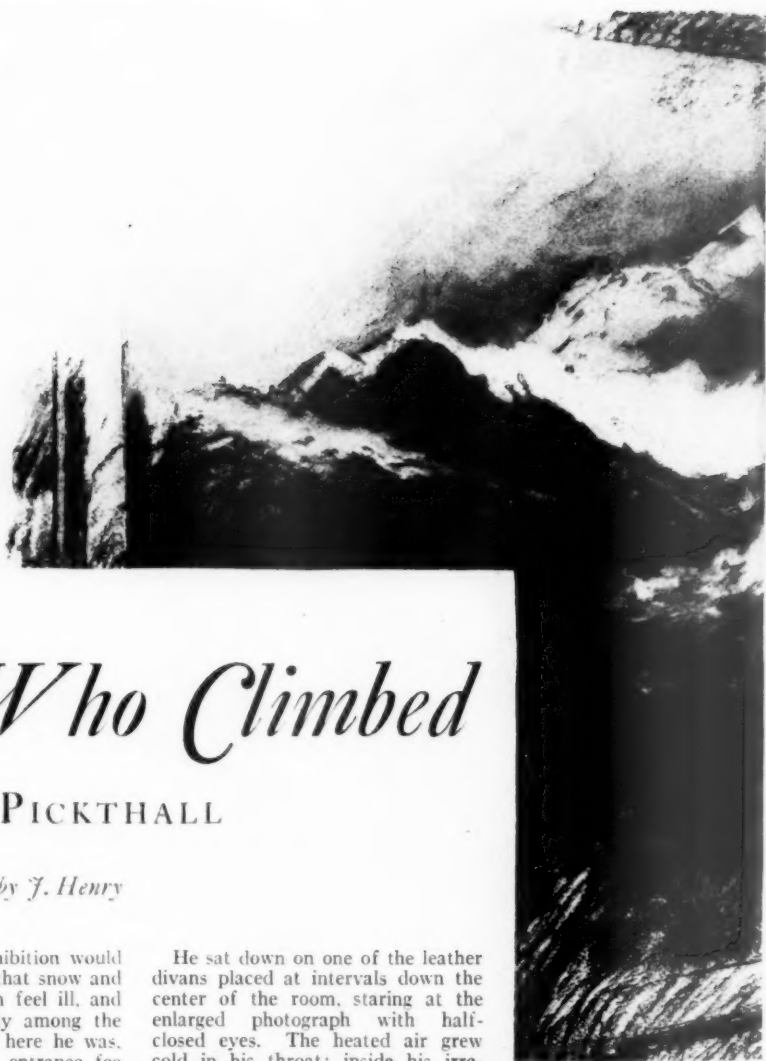
"It was polite of you to come so soon," Charles said; "and your father was splendid to me on the steamer."

"How do you like Havana?" Andrés asked.

"I love it!" Charles exclaimed in a burst of enthusiasm, at which, immediately after, he grew ashamed. "I was thinking this morning," he continued more stiffly, "when I had hardly got here, how much at home I felt. That's funny, too; for it's entirely different from all I have known."

"You like it!" Andrés Escobar reflected his unreserved tone. "That's good. I am very, very glad. (Continued on page 102)

*M. L. C. Pickthall is distinctly the "find" of 1922—as you who have read "White Magic," "The Stove" and "The Fighters" will agree. Herewith is an even more unusual drama of conquest in the wilderness.*



# The Men Who Climbed

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

*Illustrated by J. Henry*

WHAT had taken Stephen Forrester to the Exhibition would be difficult to say. He had told his friends that snow and ice and anything higher than a first floor made him feel ill, and had then proceeded to lose himself very pleasantly among the fleshpots. Well, he had earned his fleshpots. Yet here he was, at three o'clock on a sunny afternoon, paying his entrance fee like anybody else to the Association Rooms, to see Macrae's photographs.

"The large photographs of Mount Forrester are in Room C," said the very efficient young person with the bobbed hair who gave him his change. "Kindly keep to the right." He thanked her humbly and clicked through the turnstile in the wake of a large woman in musquash and carnations, who would probably have given much to know him. For Forrester was something of a lion that winter.

He went into Room C, after a guilty glance about A and B. But no one was there who knew him. No one said: "That's Forrester! Yes, the fellow with the limp. You'd never dream he was fond of that sort of thing, would you?" His first thought was: "Mac did some good work!" Then, with an involuntary catching of the breath, he stopped short before the great photograph that held the end wall alone.

And as he did so, he knew with sure foreknowledge that any time in his life he might be brought up with that little thrill, that while he lived, a hundred chance scents or colors or silences would have power to renew for him that air of ineffable space, those sheathed and virgin rocks, those upper snows austere against the burning blue; that the impersonal passion of the climber had been, was, and forever would be the moving force of his soul.

"Mount Forrester from the Southeast," the catalogue had it. Just that! He was the man who had conquered Mount Forrester; and he was the man who knew how utterly the great height had conquered him.

He sat down on one of the leather divans placed at intervals down the center of the room, staring at the enlarged photograph with half-closed eyes. The heated air grew cold in his throat; inside his irremovable gloves the scars of his old frost-bites burned and tingled; he tapped one well-shod foot—the lame one—on the floor. There in the extreme left-hand corner of the picture was the bit of ice that had slid and crushed him. That had been on the return journey. They said he'd never walk again. Macrae himself had been all in when he took that picture. Why, they'd put him in the tent in the middle of a snow-flurry; the cloud had cleared and the light was right; they'd found Mac up to his ears in snow half a mile away, clutching the camera—raving, but he'd taken the picture.

"Excuse me, boss—you done any climbin'?"

Forrester came to earth with a start, and leaned round the curve of the leather seat-back the better to see and answer the man who had so suddenly spoken to him. But he was slow in answering as the details of the questioner's face presented themselves to him round the curve of the fat green morocco. For what possible interest could such a one have in climbing mountains? An elderly clerk out of work? Scarcely educated enough, judged Forrester. A night watchman? More likely. Anyway, a sub-under-assistant at whatever he set his hand to do. The stamp of the man born to work under other men was on him, on his respectable garments, on his vague face set in graying bristles; one could guess him treading forever the same smoothed rut, running on the same rail, until pushed off at last into a still deeper obscurity. And he was already growing old. Forrester, clean from his heights, was quick to pity. "One of the Great Unlucky," he said to himself; and aloud: "Yes, I've climbed a good bit. Are you—interested in it?"





The stranger turned completely around. "You the feller that climbed that mountain an' had it named fer him?"

The stranger smiled slowly. Then he drew out seven coppers and arranged them along his dingy palm. There was a certain youthfulness, a hovering and unexpected sweetness in his smile that attracted Forrester. "These here," he said, "are all I got left o' what Maggie allows me fer baccy this week, after payin' me admission." He returned the coins to his pocket and resumed his slow contemplation of the picture.

For a moment Forrester was in doubt. But the shabby-respectable man was oblivious of him, his whole attention absorbed in the picture. And it was Forrester who renewed the conversation on some impulse of sympathy, saying: "Where have you done your climbing?"

"Me? Oh, anywhere north o' Thunder Valley, for the most part. You got to climb there to get about. Don't see no sense in doin' it fer fun." He turned his eyes again to the photograph, and once more that shy, half-boyish smile transfigured

his commonplace face. "But you thinks different when yer young, eh, Mister? Where you done *your* climbin', if I may arsk?"

Forrester nodded toward the wall. "Thereabouts mostly," he said pleasantly. "My name's Forrester—Stephen Forrester, at your service."

The stranger turned completely around; his face rose over the back of the divan like a queer mild moon. "You—Forrester?" he said with interest. "Well, now! You the feller that climbed that mountain an' had it named fer him?"

"Yes," smiled Forrester, conscious of an excusable glow. "My!" said the unknown softly. "My! If that don't beat all!" He looked at Forrester carefully, as if making a friendly inventory of him. He rubbed his hands gently together. "Maggie'll be *that* amused to hear tell I seen you!" he said shyly.

Well—*amused* was not just the word that Forrester had ex-

pected! But the other man came sidling along the leather seat, all alight with interest. He put out his hand, so palpably the hand of a failure, and touched Forrester's sleeve. "Mister," he begged simply, "tell me all about it, so's I can tell Maggie!"

The appeal hit Forrester in his softest place. He was touched. Who was Maggie? He visioned her as beautiful, and dreaming of her native hills; in a mental flash he saw himself telling a moving story to a dozen well-appointed dinner-tables. He said kindly: "Tell me what you want to know. But first—who's Maggie? Where is she?"

"My old girl, Mister. She's washin' dishes at Henniker's till I get a job." He went on with a touch of pride: "She don't have to work when I'm doin' anything, boss."

**A** GAIN Forrester was moved; he guessed that Maggie washed dishes a lot at Henniker's, and did it cheerily. Maggie's husband went on with a shy eagerness, jerking his thumb at the wall: "Did you have to cross Somahl' to the glacier, Mister?"

"Yes," Forrester was conscious of an increasing astonishment, for the glacier was not shown on the photograph, and is not named on any map. "We climbed that long ridge to the east—the photograph does not show much of it—and worked along till we came to the little plateau. And there we made our last camp. We went up next day. We wanted to do it in a day, so as not to spend a night at that altitude."

"I know." The face of Maggie's husband showed keener, harder; he was touched with some quiet amusement that puzzled Forrester. "You went up roped, boss?"

"As far as that big fissure," Forrester was kindling, as a lyric poet might kindle at the talk of love. "We cast them off then. They were too great a weight. We kept them as dry as we could, but there was a continual *poudre* and they were frozen as stiff as steel rods, crackling as we moved. It sounded so loud, that crackle."

"The papers say you was the only one that made the peak, Mister, the only one that made good."

"It wasn't the other fellows' fault," said Forrester quickly. "They were fine stuff—white men. I tell you they gave up their chances so I should have mine. Yes. They helped me all through, spent their strength for me—so that in the end they'd none left, and I went on alone—on their strength. A man said to me last week: 'You hired them, didn't you?' 'What difference does that make,' I said, 'when they gave me what money couldn't buy?'"

Forrester's eyes went to the picture; he was abruptly silent. Then: "They gave me *that*," he breathed.

After a minute he went on quietly, talking more to himself than to the man beside him:

"I left Mason and Pieters on the last tiny level with the tent over them. Mason was finished. Pieters could have come with me, but daren't leave Mason, who was in a state of collapse, and blue. Pieters never stopped rubbing him, he told me, for an hour. I went on alone, up a slope of hard old snow, steep, but easy enough,—that slope,—and in five minutes it was as if I'd been alone for centuries, from the beginning of the world! I drew myself up on a ledge and looked down. Mason and Pieters were little black figures beneath. Pieters lifted a hand to me. Then I went on over that hummock—there—and they were gone. It seemed to be all right—all right, I mean, that I should be alone at the end—alone with my mountain."

"The hardest part of the climbing was over. There remained only that great soaring wedge of immortal snow that heaved above me into the blue. I had only to climb, to keep on working upward as long as my strength held. I knew it would not fail. My arms, outstretched against the face of the steep, and looking as weak as a fly's legs, were yet long enough and strong enough to clasp the whole of that magnificent summit, and leave their mark upon it, and conquer it. What a thing humanity is! Oh, I'm talking nonsense, if you like, but I was a little mad at the time. If you've climbed, you know how it is!"

But Forrester saw at the same moment that his listener didn't know how it was, for all he was smiling indulgently. "I been mad in my time, boss," he said almost with a wink. "I aint the head for such things now."

Forrester laughed a little. "It took some head," he confessed, nodding at the photograph. "After I worked round that curve there, I had nothing under me but a drop—a drop clear to timber-line. I'd loose a handful of snow from somewhere, and it'd go glittering off into the emptiness behind me like frozen smoke, and I'd stick close for a minute to see if any more was coming. Then I'd watch those bits of snow-dust fall and fall and fall—

miles and miles they seemed to fall, right to the black furriness that was the forest of the lower slopes. They came near to shaking me. And now and then I seemed to have nothing at all under hands or feet—to be just afloat in dizzy space. Then I'd look up, and the whole weight of the summit'd rush back at me—hang over me until I seemed to be underneath it and crushed flat. And then I'd kind of come back to myself, and know what I was doing. And I tell you I wouldn't have swapped places with a millionaire! It's at times like that a man feels his soul alive in him, and knows he can't fail, whatever seems to happen. They say that normally we only use about one-tenth of our power of living. It takes the divine moment to teach us what we are when we use ten-tenths—what we are!"

Forrester was frankly smiling now, frankly talking to himself. Maggie's husband was listening in respectful bewilderment, yet with something held in reserve; he sat with his elbows on his knees and his hands dangling forward. Forrester wished he wouldn't; somehow, those hands looked so inept, so apologetic. He went on abruptly:

"I was corkscrewing upwards, if you see what I mean. I calculated to reach the top on the side opposite to where I'd left my two men, for we'd seen that the overhang was less there. But on that side the wind was worse. It was not strong—just a steady swim of cold air fit to freeze the breath inside you."

"I was working up very safely and steadily, finding everything much easier than I had expected, which is often the way. I was cutting steps in solid snow. Nothing could happen to me as long as I kept on cutting steps. I was as safe as a house, for all the next stopping-place was two thousand feet under. And I was just thinking so when the thong with which my ice-ax was looped round my wrist caught against a snag that thrust through the snow-crust, and snapped. I shifted my grip on the shaft for greater security; and the next instant the thing was out of my hand and glissading down the slope."

"Well, it was awkward enough, but not fatal. I went on without it, though slower; making detours round hummocks I'd have cut into, and scooping holds with the big knife I had on a lanyard round my neck. I went on so for maybe another hour, not thinking of the top, pinning my mind to every inch of the ascent."

"And then—all in a moment, as it seemed—I looked up. And there was the summit not two hundred feet above me, and easy all the way."

"Well, I hung on with toes and fingers and tried to cheer, but I couldn't get it out. Change places with a millionaire! I wouldn't have changed places with the kings of the earth! And then I looked more closely at what lay in front of me. And—the cheer went out of me like the flame out of a candle."

"Immediately over me, and for as far round as I could see, the mountain-top was girdled with a band of rock, a sheer face, too sheer to hold the snow. It was all veined with ice, pitted and porous with the weather since the world began—soft stuff, crumbling under frost and sun. Yes, there was just about twenty feet of it. After that a smooth mound of snow to the very crest. And I lay with my chin in a drift at the foot of it, and cried like a baby. For I knew that no power on earth could get me up that little twenty-foot wall of rock without an ax to chip holds with."

"I worked up to it and stood against it. There was a ledge that held me comfortably. I stood on it and drove in the knife as far as I could reach above my head, tossed my line round it and pulled. It came away in a tinkle of tiny ice-chips and rotten rock. I stared below me. I wondered how long it would take me to get down—without having reached the top. I looked to my right, just to make certain of what I was deadly sure of already—that there wasn't any possible way up for a single climber farther along the ledge. And there, as sure as I'm a living man, were little steps cut roughly in the rock—choked with ice, but recognizable, serviceable."

"When I told our president that," said Forrester after a silence, "he told me I'd gone light-headed from exposure."

**F**ORRESTER gazed at the picture a moment, a smile on his fine vivid face. His eyes looked into a great distance; and the eyes of the man beside him rested on him—kindly, uncomprehendingly, a little wistfully, as if he were trying to follow Forrester into that shining distance.

"I knew," Forrester was speaking to his own soul. "Oh, I knew," he repeated softly. "I met him there. I felt him there—my nameless forerunner! There was a high spirit near me in the very wind. I touched hands with (Continued on page 137)

*Wallace Irwin's well-known sense of humor and feeling for drama were never more effectively employed than in the very modern episodes of this striking and most enjoyable story.*

# Her Own Life

By WALLACE IRWIN

*Illustrated by  
Frederick R. Gruger*



"Look at 'em!" philosophized Mr. Durgin. "Look at Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby. There's a couple for you!"

IN showing a house it is proper and customary to begin at the front door. At nine o'clock of a bright October morning—good weather for showing apartments—Mr. Durgin, superintendent of Utopia Hall, an ornament to the upper Nineties, within stone's throw of Fifth Avenue, stood at the handsome pillared portal and occupied himself in giving as many fits as he dared to an elderly elevator-boy with a can of metal polish. Mr. Durgin was, at heart, an old-fashioned janitor who, like others of his kind, had had the rank of Superintendent thrust upon him by the growing fashion of his neighborhood. He wore this morning, as by preference, a blue denim shirt, a celluloid collar and a facial expression which, whenever I saw it, never failed to remind me of Mr. Eddie Foy.

"Listen, Danny," he went at the elderly elevator-boy, using a rusty voice which concealed a golden heart, "you gotta make it snappy, see? Polish all the knobs and brass downstairs. This aint no tenement-house, see?"

"Is that so?" jeered the boy, shaking his snow-white head as he polished at Utopia Hall's important door-plate.

"I don't say I'd be givin' you the sack," amended Mr. Durgin, who, if truth were told, had come to regard Danny, like the Italian mantel in the foyer, as a fixture and an adornment of Utopia Hall. "But we gotta take a brace all along the line. I got pride in this here place. It aint like one o' yer fly-by-night millionaire dumps along Park Avena. Lots o' families has been here for fifteen years—"

"I been here fifteen years too," insisted Danny.

"People has raised families and got married here and died here. It's a home; that's what it is."

"A home?" The oldest elevator-boy in the world squinted his rheumy eyes.

"Look at 'em!" philosophized Mr. Durgin. "Look at Mr. and Mrs. Pettijohn in 4-B—or no, don't look at them. Mr. Pettijohn's havin' trouble with a show-girl, so we'll strike him out.

But look at Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby, 3-A. There's a couple for you!"

"Sure," said Danny, and showed a new interest in polishing.

"I read in the Sunday paper the other day," resumed Mr. Durgin, "how some highbrow had said that apartment-houses was killin' home-life in America! Cheese! Any place where you have a wife and a pianna and a rug—provided y'stay there long enough and yer heart's right—is home, see?"

"I lived in Newark when I was a boy," interposed the withered Danny. "We lived in a house. The neighborhood was kinda bum, but there was a lilac bush in the back yard, and right over the fence there was another back yard with a pretty girl named Lena—"

"Home is where the heart is," interposed Mr. Durgin. "Did y'ever hear of homing pigeons? They live piled one on top of the other, just like apartment-houses. Did y'ever hear of a pigeon that didn't love its home?"

"They aint human; that's what," moaned Danny.

"Huh! Look at Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby. Moved into Utopia Hall fifteen years ago, six months after it was built."

"I was here when they come," was Danny's haughty boast. "Brought their baby. And now she's married."

"And where'd you find a happier pair than them Barnabys? Mr. Barnaby, regular as a clock. Always dependable. Made money steady for fifteen years. Now he can write a check for half a million, and no questions asked."

"In the printing business, aint he?"

"Barnaby's Perpetual Rubber Stamp Company," announced Mr. Durgin, rolling it over his tongue. "And he's a good provider and a solid man. That's what the ladies like. And Mrs. Barnaby's takin' care of her end, you bet your life! Housekeeper! Say, when I go up to fix the plumbin', I'm proud to be in such a home. Tasty? She's got her mind on that apartment twenty-four hours out o' the day. There aint a tack in the carpet she



She chatted mechanically in dread that the brilliant Oliver would

don't know by its middle name. She's the kind that makes a happy home for a man, believe me."

"She's a good-looker," conceded the elderly elevator-boy with a certain grimness.

"And they been married twenty years today."

"How'd you know that?" quizzed Danny.

"Don' I keep track of all the important dates for the tenants? What'm I here for? And Mrs. Barnaby don' let nobody but me put 'er mahogany table together for the big party. It's wort' the trouble just to hear her say thank you."

"There's others thinks the same," hinted Danny, looking up with a certain malevolence.

"What's on yer mind?" growled Mr. Durgin.

"There's a certain party rings Mrs. Barnaby up every day, and he aint 'er brother, neither. Some kind of highbrow in the theater business, name of Oliver."

"Look here, kid!" Mr. Durgin placed a heavy hand on the shoulder of the oldest elevator-boy. "No gossip about tenants in this here house, see?"

"I can't help listenin' when I'm at the switchboard, can I?" whined Danny.

"Well, I'm tellin' you. The elevator's ringin'. Go 'tend to it."

Therefore the chastened Danny ascended to the third floor and brought down Mr. Julius Barnaby. . . .

Let us now assert the author's privilege of occupying two places at the same time and anticipate by a minute Mr. Julius Barnaby's regular morning appearance in the foyer of Utopia Hall.

A pleasant, placid, satisfied man of forty-six, he had finished his breakfast and read the *Times*—one act as habitual as the other—and was bidding his Trixie farewell for the day. He stood on the center of the Cashmere rug out in the entrance-hall of his handsome apartment and held his brown Fedora in preparation for its proper adjustment above his cranial apex. The brown Fedora was characteristic. Julius was proud of the things he wouldn't wear just as he was proud of the things he wouldn't eat. At least twice a week in the connubial memory of Trixie he had said: "I never ate an oyster. I never will. Nobody can make me eat an oyster."

The hat and the oyster have absolutely nothing to do with Julius' rather fat physical make-up, but are revealing of a psychology which has much bearing upon the domestic tragedy I am about to unfold.

Julius, then, stood on the exact center of the hall rug and awaited his regular-as-clockwork morning kiss. Because it was





straggle away. But he held doggedly on beside a fat lady in pink.

their twentieth anniversary, he lingered a little longer than usual upon Trixie's sweet lips. He didn't feel that those lips were merely passive. To be love-blinded was a part of his routine, and all that he saw that morning was a little woman who would always be twenty to him; and even to a critical world Trix Barnaby gave no hint of the woman who had passed her thirty-eighth birthday and whose daughter had been married nearly a year.

Trix, indeed, might have been Julius' daughter, as she stood there, small and slim, the sleeves of her kimono slipped back to show straight white arms, her golden head tilted a little as the hazel eyes of a girl looked up with a certain abstraction. What had she been doing with the years between 1898 and 1918? Only under her handsome eyes indefinite, pouching irregularities were visible; it was as if a careless workman had overlooked two faults which a skillful finger-touch might correct.

"I'll order the wine on the way down," Julius told her indulgently. "And I'll be back early to see if there's anything I can do."

Julius had always said that on anniversary mornings, she reflected, and stood expecting his next customary avowal. It arrived on schedule.

"Twenty years!" he blurted, coming back for another kiss. "I can't believe it, Trix! Just simply can't!"

Trixie received this remark with a sort of grim satisfaction. He had made that same speech, with proper variations for the correct number of years, ever since their first anniversary.

Her handsome hazel eyes followed Julius Barnaby's broad figure until it disappeared toward its office routine in the Barnaby Perpetual Rubber Stamp Company which had lifted them into the sort of obscure prosperity which hides itself in every New York apartment-house of the expensive class. Trixie could hear the front door slam, then the elevator-bell whirr. Her last sight of Julius had been revealing. It was as though clear sight had come to her for the first time—how his neck bulged above its collar! How pink his bald spot glowed before he covered it with his brown Fedora!

She had married him for love in a halcyon time when glossy ringlets had crowned his ears. He had meant romance to her then, raw girl that she was. And only on this morning's cool light had she told herself the truth. She was married to a bro-mide.

Trix Barnaby went charging about her apartment, bullying poor Hannah, who had grown deaf in service. A man was ex-

pected from Zellner's to wash the windows and polish the floors. He didn't come; therefore words of war must be spoken over the telephone, via Danny the ancient. Clancy's man was due with curtains which they had been cleaning. More telephoning. China must be washed, linen got out.

In a moment of exhaustion, about mid-morning, Trix went back to her bedroom and opened the copy of the *Times* which Julius had abandoned. It was habitual for Julius to read the *Times* first. Not that he wouldn't have relinquished his paper with a smile had she made a point of it. But it was the custom, just as it is the custom in China for a mandarin to walk under a red umbrella.

**H**OW tired, how aching tired she was of habit! In the Hesperian Stage Movement, with which she had amused herself after Kathleen's marriage to a naval officer stationed in Honolulu had robbed her of a life's occupation, her eyes had opened glamorously to the ways of temperamental artists who think upon impulse, give emotion and color and beauty their true place in the world. "Twenty years! I can't believe it, Trix!" For the first few years she hadn't believed it, either. But on this anniversary morning the truth came crushingly upon her. Life was passing; and what had she had of life?

Then she tried to pump up enthusiasm for the man who had served so perfectly in the capacity of husband. Julius was always to be depended on. That was the hopeless thing about him. He was absolutely dependable. You always knew ahead of time just how he was going to react to a given stimulus. Mention George Bernard Shaw, and he would speak in the terms of oysters, saying: "I don't like immoral plays. I never saw one of them, and nobody can make me." He took Trix to a musical comedy on Mondays and Thursdays, and you could always depend on his saying after the first act: "Give me a show with plenty of tunes and pretty girls."

He played golf at New Rochelle on fair Saturdays up to the fifteenth of October. He ate a standardized breakfast: grapefruit, scrambled eggs and coffee. On Sunday mornings he added sausages and buckwheat cakes to his bill of fare. Any variation to this program would have been monstrous, like a sunrise in the west.

After a half-hour of such reflections—certainly not to any good purpose—Trix Barnaby resumed her housewifely diligence throughout an interior every stick of which she knew by heart. Had Trix known herself as well as she understood Apartment 3-A, Utopia Hall, this story would perish for lack of incident. Even as a sculptor knows his statue, so Trix knew her home. Blindfolded she could have made her way from the kitchen sink to the very hole in the dining-room rug where Julius had dropped a hot cigarette two Christmases ago. Kathleen had been a baby when the Barnabys moved in; even now Trix sometimes stopped outside a white door and would listen foolishly for a voice.

It was approaching noon when Mrs. Barnaby went back into her bedroom again and began looking over clothes for the evening. The room with its gray-blue panels and creamy furniture suited her taste; she had schemed it. But there was a small leprous spot in the plaster above her bed, and this annoyed her. She must see Mr. Durgin about that spot, she reflected as she took out her evening gowns one at a time and laid them across her bed, a billowy row of many-colored finery. Trix loved clothes, but she doubted if Julius ever noticed what she wore. He had no sense of the esthetic. This coral frock with the silver bodice, for instance—

She held up the confection of chiffon and silver lace, grasping it daintily by its narrow shoulder-straps. Julius had said of this gown: "Women don't get much clothes for the money nowadays." He would say just that, being a bromide to the core! But what had been Mayne Oliver's comment on the same creation by which she had charmed him once, not so many evenings ago? Something about a sea-divinity, rising from the foam with a pale moon glinting across her shoulders. Mayne lived in an atmosphere like that—moon and foam and sea. He never said he expected thing.

What was it Mayne had asked her, phrased in his delicate style? He spoke of her as a part of his dream. Mayne's dream! What could that deity see in her, an old woman with a married daughter? She might be a grandmother soon. Bitter thought! Trix went over to the mirror, and one of her slender fingers was rubbing away the ugly bags under her eyes when the telephone rang. It was Mayne Oliver. She thought it might be.

"I've broken in on your sleep?" asked the modulated voice that never failed to thrill her.

"Hardly!" she laughed nervously. "I've been up for hours, charging all over the house."

"Not asleep—but dreaming still, I hope?"

"I'm afraid so." She bit her lip—she shouldn't have admitted that. So she hastened to add the practical truth: "I never stay abed on the days we're giving a party."

"Oh, then it is tonight."

"You've forgotten that?" She was not a little hurt.

"Beatrice, dear!" He had never called her that before. Her head was whirling as he resumed: "I wouldn't miss it, if you really want me."

"Can't you remember that I told you?" she asked.

"Days and hours mean nothing to me, Beatrice. It's dreadful, I know. But I have to leave method to another sort of mind—the cataloguing souls. The really beautiful things don't come that way—on schedule."

"I'm afraid my party isn't going to be a beautiful thing," she pouted into the receiver. "We know an awful lot of bromides, Mayne. I never appreciate how many till we give a party."

"How could it be so with you there, Beatrice?"

His wooing note came true, perfectly transmitted by Dr. Bell's wonderful invention.

"But you're coming?" she found voice to plead. "It's something to me—my twentieth anniversary."

"Of your birth?"

"Of my wedding," she sighed.

"Twenty years of—" The rest was blurred. Possibly the telephone was at fault. Then: "May I sit by you, Beatrice?" she heard him beg.

"Why, yes, Mayne. That's what I've planned."

"Then I'll come, of course."

"I want you to, Mayne." She admitted this in spite of discretion.

"I may not see you soon again," he said, and there fell a dreadful silence. "The Philistines are driving me out of America. That only means a change of battleground."

"Mayne!"

"I'm going to London. I've given up trying to make them understand over here."

Trixie's eyes were set on the leprous white spot on the panel above her head. The whole place seemed to swirl and tilt like a stateroom beyond Sandy Hook.

"Beatrice!"

"Yes, Mayne."

"Have you considered?"

"About going on the stage?"

"You remember what I said."

"How could I do it, Mayne? You've got to remember—I have a husband—"

"You've never let me forget that," he agreed somewhat bitterly. Then more crisply: "Well, tonight!"

"At eight, Mayne."

"Good-by, Beatrice."

**A**T the age of thirty-eight it is possible to be in love without any appreciable loss of efficiency. Out of an opiate cloud Trix charged through the afternoon, doing battle with furniture, neglecting no detail in festival arrangement of the apartment she knew by heart. By heart! How true an idiom! In the big gold-rugged drawing-room she moved tables and chairs an inch this way and that, setting them to the nicety of a decorative scheme of her own devising—a scheme which old Hannah, despite her years of faithful service, had never failed to get a little wrong. Trix's nerves were on edge. She found herself venting spite on a small black pillow which showed its pink chenille roses at the end of a couch.

"I'm tired of you!" she moaned, and struck it insultingly across its rosy face.

At four o'clock Mr Durgin appeared at the door, his shoulders burdened with leaves for the Sheraton table.

"All the boys was busy in the engine-room," he explained hoarsely. "So I fetched 'em meself."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of letting anybody else put the table together," smiled Trix, and Mr Durgin's Eddie Foy mask was suffused with pride.

"I guess I done it for you enough times to know how."

"And now you're up here," suggested Trix. "I wonder if you'd step into the bedroom and look at that spot."

"Gee, aint that fixed yet?" he complained, and followed down the hall to be shown the white spot on the blue wall.

"There's some of the same paint down in the storeroom," said Trix. "I thought you might just touch it up."



"I've decided that I can't stand this any longer, Julius. It's no fault of yours."

"Sorry, Mrs. Barnaby." Old Durgin shook his head. "Them spots is caused by saltpeter in the plaster. More you paint 'em, the worse they get."

"Isn't there any way to take it out?" She was annoyed.

"There's some spots that sort o' seem to be built in the house, Mrs. Barnaby. Just like some people! Murder will out. Two spots just like that in Mr. Morgenstern's apartment upstairs. Paint, paper, wash—nothin' doin'."

Mr. Durgin smiled his crescent smile of comedy and added: "Only way to get rid of 'em is to tear down the house. And I guess you wouldn't like to lose yer happy home, would you, Mrs. Barnaby?"

SO their twentieth anniversary dinner was served on the extended Sheraton table that evening at eight. Dessert over, Trixie sat back with folded hands and awaited the speech she knew was sure to come. Like many another inarticulate soul, Julius had an insane passion for after-dinner speaking. All dur-

ing the dinner, which to Julius was a triumph, business associates and college chums had roared applause at every old familiar joke. Then in the golden instant before coffee, a particularly fond and remarkably bald college chum, invaluable for such occasions, had proposed a thousand anniversaries for the happy couple.

"Trixie and Julius—a thousand years!" clamored eager voices to the tinkling of glassware.

"Quite a number of years, isn't it," whispered Mayne Oliver, who had made the evening worth while for Trix.

Wine was hardly swigged in honor of the toast before Julius seized the opportunity he had impatiently awaited. He looked replete, enormous, as he swam up like a rising sun in a white shirt-front.

"What's he going to do?" whispered Oliver, his smooth lips close to Trixie's ear.

"Make a speech," she sighed.

Their feet met sympathetically under (Continued on page 159)

Few writers have won such instant popularity as Gerald Beaumont. This is partly because his characters, *The Gambling Chaplain*, *The Information Kid* and others, are so real, so lovable and so picturesque. . . . Here we have the taming of a demon umpire.

# The Bull Baiters

By GERALD  
BEAUMONT

Bull was the monarch of all he surveyed,  
Tough as they make 'em—Chief Unafraid!  
King of the Umps, and crowned as such,  
Twice by the Irish and once by the Dutch.  
—Ballads of Brick McGovern

"ONE false move!" implored Pee-wee. "One false move—that's all I ask! One false move and I crown you!"

Feet kicking up the dust, fists closed, and jaws working overtime, Umpire Bull Feeney and Third Baseman Pee-wee Patterson were breasting each other pigeon-fashion, and backing around in a wary circle.

Brick McGovern scrambled from the dugout. From all corners of the field uniformed figures streamed toward third base like a trick fan closing into its handle. Back of the screened grandstand Rome howled.

It was never established whether Mr. Feeney stepped first on Mr. Patterson's toes, or vice versa, and it is of no particular importance. They each let go a right at the same moment, and Pee-wee, who had once seen service in the ring, beat his opponent to the punch, following it up with a left that reached the same target.

Rube Ferguson remarked afterward that Pee-wee had scored a "double bull's-eye," which was pretty good for Rube.

Bull staggered back, recovered himself and returned to the attack head down. In the interests of peace and dignity, Manager Brick McGovern and some of the more responsible players interfered—and drew on their heads the wrath of the multitude.



Gradually the dust settled. Mr. Feeney waved one hand majestically in the direction of the clubhouse, folded his arms, and stalked back to his position, his right eye already beginning to bloom in purple splendor. Pee-wee made his way first to the bench, taking as long as possible to identify and collect his belongings. Then he retreated upstage in the time-approved fashion, selecting the route that would delay proceedings the most, and pausing every now and then to look back and gesticulate violently.

Usually pugilistic encounters on the ball-field have little significance and are forgotten in a day or two. But this fracas was different. It cost the little third baseman one hundred dollars and five days' suspension, and it fanned into flame the growing feud between a self-styled king of umpires, and those hard-working sons of the bludgeon who were condemned to earn their daily bread in the shadow of the royal throne. It was





Bull returned to the attack head down. In the interest of peace some of the responsible players interfered—and drew on their heads the wrath of the multitude.

Illustrated by  
J. J. Gould

responsible for so much of what followed that you should pause a moment to let the situation sink in.

Understand that from the viewpoint of the ball-player there is no such thing as a good umpire. They are all bad, and some are a little worse than

others. Clubhouse opinion was unanimous in asserting that Bull Feeney was the most terrible crime ever perpetrated in organized baseball. Not that Bull didn't know his business; that was the awful part of it! Bull had been in the majors, and had even worked three times in a world's series. He was game, cool-headed, quick on his feet, and he had a voice like a fog-horn. Why, then, the constant warfare?

Well, of all the self-satisfied, truculent, sarcastic, limelight-loving and murder-inspiring umpires that ever bellowed through a muzzle, Bull Feeney was the thrice-crowned king! Proudly he admitted the charge, and dared the world to make him otherwise. Therein lay the perpetual *casus belli*.

Fandom is quite familiar with an umpire-baiter. The history of the game reveals scores of ball-players who were past-masters in the gentle art of goading an umpire to his ruin. But here was an official who reversed the process. From the moment Bull

Feeney appeared on the field, cap pulled over one eye, shoulders hunched belligerently, and huge form rolling from side to side, he was Big Chief Looking-for-Trouble, and his war whoop was:

"Spank-um-P a p o o s e-and-Show-um-Club-house!"

He never lost a chance to be provocative. When he called a third strike on a home player it was with a vindictive bellow and the right arm propelled forward as though lashing the batter with a whip. Any jury culled from grandstand or bleachers would have voted the death-penalty without retiring. A ball-player might as well shout his protests at the Rock of Gibraltar. Bull merely spun his indicator in the air, and chanted throatily his own version of Dixie:

Oh, the storm's comin' up, and the clouds am  
scuddin';  
You're goin' on a journey, and you're goin'  
damn' sudden!  
Keep-away! Keep-away! Keep-away!  
Five Dollars!

The crowd rode him, of course, but this was a mistake; it only encouraged the man. Bull got as much joy out of irritating the audience behind the wire netting as a small boy does in poking sticks through the bars of the circus cages. He gloried in the frenzied denunciation of the mob, interpreting it as public acknowledgment of his own importance. When they tried to yell him down, as he faced them to announce a change in the line-up, Bull comported himself as though he were a piece of raw meat being dangled in front of the lion's den. The louder the fans yelled, the closer he approached the screen, and the more viciously he bellowed:

"Sawyer now pitching! Sawyer! Sawyer!" with his head thrust forward mockingly.

The vocal tempest that was always raging about his head gave him tremendous satisfac-

tion. He voiced his glee in the ears of the catchers:

"The multitude is after me; hark to the roar of the rabble! The mob is at the palace gates! Aha! Bull tuh!"

Oh, Bull was really an awful thing! Is it any wonder that long before Peewee Patterson crowned him, Wild Bull Cassidy, on behalf of the Irish, and Gus Wolter, acting for the Dutch, found it necessary to do the same thing? These coronation ceremonies, however, were expensive, and they seemed to have very little effect upon Bull. He pursued the even tenor of his way, until Peewee Patterson, in sheer defense, convoked a board of strategy in the clubhouse one afternoon.

"Now, get me right," said Patterson. "I'm naturally peaceful. That was the first fine I've drawn since I broke into the league. I aint lookin' for trouble, but when any big bimbo sticks his nose between my teeth, he's going to lose it; that's all!"

This declaration of principles was approved by the strategists. "But we got to use the old head on this guy," warned Rube Ferguson, outfielder. "We got to work on him. Fifty dollars a punch is too much dough. My idea is to get something on him—"

"Ye-ah, I'll get my spikes on him some day," promised Lefty Carroll; "that's what I'll get on him. You fellows saw that strike he called on me this afternoon. It was out so far I couldn't of hit it with a shotgun. I give him the deaf-and-dumb blessing and the old look, and he starts singin'."

"Bat on your shoulder, bat on your shoulder,  
Can't hit the ball with the bat on your shoulder!"

"Believe me, if my old lady didn't need the jack, I'd of swung on him. Does he make that stuff up himself?"

"How do I know?" Peewee protested. "Let's get down to

business: Now, here's something they tried on a guy down South once, and I'll tell the world it was rich."

Patterson's voice trailed off into the dramatic tenseness of a born conspirator. The others listened eagerly. The plot unfolded, and presently all could appreciate that the midget third-sacker had indeed unearthed a slender sword calculated to penetrate even the thick hide of Bull Feeney, and leave him writhing miserably at their feet.

A WEEK later the King of Umps seated himself one evening in the lobby of his hotel to indite two letters. The first was in the nature of a report to the president of the league, and presented no difficulty. It read:

"Dear Mr. Powell:

"I put Manager McGovern out of the game yesterday for abusive language. He is a dog.

"Yours truly,

"James P. Feeney."

The second letter required deeper consideration, for it represented the first step into an unfamiliar world. He frowned thoughtfully at the hotel letterheads, chewed the tip of the penholder, laid it down, looked about him, and surreptitiously produced from an inside pocket a small pink envelope that had come in the morning mail. For the twentieth time he read the contents, and for the twentieth time a wave of turkey red began at his gills and spread to the back of his neck. His heavy features struggled unsuccessfully against a sheepish grin. A schoolboy, fingering his first valentine, could not have looked more innocently proud, or as shyly guilty. And small wonder! Ring out, ye wild bells! Blow, trumpets, blow! Sound the cymbals, and get Grandpa's musket off the wall! The age of miracles was here again! Bull Feeney had received a mash note! Cupid was burning incense at the shrine of an ump! Let unbelievers read:

"Dear Mr. Feeney:

"I have often wanted to write to you, but this is the first time I have been able to get up the courage, and I hope you will not take offense, or think I am too bold.

"I go to all the games, and I think you are the very best umpire in the league. It must be wonderful to be so big and strong and fearless, and I would just love to know you, but I suppose you would not pay any attention to a mere girl—though my friends say I am not bad looking.

"Anyway, I can't resist confessing my admiration for a man who can face the crowd like you can, and I just hope you are not married!

"There, now, I've said it, and I do hope you won't be angry, but will instead find time perhaps to write to P. O. Box 341, and make me wildly happy.

"Your true admirer,

"Just a Girl."

No one but Bull Feeney would have believed that such a thing was possible. He knew that ball-players got such notes—plenty of them. Sometimes they turned them over to their wives; sometimes they didn't. Bull didn't have a wife; celibacy seemed a natural consequence of his profession. At least, he had never given a great deal of thought to the subject. He was thirty-five, burned by the wind, blistered by the sun, caloused to curses, and immune to abuse. But like Achilles he had his weak spot, and the letter had found the one vulnerable place in his armor. The only woman he had ever loved was a little old lady back in St. Louis, and Bull wrote to his mother regularly every month. But recently he had been vaguely conscious of a growing interest in a face that looked at him from the sea of spectators in the St. Clair stands.

The face was that of a frail girl who always occupied the same seat. She was usually dressed in blue with a sort of hal-lujah bonnet with pink roses. The hat framed brown hair and accentuated both the delicacy of her features and the pallor of her skin. Just how she had attracted his attention, he could not remember. It was the first time in his life he had ever become cognizant of any one person in the mob at which he daily bellowed. More and more he had come to look for her, drawn by a haunting memory of having seen her elsewhere. What is there about a frail, delicate little woman, with a wistful smile, that will bring a huge, brawny-fisted, bull-throated roughneck to his trembling knees? The attraction of opposites? The mystic law of averages? Nature, striving to protect the more important sex of the species? Who knows?

Bull Feeney had looked up into her face many times, and was almost certain that when everyone else was raining maledic-

tions on his head, her lips only smiled sympathetically, as much as to say:

"Stir them up some more, Bull; I know you're not really as tough as you make out to be. Have your fun, Bull; you and I understand each other!"

Once or twice he had wondered whether it would be safe to wait outside the gate, and kind of tip his hat a little as she passed out. But umpires find it a bit risky to encounter the crowd after a ball-game—at least umpires like Bull Feeney. He was perplexed until—lo and behold, here had come the letter! Oh, wonder of wonders!

He dipped his pen in ink and undertook the reply with painful earnestness.

"My dear young Lady:

"Your valued letter received and contents noted."

He studied over that for a moment, tore it up, and tried again.

"Dear Sweetie:"

That was awful! He scratched it out hurriedly, his face the color of a beet. Some one sat down at the desk opposite him. He frowned, gathered up paper, pen and ink and retired to the seclusion of his room. By midnight the floor was littered with crumpled paper, but he had managed to break through the formidable barrier of an opening paragraph. The vision of a frail girl with grave blue eyes and drooping lips helped him out. Once started, he wrote at length, telling her all about his mother in St. Louis, and the timber-claim in the California Sierras, where the railroad would one day build a branch line, and where the stars were the swellest you ever saw. There was a trick squirrel that lived in a big pine right at the door of the cabin he was building—funny little cuss—which would get awful mad if you didn't notice it.

Of course an umpire wasn't no saint, or nothing like that, but he didn't go in for booze, and he knew how to be a square shooter with a nice girl, as she would find out, and would she please tell him—

Bull paused and wiped his ink-stained fingers on his trousers. His face took on a blank expression. Maybe the girl he was thinking about and the one who had written the letter were not the same person! He considered this possibility with dismay, laid aside everything he had penned, and wrote this:

"Dear Miss Admirer:

"Your letter is O. K. with me. Whereabouts do you sit?"

"Yours truly,

"James P. (Bull) Feeney."

Then he went to bed.

Two days later, Peewee Patterson, wild with joy, showed up at morning practice and waved a letter in the faces of the board of strategy.

"Hooked him!" he crowed. "The big fish fell for it! 'Dear Miss Admirer—where do you sit?' Oh, my Gawd!"

They snatched at the letter, feasted their eyes on it, passed it around, and banged each other on the back, whooping triumphantly:

"Aint that a pip!" "Well, the big bull fat-head!" "What d'ye know? I guess that aint spearin' him, huh?"

Rube Ferguson, first to calm down, looked up from the letter, a little puzzled.

"Well," he demanded, "where does she sit?"

THE others looked at Peewee. Patterson met the question promptly:

"She sits anywhere we want her to; I got it all doped out. First we dope up another letter; make it strong this time, see? Then we dress Lefty up as a Jane, and plant him—"

Lefty interrupted hastily: "Say, how d'ye get that way?"

"Shut up," admonished Peewee. "Somebody's got to do it, and you're the best lookin'. If you work Saturday, you're off the next afternoon, aint you? My sister's been on the stage, and she'll rig you up, and go with you."

"If I get pinched," warned Lefty, "I'll knock you for a mile of tombstones! I'll bust you all right on the jaw! I'll—"

He was howled down.

"We do this thing right," continued Peewee complacently. "Lefty is going to be Miss Admirer, and from a distance she will be a pip. She tells him in the next letter where to look, and Sunday afternoon she keeps waving a handkerchief at him. Then she tells him to call on her."

"We hit the road Sunday night," objected Ferguson. "Bull goes north too. No tellin' where he'll be working when we come back."

"That's all the better," Peewee pointed out. "It gives us



"He doesn't know about the crutches . . . . He doesn't! And I don't want to live—I don't!"

time to smoke up a lot of letters. Bull will write his fool head off as soon as he gets a look at this Jane. When we're all together again, we slip him an address, and when he calls, we'll have the whole gang planted in the house, and at the right moment we come out and give him the grand razz. Will that baby quit riding us? I ask you a simple question."

The ayes had it without a dissenting voice.

"The reporters will eat them letters up," mused Ferguson. "The yarn will go all over the country. Can you imagine what the bleachers will do with that 'Miss Admirer' stuff? I bet he don't last two days. 'King of the Umps!' eh? Pee wee, I got to hand it out; you're there, kid; you're there!"

"Oh," said Pee wee, "I've been in the game a little while. Come down to the house tonight, Lefty, and we'll warm up a bit. Say, who's got some real good letters? I copied that first one from a note that Truck Darrow got, but he never followed it up. Lefty, you're a handsome guy—"

"Say, lay offa me, will you?" protested the pitcher. "What kind of a league is this? Has everybody got a busted arm except me? You're married, aint you? Well, get the wife to dig up some of your own letters. I'll bet you was the biggest nut—"

"Never mind about that," Pee wee cut in. "My old lady wont get no excuse to pull no letters on me, not if I know it. I'll get George Collins. He's been married three times, and he don't care what happens!"

So it came to pass that with the aid of an elongated first baseman who was supposed to know all about such things, Bull Feeney received a second letter, intended to fasten securely in his crimson gills a poisoned barb from Cupid's quiver. It ran:

"Dearie:

"I was just tickled to death to get your letter, and to know that you are not offended, and that you don't think it was wrong for me to let you know how I felt.

"I shall be sitting in the grandstand next Sunday afternoon, just to the right of the plate, where I can see you best, and I will have on a blue dress.

"I do hope that you will like me, and will write and tell me so, because I am just crazy about you. I suppose you'll think I'm awful bold to say that, but it's the truth, and I don't care who knows it.

"If you will just tip your cap when you see me, I will know that everything is all right, and I will be the proudest and happiest girl in the world, and when you come back, I will ask you to call.

"Good-by, dearie, until I hear from you again.

"Your Devoted Admirer."

Alas, poor Bull! That letter sawed off all four legs of the royal throne, and brought him down, overnight, to the level of mere mortals. In the grandstand, just to the right of the home-plate, she had said, and that was where she always sat—the pale, wistful girl with the pink roses on the hallelujah bonnet. Who was she? Where had he seen her before? No matter! The miracle was that she loved him, and she was young and beautiful and unbelievably frail.

IT was a humanized Bull Feeney who brushed off the plate and called for the batting order the following Sunday afternoon. The board of strategy could hardly contain itself for joy.

"Look at his hair!" whispered Pee wee. "He's got it all slicked down, and a fresh shave. New uniform, too, aint it?"

"Naw," said Catcher Darrow, "it's just the old one cleaned up and pressed, but I'll bet he's doused himself with perfume. Has Lefty showed up yet?"

"He come in a little while ago, and I'll say he's a knockout. Don't anybody look up there, or you'll queer it. Wait a minute; Bull's going to announce the batteries; watch him!"



The King of the Umps faced the grandstand, cap in hand. For the first time in the memory of those who watched him eagerly, there was nothing belligerent in his manner. His voice was as gentle as he could make it, his demeanor respectful, his broad shoulders drawn back heroically, and his face directed at some one in the audience sitting to the right of the home-plate.

"Lefty's handkerchief must be going," warbled Peewee. "Bull's tipping his cap! I ask you a simple question: aint this the richest you ever seen?"

Of course, there could be only one possible answer to that. How were they to know that Bull Feeney had eyes for only one person in the whole audience, and that she was at least fifty feet from where the gorgeously arrayed Lefty Carroll was waving one of Miss Dorothy Patterson's very best handkerchiefs? How were they to know that the King of the Umps, scaling the heights of human intelligence, had bribed a bat-boy to trail a certain young lady to her home and report back that evening?

Leave the bull baiters to their abysmal ignorance, and consider only Bull Feeney, one hour before train-time, chatting in the hotel lobby with bright-eyed little Toolie-woolie Kerrigan.

"So you trailed her all right, did you, lad? You're a grand boy! And where does she live?"

"Boarding-house on Sixty-fourth Street," said Toolie-woolie. "I got her name from the grocer on the corner. I asked him who the girl was on crutches—"

"Crutches?"

"Sure. She's a cripple—didn't you know that? She can't walk no better than I could before I went to the hospital. I guess that's why she comes early, and waits till the crowd is out of the park before she gets up. Her name is O'Donnell; didn't get the first name—say, what's the matter?"

Bull Feeney's jaws were opening and closing spasmodically. His mind was trying to adjust itself to the flood-waters of memory. He sank into a chair.

"If that wouldn't knock you kickin'!" he breathed. "It's Jim's daughter, sure enough—the little Doris grown up. That explains everything. I remember now: she was hurt in the same train wreck that killed him; and now here she is on crutches and confessin' herself to be me own sweetie. Come here, Toolie."

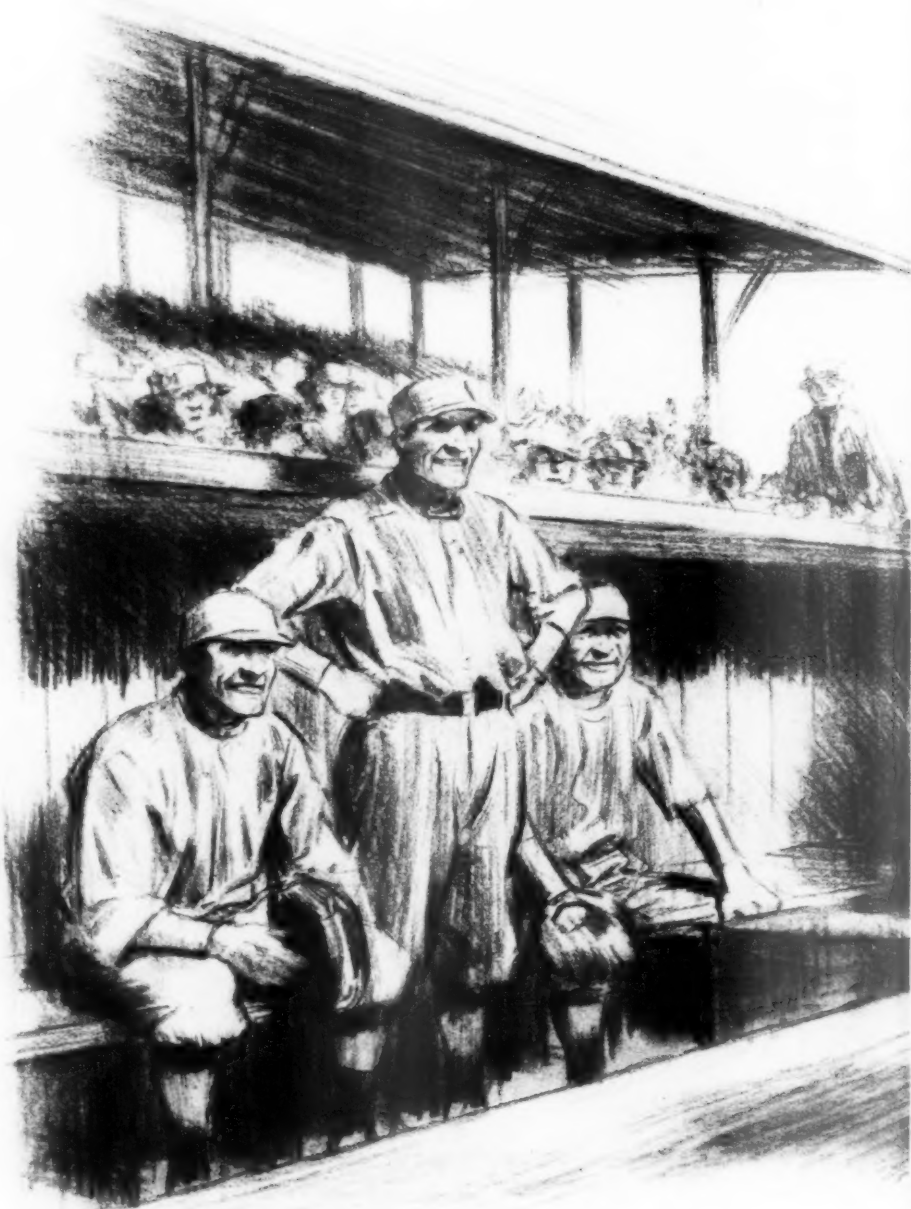
The King of the Umps fished in his vest pocket and produced a five-dollar bill.

"I've got to be headin' for the train," he explained, "but there's a flower-shop on the corner. Get something swell in the line of roses—pink ones—and take 'em out to her."

"What'll I say?"

Feeney looked at his watch. He had barely time to get to the station. "Just tell her that Bull says he's wise," he instructed, "and that he'll write from Portland; she'll get the rest."

"Fair enough," said Toolie-woolie. "Half a dollar plus car-fare."



It was a humanized Bull Feeney  
ing Sunday. The board of

The fee was paid promptly, and they separated. Feeney to race madly for a train that would carry him seven hundred miles away from the boarding-house where a frail girl on crutches feasted her eyes that night on the most wonderful bouquet she had ever seen, and listened to the absurd message delivered dutifully by the son of Big Bill Kerrigan. But was it so absurd, after all? Why should Miss Doris O'Donnell, in the seclusion of her shabby room, crush pink roses to her breast? Why should she sit so long that night by the open window, looking up at the summer stars, and repeating over and over again:

"He's just seen me sitting there. . . . He doesn't know about the crutches. . . . He doesn't! He doesn't! And I don't want to live—I don't!"

Ah, if she had only got that next letter that was written from Portland! Or if Bull only had had sense enough to ask Toolie-woolie for the exact address! Instead, the letter went to Box 341, where it was extracted by Miss Dorothy Patterson and for-





who called for the batting order the following strategy could hardly contain itself for joy.

warded to Brother Peewee in Portland, according to instructions. Patterson summoned the board of strategy, and its members went into session in his hotel room. They expected to get a great kick out of that letter, and in a sense they were not disappointed; it knocked them flat! Peewee read the missive aloud:

"Dear Doris:  
"I was an awful boob all right, not to have recognized you before this, but everything is O. K. now. As soon as you told me where you sit, I knew it was the same little sweetie that I had been lamping all along, only I couldn't remember just then where I had seen you before. I got a kid to trail you home, and he got your name off the corner grocer, so I sent some flowers, and I will sure call when I get back.

"The last time I met you, me and your father was working in the world's series at Chicago. Jim was one swell umpire, and it sure busted me all up, when I heard about him getting killed. He was always talkin' about you, and showing me your letters.

You look a lot like him, only of course a lot prettier. I mean it; I aint never seen anyone who could come up to you for class. The boys all have noticed you, and they will be wild to think that I have copped you off, though of course like me, they didn't know about the crutches, or about you being so bad hurt.

"Now, sweetie, I want you to know that them crutches don't mean nothing to me at all, only I hate to see you looking so pale and weak. You leave it to old Bull to fix things all jake, honey. I got one of the grandest mothers in the world, and I'll send for her right away. Then I got a cabin up in the mountains on a timber-claim, and it's the prettiest and healthiest spot in the world. Me and Mother will take care of you, sweetie, and we'll make your cheeks just like them pink roses on your hat.

"Babe, your letter sure has made the world look a lot different. I don't get no more fun out of riding the players or the crowd, or handing out the fines, because I realize now that most all the boys are married and have (Continued on page 114)

Begin at once this great story of a modern girl who becomes enmeshed in a net of mysterious circumstances when she goes to edit a paper in a little New England town. Readers of the author's earlier novels, "*A Daughter of Discontent*" and "*Conflict*," will turn to this new story with special interest.

#### The Story So Far:

CARMEL LEE came from Michigan to the little New England town of Gibeon equipped with a brand-new college training, seventy-two dollars in money, a distinctly unusual beauty, and certain interesting assets of character. Arrived in Gibeon, she took possession of a further heritage, the *Gibeon Free Press*, a run-down little country newspaper, bequeathed to her by her recently deceased uncle—"old man Nupley."

With the *Free Press*, Carmel inherited a quaint old printer named Tubal, who, with the aid of a boy, Simmy, set up and ran off the five hundred-odd copies needed to fill its meager subscription list. And it was Tubal who told Carmel of certain sinister things going on beneath the surface of the placid-seeming little town. A "ring," of which Supervisor Delorme and wealthy Abner Fownes were leading figures, practically owned the place. At the last election the people had rebelled and succeeded in electing their candidate for one office, that of sheriff. Only a few days ago, however, Sheriff Churchill had mysteriously disappeared; and Deputy Jenney and a hunch-backed tavern-keeper known as Pee-wee Bangs, creatures of Fownes', had warned Tubal not to print anything about Churchill's disappearance.

Carmel gave a job to Evan Pell, a pathetic young pedant who had been unfairly dismissed from his position of school superintendent, and decided to print his dynamite-laden letter of protest.

Abner Fownes telephoned her, demanding that she come to see



## Contraband

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

him. She coolly informed him that he could see her by coming to the *Free Press* office.

Carmel then called on Sheriff Churchill's heartbroken wife—and learned that a rumor was being deftly circulated to the effect that Churchill had run away with another woman. Mrs. Churchill would not credit this, but was certain her husband had met with foul play. In spite of an anonymous warning left on her desk, Carmel proceeded to print in the next issue of the *Free Press*:

"The editor has been warned that she will be sent to join Sheriff Churchill if she meddles with his disappearance. The *Free Press* desires to give notice now that it will meddle until the whole truth is discovered and the criminals brought to justice. If murder has been done, the murderers must be punished."

(The story continues in detail.)

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"I think you have made yourself clear, Mr. Fownes. I shall think over what you have said—and you will know my decision."  
 "Consider well—from all angles. Mountain came to Mahomet."

WHEN Carmel Lee entered the office of the *Gibeon Free Press* the next morning, she found Professor Evan Bartholomew Pell occupying her chair. On his face was an expression of displeasure. He forgot to arise as she stepped through the gate, but he did point a pencil at her accusingly.

"You have made me appear ridiculous," he said, and compressed his lips with pedagogical severity. "In my letter, which you published in this paper, you misspelled the words *nefarious* and *nepotist*. What excuse have you to offer?"

Carmel stared at the young man, nonplused for an instant, and then a wave of pity spread over her—pity for a man who would not admit the existence of a forest because he was able to see only the individual trees. She wondered what life offered to Evan Pell, what rewards it held out to him, what promises it made. He was vain—that was clear; he was not so much selfish as egotistical, and that must have been very painful. He was, she fancied, the sort of man to whom correct spelling was of greater importance than correct principle—not because of any tendency toward lack of principle, but because pedantry formed a shell about him, inside which he lived the life of a turtle. She smiled as she pictured him as a spectacled turtle of the snapping variety, and it was a long time before that mental cari-

wondering," she said, "how you can be of use."

"I can at least see to it that simple words are correctly spelled in this paper," he said.

"So can Tubal, given time and a dictionary! What have you done all your life? What experience have you had?"

He cleared his throat. "I entered the University at the age of sixteen," he said, "by special dispensation."

"An infant prodigy," she interrupted. "I've often read about these boys who enter college when they should be playing marbles, and I've always wondered what became of them."

"I have always been informed," he said severely, "that I was an exceptionally brilliant child. Since I entered college and until I came here a year ago, I have been endeavoring to educate myself adequately. Before I was twenty I received both A. B. and A. M. Subsequently I took my doctor's degree. I have also worked for—"

She interrupted again. "With what end in view?" she asked. "End?" He frowned at her through his spectacles. "You mean what was my purpose?"

"Yes. Were you fitting yourself for any particular work?"

"No."

"Merely piling up knowledge for the sake of piling it up."

Illustrated by  
 William McEade  
 Prince

cature was erased from her mind. Of one thing she was certain; it would not do to coddle him. Therefore she replied coolly: "Perhaps, if you would use ordinary words which ordinary people can understand, you would run less risk of misspelling—and people would know what you are trying to talk about."

"I used the words which exactly expressed my meaning."

"You are sitting in my chair," said Carmel.

Evan Bartholomew flushed and bit his lips.

"I—my mind was occupied—" he said.

"With yourself," said Carmel. "Have you come to work?"

"That was my intention."

"Very well. Please clear off that table and find a chair. You may smoke!"

"I do not use tobacco."

She shrugged her shoulders, and again he flushed as if he had been detected in something mildly shameful. "I am

"You speak," he said, "as if that were reprehensible."

She made no direct reply, but asked his age.

"Twenty-six," he said.

"Nine years which you have spent in doing nothing but study, cramming yourself with learning— What in the world were you going to do with all of it?"

"That," he said, "is a matter I have had little time to consider."

"Did you make any friends in college?"

"I had no time—"

"Of course not. Sanscrit is more important than friends. I understand. A friend might have dropped in of an evening and interrupted your studies."

"Exactly," he said.

"Of course you did not go in for athletics?"

"Exercise," he said, "scientifically taken, is essential to a clear mind. I exercise regularly morning and evening. If you are asking whether I allowed myself to be pummeled and trampled into the mud at football, or if I played any other futile game—I did not."

"So you know almost everything there is to be known about books, but nothing about human beings."

"I fancy I know a great deal about human beings."

"Mr. Pell," she said, becoming more determined to crush in the walls of his ego, "I've a mind to tell you exactly what I think of you."

For an instant his eyes twinkled; Carmel was almost sure of the twinkle, and it quite nonplused her. But Evan's expression remained grave, aloof, a trifle patronizing. "I understood I was coming here to—work."

"You are."

"Then," said he, "suppose we give over this discussion of myself and commence working."

How Carmel might have responded to this impact must remain a matter for debate, because she had not quite rallied to the attack when the arrival of a third person made continuance impossible. There are people who just come, others who arrive. The first class make no event of it whatever; there is a moment when they are not present, and



"H'm! The Prof," averred Tubal, "is a kind of cabbage that's never headed up."

a subsequent moment when they are—and that is all there is to it. The newcomer was an arrival. His manner was that of an arrival, and somewhat resembled the docking of an ocean liner. Carmel could imagine little tugs snorting and coughing and churning about him as he warped into position before the railing. It seemed neither right nor possible that he achieved the maneuver under his own power alone.

His face, as Carmel mentally decapitated him, and scrutinized that portion of his anatomy separately from the whole, gave no impression of any sort of power whatever. It was a huge putty-mask of placid vanity. There was a great deal of head, bald and brightly glistening; there was an enormous expanse of face in which the eyes and nose seemed to have been crowded in upon themselves by aggressive flesh; there were chins, which seemed not so much a physical part of the face, as some strange festoons hung under the chin proper as barbaric adornments.

On the whole, Carmel thought, it was the most face she had ever seen on one human being.

She replaced his head and considered him as a whole. It is difficult to conceive of the word *dapper* as applying to a mastodon, but here it applied perfectly. His body began at his ears, the neck having long since retired from view in discouragement. He ended in tiny feet dressed in patent leather ties. Between ears and toes was merely expanse, immensity, a bubble of human flesh. One thought of a pan of bread-dough which had been the recipient of too much yeast.

He peered at Carmel, and then at Evan Bartholomew Pell, with an unwinking baby stare, and then spoke suddenly yet carefully, as if he were afraid his voice might somehow start an avalanche of his flesh.

"I am Abner Fownes," he said.

"I am Carmel Lee," she answered.

"Yes. . . . Yes, I took that for granted—for granted. I have come to see you—here I am. Mountain come to Mahomet—eh?" He paused to chuckle. "Very uppity young woman! Wouldn't come when I sent for you—so had to come to you. What's he doing here?" he asked, pointing a sudden, pudgy finger at Evan Pell.

"Mr. Pell is working for the paper."

"Writing more letters?" He did not pause for an answer. "Mistake, grave mistake—printing letters like that. Quiet, friendly town—Gibeon. Everybody friends here. Stir up trouble. It hurt me."

Carmel saw no reason to reply.

"Come to advise you. Friendly advice. I'm interested in this paper—er—from the viewpoint of a citizen and—er—financially. Start right, Miss Lee. Start right. Catch more flies with honey

than with vinegar. You commenced with vinegar. Nobody likes it. Can't make a living with vinegar. To run a paper in Gibeon, you must be diplomatic—diplomatic. Can't expect me to support financially a paper which isn't diplomatic, can you? Now, can you?"

"What do you mean by being diplomatic?"

"Why—er—taking advice—yes, taking advice."

"From whom?"

His little eyes opened round as if in great astonishment.

"From me," he said.

"People in Gibeon—er—repose great confidence in my judgment—great confidence."

"What sort of advice?"

"All sorts," he said, "but principally about what you print about different things. Now, I should have advised you against printing this young man's letter."

"Would you have advised me against printing anything about the threatening note I found on my desk?"

"Ah—sense of humor,

miss. Boyish prank! Jokers in Gibeon. Town's full of 'em. Best-natured folks in the world, but they love to joke and to talk. Love to talk better than to joke. Um!

Mountains out of molehills—that's Gibeon's specialty. Mean no harm, Lord love you, not a particle—but they'll tell you *anything*. Not lying—exactly. Just talk."

"Is Sheriff Churchill's disappearance just talk?"

"Um! Sheriff Churchill—to be sure. Disappeared. Um—gabble, gabble, gabble."

"Talk of murder is not gabble," said Carmel.

"Ugly word; shouldn't use it; makes me shiver." He shivered like a gelatine dessert. "Forget such talk. My advice—straight from the heart. Stirs things up—things best forgot. Best let rest for the sake of wife and children. Paper can't





"This suit," he said. "How does it stand up alongside the best dressers where you come from?"  
 "It is very impressive, Mr. Bangs," she replied.

live here without my support—can't be done. Can't conscientiously support a paper that stirs up things."

"Is that a threat, Mr. Fownes?"

"Goodness, no! Gracious, no! Just want to help. Kind heart, Miss Lee. Always think of me as a kind heart. Love to do things for folks. Love to do things for *you*."

"Thank you, Mr. Fownes. You hold a chattel mortgage on this plant."

"Don't think of it. Not a breath of worry—cancel it if you say so—cancel it this minute."

"In consideration of what?"

"Why—you put it so sharp-like, so direct. I wasn't thinking of consideration. Just being friendly and helpful. Public-spirited gift to Gibeon. Newspaper's a wonderful benefit to a town—the right kind of a newspaper."

"That's it, of course: the right kind of a newspaper. Naturally you wouldn't make so munificent a gift to the wrong kind of newspaper. Is this the right kind?"

"It always has been," said Mr. Fownes.

"What made it the right kind?"

"Your uncle—the former proprietor—relied on my advice, conferred with me daily. During many years his paper made few mistakes."

"So, if I consult with you—daily—and act upon your advice, I'm sure to have the right kind of a paper, too? And in that case you would cancel the chattel mortgage?"

"To be sure—exactly."

"But if, on the contrary, I should decide to run this paper myself, as I see fit, without taking advice from anybody, and printing what I think should be printed?"

Mr. Fownes pondered this briefly. "Then," he said, "I should have to wait—and determine how sound your judgment is. I fear your sympathies—natural sympathies for a young woman—sway you—er—as in the instance of this young man. His letter was not kindly, not considerate. It hurt people's feelings. Then, it appears, you have hired him. I hope that step may be reconsidered. Gibeon—found this young man unsatisfactory."

"Would that have anything to do with—the chattel mortgage?"

"It might—it might."

"My uncle always followed your advice?"

"Implicitly," replied Mr. Fownes, "and he never regretted it."

"He did not grow rich," said Carmel.

"He lived," said Mr. Fownes, and blinked his little eyes as he turned his placid gaze full upon her.

"I think you have made yourself clear, Mr. Fownes. I shall think over what you have said—and you will know my decision."

"Consider well—er—from all angles. Mountain came to Mahomet."

He began to warp himself away from the railing, and slowly, ponderously, testing the security of each foot before he trusted his weight to it, moved toward the door. There he paused, turned his bulk, the whole of him, for it was quite impossible for him to turn his head without his shoulders going along with it, and smiled the most placid smile Carmel ever saw.

"Er—I am a widower," he said.

Carmel remained standing, her eyes following him as he turned out of the door and went up the street. "What's underneath it all?" she said aloud. "What's it all about?"

Evan Pell turned in his chair and said sharply: "Textbooks have one merit, at least; they can instruct in the simplest rules of logic."

"The fatuous idiot!" said Carmel.

"It must be a great satisfaction," said Evan dryly, "to understand human beings so thoroughly."

"What do you mean?"

"I was admiring," said Evan, "the unerring certainty with which you arrived at Mr. Fownes' true character."

She peered at him, searching for a trace of irony, but his face was innocent, bland.

"Why does a wealthy man like Mr. Fownes—a powerful man—give a thought to so insignificant a thing as this paper?"

"An interesting speculation—provided your premises are true."

"What premises?"

"Your major premise, so to speak—wealth."

"Why, isn't he rich?"

"All the indications bear you out."

"He owns mills, and miles of timber land."

"Um—am I to remain in your employ—or shall you accept the advice of Mr. Fownes?"

"This is my paper. So long as it is mine, I'm going to try to run it. And if that man thinks he can threaten me with his old chattel mortgage, he's going to wake up one bright morning to find his mistake. Maybe he can take this paper away from me, but until he does, it's mine. You are working for me, Mr. Pell."

"Very gratifying. In which case, if you mean what you say, and if I, with so many years wasted upon books as you say, may offer a word of advice, this would be it: find out who owns the Lakeside Hotel."

"What do you mean: 'find out who owns the Lakeside Hotel?'"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Protracted study of the various sciences may be folly, but it does train the mind to correct observation, and in the ability to arrange and classify the data observed. It teaches how to move from cause to effect. It teaches that things which equal the same thing are equal to each other."

"What is the Lakeside Hotel?"

"A resort of sordid reputation, some three miles from town."

"And who owns it?"

"Jonathan Bangs, colloquially known as 'Peewee,' is the reputed owner."

"And what has that to do with Abner Fownes?"

"That," he said, "is a matter which has kept my curiosity aroused for some time."

## Chapter Five

CARMEL was not long in discovering Gibeon's attitude toward advertising. The local merchants regarded it much as they did taxes, the dull season, so called (for in Gibeon's business world there were only two seasons, the dull and the busy), and inventory sales. All were inevitable, in the course of nature, and things which always had and always would happen. One advertised, not with enthusiasm and in expectancy of results, but because men in business did advertise. Smith Brothers' Grocery bore reluctantly the expense of a four-inch, double-column display which was as unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It stated, year in and year out, that Smith Brothers were the headquarters for staple and fancy groceries. The advertisement was as much a part of their business as the counter. The Busy Big Store was more energetic; its copy was changed every year on the first of January.

Seven years before, Mrs. Gambridge let it be known through the columns of the *Free Press* that she was willing to sell to the public millinery and fancy goods, and that statement appeared every week thereafter without change of a punctuation-mark. The idea that one attracted business by means of advertising was one which had not penetrated Gibeon; advertising was a business rite, just as singing the Doxology was an indispensable item in the service of the local Presbyterian church. It was done, as cheaply and inconspicuously as possible, and there was an end of it.

As for subscribers, they were hereditary. Just as red hair ran in certain families, subscribing to the paper ran in others. It is doubtful if anybody took in the paper because he wanted it; but it was tradition for some to have the *Free Press*, and therefore they subscribed. It was useful for shelf covering. Just as red hair is the exception rather than the rule, so were *Free-Press*-subscribing families.

Carmel pondered deeply over these facts. If, she said to herself, all the merchants advertised as they should advertise, and if all the inhabitants who should subscribe did subscribe, then the *Free Press* could be made a satisfactorily profitable enterprise. How might these desirable results be obtained? She was certain subscribers might be gotten by making the paper so interesting that nobody could endure to wait and borrow his neighbor's copy; but how to induce merchants to advertise she had not the remotest idea.

There was the Bazaar, for instance, which did not advertise at all; the bank did not advertise; the two photographers did not advertise; the bakery did not (Continued on page 168)



"Handsome contests for men!" Carmel said. . . . Gibeon awoke to find itself placarded.

"Seventeen," "Monsieur Beaucaire,"  
 "Penrod" and many other famous books  
 have gained for Mr. Tarkington an emi-  
 nence well sustained in this delightful series.



"Excuse me," Muriel interrupted. "I'm not likely to send Mr. Mears any message."

# Renfrew and the New Generation

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

MURIEL ELIOT had taken upon her young and comely shoulders the principal burdens of our ancient world. That is to say, the world still wobbled along, unconscious of the relief, and Muriel's mother warned her to be more careful of her health. "You'll lose your fine color," Mrs. Eliot said, "if you sit all the time in the house, reading and writing. You'll bleach out into one of those pale women with spectacles, and you don't want to be like that, do you? If you wont respect your constitution, you might at least have some regard for your looks. What is all this writing you're doing?"

"It isn't writing," Muriel informed her, glancing up from the pretty desk. "It's thinking. It's merely an embalmed thinking."

"Embalmed?" the mother repeated. "Embalmed?"

"Yes. Thinking embalmed in ink. Don't you like my saying that?"

"It seems a little unpleasant," Mrs. Eliot responded. "It's not an impropriety exactly, I suppose."

"'Impropriety'!" Muriel cried, and threw down her pen. "If you knew how *that* word offends me!"

"Impropriety should offend all nice people," said Mrs. Eliot.

"Not the word, but impropriety itself. Why do you dislike the word?"

"Because it's a word of all the old tyrannies! Because it belongs to a dying fetishism! Because it's a—a tarnished symbol of discredited Victorianism!"

"Good gracious!" the mother exclaimed. "I don't understand a thing you're saying! Won't you please try to talk a little more plainly, dear?"

"Yes, I will!" Here, in her enthusiasm, Muriel jumped up and accompanied her oratory with a fluent eloquence of gesture. "Mother," she began, "you and your generation haven't been able to realize that the young people of today are thinking as they never thought before."

"Well, that's very nice," Mrs. Eliot said placidly. "But of course it isn't so very surprising. It's natural for them to think more at twenty and twenty-five than they did at ten and fifteen."

"I don't mean that. I mean the young people of today are thinking more than any young people ever thought before. When your generation was young, Mother, it didn't think."

"Didn't it?"

"No. It simply accepted what the old people taught it."

"Well, no," the mother said. "There's a difference I might point out. We accepted what the good old people taught us."

"Pooh! You just accepted the Victorian standards of conduct. The old people told you a thing was good, and you never examined it to see if it *was* good. They ruled you with words like 'impropriety!' If they told you something was an 'impropriety,' you shivered and kept away from it. Well, we don't. You can't scare us off that way. We go and see for ourselves; we don't let the old people lead us in blinders."

Mrs. Eliot shook her head. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Are you sure some of the old people aren't leading you?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I was just wondering if maybe old people weren't leading you, after all; only instead of its being the good old people, maybe it's the bad old people. Some old people always do lead the young people, you know, Muriel."

"How absurd! Look at the French Revolution! Look at every revolt that's ever happened! The young people—"

"Yes, the young people took all the risks," Mrs. Eliot interrupted. "But old people had the ideas that got the young people into it. Of course, the young people thought these were their own ideas; I know that. You see, when a young person gets an idea, he usually doesn't stop to notice where it came from. The way he feels about it, why, when he finds some money in his pocket, he thinks it must belong to him, and when he finds an idea in his head, he thinks it's his own idea, of course. No; the old people are behind everything, if you look for them."

"Well, they're not behind the ideas of my generation," Muriel declared. "And you'll never get us to believe a thing is improper just because you Victorians call it an impropriety!"

"I wish," her mother said rather plaintively, "I do wish you'd stop calling me a 'Victorian,' Muriel. I was born under Hayes and Wheeler, and I grew up under Garfield and Arthur, and Cleveland and Hendricks, and Harrison and—"

"Never mind!" Muriel interrupted. "You know perfectly well what I mean. My generation is in revolt against everything yours accepted. We shall change all that, but first we shall put everything to the acid test."



"Are you in earnest?" she inquired. "Do you delib-

"What sort of test do you mean?" asked her mother.

"The acid test of experiment. What we like we may retain; what we don't like, we'll—"

"Oh, you'll keep what you like?" Mrs. Eliot said. "Nothing about right and wrong?"

"Our ideas of right and wrong are not Victorian, Mother."

"Oh, my!" Mrs. Eliot sighed. "Victorian!"

Muriel returned to her desk. "If you really care to know what I'm writing," she said, "it's an essay on 'Marriage, a Victorian Delusion!'"





elately state you didn't mean you want to marry me?"

"You mean that's the title of your essay?" Mrs. Eliot queried.

"Yes," replied Muriel.

Mrs. Eliot laughed. "How funny!" she said.

"'Funny?' What on earth do you find 'funny' about it?"

"Why, it sounds as though you believed Queen Victoria was never really married but just thought she was!" And Mrs. Eliot again laughed in a manner that caused her daughter to look at her with the frowning perplexity all parents must behold when their children can only suspect themselves to be unaccountably descended from idiots.

"You really think it's *funny*, do you, Mamma?"

"Very!" said Mrs. Eliot. "Is the rest of it as funny as the title?"

Muriel's color appeared to be in no danger of bleaching, and it grew still higher with annoyance as she answered: "Precisely! The rest of it is precisely as 'funny' as the title."

"Do you go on and explain how poor Queen Victoria got her delusion?"

"Mamma!" the girl exclaimed angrily. "There isn't a word about Queen Victoria in my paper, and you know there isn't!"

"Well, then, what *is* in it?"

"If you care to know, I attack the whole institution of marriage. Marriage is purely a device of the wretched capitalistic system to secure the inheritance of private property to so-called legitimate offspring."

"Good gracious!"

"That's all it is," Muriel declared. "Yet your generation accepted it without question."

"Well," her mother returned mildly, "wasn't it rather a good thing for your generation that we did? Otherwise—" Here she paused, however, then inquired: "What do you propose to do about marriage, you new-generationers?"

"For my part," her daughter replied, "I believe that the whole institution ought to be done away with. I do not intend to marry, myself, Mamma."

"I'm very glad to hear it. Your father and I feel it's a great privilege to have you with us. Lately we'd been getting a notion, though—"

"What notion?" Muriel asked rather sharply, as her mother hesitated.

"Why, of course we've noticed that young Renfrew Mears doesn't seem to exhibit any great opposition to the institution of marriage, and your father and I have been thinking that just possibly Renfrew might be making some progress toward getting you to share his views."

"What nonsense!"

"Is it?" Mrs. Eliot laughed apologetically.

"Well, of course we hope so, because we'd rather keep you ourselves. We only thought that if there *should* be anyone—"

"There isn't!" Muriel interrupted, with emphasis.

"No. But if there ever were—well, of course nobody can live across the street from you all his life and keep you from knowing pretty much all there is to know about him; so we're sure Renfrew is a good young man."

"No doubt," Muriel said wearily, "according to the Victorian standards."

"Yes," Mrs. Eliot assented. "And his Victorian grandfather, old Ebenezer Mears, was very nice about Renfrew in his will. What is it you don't like about him, Muriel?"

"That young man is an outsider," the daughter replied coldly. "He and I have absolutely nothing in common."

"What! Why, you've lived all your lives in the same neighborhood; you have the same friends, the same—"

"I have not one single thought," Muriel interrupted, "not one, that I could share with him, not one that he could even understand."

"What about *his* thoughts? Can't he share his with you?"

"That's the trouble," said Muriel. "He knows none of mine, but I know all of his, and they bore me."

"Why?" Mrs. Eliot inquired, and added with some sharpness: "Because they're Victorian?"

"Because what few ideas he has are utterly commonplace and antiquated. We young people are going to build up a new world, Mamma: we don't think your generation did very well



He stood close by, addressing himself heatedly to delighted auditors. "I think they ought to be put a stop to!" he declared

with the old one, and we decline to accept it. We've taken it from your hands and we're going to remodel it to suit ourselves. Renfrew Mears hasn't any part in the work, and when I talk about it, he hasn't the faintest idea of what I mean."

"Neither have I," her mother said promptly. "Have you?"

At this, Muriel looked both plaintive and resentful. "In the course of a discussion," she said, "I fail to see why anyone should resort to insult! And if you think that's the way to make me like Renfrew Mears any better—" But here she suddenly gulped and turned away, because her sense of injury had naturally expanded within her almost unbearably as she heard herself defining her mother's question as an "insult." That is to say, having declared herself insulted, she began really to feel insulted; for thus in controversy do we frequently inflate our own emotions.

"Oh," she cried, "I simply can't stand him!" And she added: "I think he's the very stupidest person I ever knew in my whole life, and if you're going to talk any more to me about him, I merely ask to be excused!"

Her notable eyes threatened too moist a brilliancy, and Mrs. Eliot in haste made an unfortunate appeal. "Please don't be so absurd, child. Don't get so upset over nothing."

"Absurd!" Muriel cried. "I'm 'absurd'? I believe if you will excuse me, Mamma, I'll take your advice and go out for a walk. It's not always *too* pleasant at home!"

She had already thrown open the door of the closet where she kept her hats, and her extended hand brought forth a simple but expensive structure of rough brown straw so readily that she must have selected it in her mind's eye during the emotional exchanges with her mother. She placed it upon her graceful head, swallowing reproachfully as she did so, and not even going near a mirror, the which abstention she offered as a final proof of the depth of her injury. Then, not glancing back, she hurried silently from the room, leaving Mrs. Eliot to the meditations of a parent irretrievably convicted of persecution.

Pausing before the mirror in the hall downstairs only long enough just to touch her brown hat and brown hair, Muriel let the front door close behind her, not with a crash, but with a moderated sound sufficient to add something to the remorse upstairs, and went out into the afternoon shade and sunshine.

She had little more than passed through the gate, when a young man of hopeful aspect came hurrying from the house across the street; he must have been watching for her, so nearly simultaneous was his sally.

That the sartorial harmonies might not be lacking, his dress betokened a hopefulness in keeping with his countenance. The shoes were unflecked white; so were the trousers; a coat of lively gray sprouted cornflowers at the left lapel; and the sprightliness of scarf and hat-ribbon were hard to match. Yet the hopeful young man was not confident; for there was a breath of the plaintive upon his brightness, and his hope was of the kind that knows with what fatal readiness things go wrong. Although he smiled and his pleasing complexion was far from pallor, his eyebrows were slightly distrustful of destiny.

"Well, I declare!" he said, as he crossed to join the resentful lady. "I just happened to be coming outdoors too. You wouldn't mind if I went along with you a little way, would you?" Then, as he took note of her exceptional color and brooding gaze, he added nervously: "Or—or would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she returned gloomily. "I suppose you can come along a little way if you have to."

Naturally this left him in some doubt, but he decided to take it at the best interpretation; so he said: "Well—well, thanks. I guess I will, then." And as she made no response, but walked in silence, he ventured to remark, as in explanation of his reason for accepting so dubious a permission: "It's such a nice day."

"Is it?"

He looked at her in surprise. "Don't you think it's a nice day, Muriel?"



"What have you been doing to the poor thing, Muriel?" Eleanor inquired.

"My idea of 'a nice day,'" she said, "is a day when something pleasant happens."

"Oh, I see," he responded, somewhat faintly. "I expect you mean nothing pleasant has happened to you today, so far." Then, with a flickering of his hopefulness, which already was near disappearance, he said: "Well, I hope nothing exactly unpleasant has happened to you, either."

"Do you?" She laughed with a discouraging brevity. "I've been having a discussion with my mother!"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, and at once showed the most complete relief. "I was afraid you meant my happening to come out just when you did and joining you. I'm glad it wasn't that."

She seemed not to hear him, but walked on, keeping her eyes steadily forward. "The discussion wasn't very pleasant," she informed him.

"I'm sorry."

"It was about you," she said abruptly.

"What!"

"Oh, yes."

Young Mr. Mears was astonished, but his hopefulness, before expiring, prevailed for a final moment.

"I'm afraid your mother doesn't like me very much," he said. "I'm sorry she—"

"Oh, no," Muriel interrupted quietly. "It was she who was on your side."

"She was?" Then, as he made an obvious deduction, the young man found himself unable to offer any comment more eloquent than "Oh, my!" However, he said it twice, and the dismalness of his voice expressed his feeling well enough.

"You don't seem to be very appreciative," Muriel observed coldly. "You don't appear to value my mother's opinion of you."

"Oh, yes, I do," he returned, with a feebleness of emphasis almost painfully contradictory of what he said. "I do, indeed."

I value your mother's good opinion very highly, indeed. But—but—"

"But what?"

"But—" Again he hesitated.

"But what?"

"Well—" he said. "But—well, see *here*!"

For an instant she relaxed so far as to let him see more than her profile, and gave him a disapproving look from both eyes. "You seem to want to say something, Renfrew. Aren't you able to express yourself at all?"

"Yes, I am," he returned. "What I mean is, I was wondering—well, if your mother was standing up for me, well, then—"

"Well, then, what?"

"Well, were there any other people around?" he inquired. "Or were just you and your mother having this discussion all by yourselves?"

"All by ourselves," Muriel replied distinctly. "Just she and I."

"Oh, my!" Renfrew said. "Oh, my!"

"Well, what?"

"Well, I'm afraid it looks as if—as if—"

"Yes, it does," said Muriel. "If you care for details, she seemed to feel that you were an eminently respectable character."

"And you didn't?" he cried. "You didn't even think I was respectable, Muriel?"

"Oh, yes, I did!"

"Well, then, if you agreed with her—"

"I didn't say I agreed with her, Renfrew. The respectable is just what I happen to deplore."

"You do? You'd rather I shouldn't be respectable?"

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I hate respectability—Victorian respectability! Victorian smugness!"

"I don't seem to follow you," Renfrew said pathetically. "Is it something or other you've been reading lately, Muriel?"

It was indeed; but this direct and naïve arrival at the fact was far from soothing her. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "You talk just like Mamma! Don't you suppose there are some people on earth who do their own thinking?"

"Oh, I know you do," he assured her hastily. "I know you always think for yourself, Muriel. I understand all about that, of course."

"You don't do anything of the kind!"

"I don't?"

"No!" she said. "That's one of the things I told my mother. You don't understand anything whatever about me."

"You mean that's what you told your mother, Muriel? Just for argument, you mean?"

"I told her," Muriel said deliberately. "I told her that you haven't even the faintest idea of one single thought of mine, while I know all about every thought you ever had, or could have, in your whole life!"

"You do?" he asked, and with a remarkable inspiration inquired further: "Was that what you were telling her you didn't like about me, Muriel? Did you say you couldn't put up with me much because I'm so respectable and you know everything I think, and I don't know anything you think?"

"I suppose so," she said. "Something like that."

"And do you think it's so?"

"Well, aren't you respectable?"

"I meant more particularly," he said, "are you really sure you know everything I think?"

"Goodness, yes!"

"Well, for instance, Muriel," he said in a rather feebly argumentative tone, "about what?"

"If you care for an instance: about marriage. You take the Victorian attitude; you believe in it as an institution; you believe in all the old institutions, Renfrew. You've simply accepted life as your parents and teachers taught it to you. You don't really belong to the new generation at all."

"I see what you mean," he said meekly.

"No, you don't. You merely say so to agree with me, but you don't really see, Renfrew."

(Continued on page 122)

*The conclusion of this much-discussed novel of motion-picture life by America's Balzac contains some of its most dramatic episodes.*

# Souls for Sale

By RUPERT HUGHES

*Illustrated by  
Howard Chandler Christy*

## *The Story So Far:*

**B**EFORE beautiful young Remember Steddon won success as a moving-picture actress, Life had equipped her with a liberal education in varied emotion. Back in the little Midwest town of her birth she had given her heart to Elwood Farnaby, with whom she sang of Sundays in the choir of her father's church; and because Elwood's drunken father left him the sole support of his mother and the younger children, young Farnaby could not marry her. But for some time, Remember had known there was urgent reason for the marriage.

Remember's anxiety aggravated the cough which of late had worried her parents, so that at length they prevailed upon her to consult Doctor Bretherick concerning it; and the wise old physician soon discovered the true source of her trouble—and persuaded Remember to accept the obvious solution: she must marry Elwood at once. Bretherick had arranged the matter when—Farnaby was brought in dying, after an automobile accident.

Bretherick now ordered the broken-hearted girl West because of that cough, and told her how she was to write her parents successive letters telling of her meeting with an old acquaintance, of her falling in love with him, marrying him—and being left soon a widow. Remember agreed, but she confided in her mother; and that much-tried good woman became her fellow-conspirator.

This plan Remember carried out. Later, after the demise of her fictitious husband, she was seriously injured in an accident—and was told by the physician that her expectations of motherhood would not be realized.

A chance acquaintance with some moving-picture players led her, after her recovery, to Los Angeles. There, frantic with a desire for success on the screen, she besought a chance of Mr. Tirrey, a well-known director; and when he refused her, offered what she had been told was a necessary bribe. Tirrey declined to accept the "bribe" and explained to her how mistaken her idea was. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Steddon, anxious about her daughter, came to California; and now more than ever was it needful for Remember to find work. She made another appeal at the studio, and when she was again refused, wept in despair—and with success. For she was an artistic weeper and as such attracted the attention of Mr. Claymore, a director, and he took her on. It was some time later, when Remember's work with Claymore was finished, that she went driving with him one evening. He made passionate love to her, but the idyl was shattered by a holdup



The Reverend Doctor Steddon was a few yards away. "Let's see if he knows us!" snickered Mrs. Steddon.

man who despoiled them at once of their valuables and their romantic mood.

Remember next worked on a film with Tom Holby, in the course of which she distinguished herself by winning a histrionic crying contest from two such competent cinematic weepers as Robina Teele and Miriam Yore. Later Holby saved her life when she was about to stumble into an airplane propeller used to create a mimic storm. He too begged her to marry him, but she refused to compete with the film-public's love for its idol. Her interest next turned to comedy and comedians, but her acquaintance with Ned Ling, Charlie Chaplin's nearest rival, led to romance on his part only. And now hard times came down upon the moving-picture world as upon the rest of the universe. Remember feared for her position and her salary, and for her ability to keep up the money-help she had been anonymously sending to her father. (*The story continues in detail:*)





But he did not know them. It amused them to pass him and note his casual glance.

NO one had talked hard times longer or louder than Bermond. He had been mocked at, hated, had been accused of greed when he cut salaries ruthlessly, refused to renew contracts and slowed up production. Artists said it was a cheap excuse for grabbing more profits.

Having heard him croak of disaster so long, Mem assumed that his studio would be one of the first to crash. Her contract would be canceled or rendered worthless, or its provisions interrupted by a long vacation. Bermond sent for her, and she went prepared for the guillotine. He said:

"I like you, Miss Steddon. You've worked hard. You've made no trouble. You've taken good care of yourself, and in every picture you're a little better than before. I find that the exhibitors are writing in: 'Give us more Steddon stuff. Our patrons as they go out stop to say how much they like Steddon. Why don't you star her?'"

"What the exhibitors say goes—as far as it can. I don't want to fight the public, though I try to give them better things all the time. But we can't star you now. All our stars are going out. We can't put any more money in pictures till we sell what we've got on the shelves.

"But I believe in you. I want people to know you: and when the good times come again, you must be ready for them. So I'll go on paying you your salary and send you out on a tour of personal appearances.

"Your last picture looks like a knockout. I'm going to feature you. I want you to go East—to New York and Boston, Philly, Chi'—all the big cities—and let the people see you when they see the picture.

"We'll pay your traveling expenses, give you a drawing-room—that means we have to buy two tickets anyway, so your mother can go along as our guest. We'll give you big publicity—and a nice time in every city. What do you say?"

"Of course!" Remember cried. "And it's ever so kind of you."

This dazed Bermond, who was not used to gratitude. He gasped:

"That's nice! All right. Go home and pack up."

She hastened home, and her heart went *clickety-clickety* with the lilting thrill of her first railroad voyage. That had taken her from the Midwest to the Southwest. Now she was to triumph back across the Midwest and on and on to the Northeast, the Southeast, the two borders, the two coasts and all the towns between.

Remember, the cinemite, was going forth like Peter the Eremitte to summon people to her banner of rescue, of sympathy, of ardor.

Her mother was as joyous as she. The crusade was a new youth to her: it brought belatedly all the treasures of experience she had given up hoping for. The best she had ever expected was an occasional change of village, to move as the evicted wife of a poor preacher, from one parsonage whose dullness she had grown used to, to a new boredom. Now she would travel like a dowager empress from capital to capital as the mother, the author, of a famous screen-queen.

The Royal Progress was to begin with a trans-continental leap to New York to assist at the opening of the picture on Broadway. "On Broadway!"—to the actor what "In Heaven!" is to the saint, "In Rome!" to the priest, "In Washington!" to the politician, "In goal!" to the athlete.

The abandoned suitors of Remember made a sorry squad at the Santa Fé station. They stared at her with humiliated devotion.

Bermond sent a bushel of flowers and fruit to her drawing-room. He saw to it that there were reporters to give her a good send-off.

She left Los Angeles another woman from the lorn lone thing that had crept into the terrifying city as so many sick-lungers, faint-hearters and wounded war-

victims had crept into it and found it a restoring fountain of health and hope and ambition.

She waved good-by with a homesick sorrow in her eyes. Her consolation was her last shout:

"I'll come back! I'll come back!"

She had a little of the feeling Eve must have had as she made her last walk down the quickset paths of Eden toward the Gate that would not open again.

**T**HE train stole out of Eden like the serpent that wheedled Eve into the outer world. It glided through opulent Pasadena and Redlands and San Bernardino, a wilderness of olives, palms and dangling apples of gold in oceans of orange-trees.

By and by came Cajon Pass, where the train began to clamber over the mountain walls that were the gate of this Paradise, up the deep ravine known as Murder Cañon when this land was unattainable until a pathway of human and animal bones had been laid down.

Winter was waiting on the other side. There was winter here too, of a sort, but it was the pretty winter of Southern California. The landscape was mooded to wistfulness. White trees were all adutter with gilded leaves as if butterfly swarms were clinging there, wind-blown. Soon the orange- and fig-trees no longer enriched the scene. Junipers and cactus, versatile in ugliness, manzanita and Joshua trees were the emblems of Nature's poverty.

Yet there was something dear to Mem in the very soil. She could have kissed the ground good-by, as Ulysses flung himself down and pressed his lips on the good earth of Ithaca. . . .

Once more Remember found Tom Holby wooing her best in his absence. She wondered if she were not a fool to leave him. He had told her that he had saved money enough to live a long while without working—to travel abroad with her, to give her a gorgeous home. But she had thought of her ambition, and followed it.

She reviled herself for her automatic discontent. When she saw the monotony of home as it held most women captive, she was glad she was a free rover in art. When she was free and roving, she envied them their luxury of repose.

Finally the breathless train paused at the top of its climb. She was stung with an impulse to step down and take the first train back.

Here she was at Summit—with a capital S. Yet there was nothing much to see: a red frame station building with dull green doors and windows, a chicken-yard, a red water-tank on stilts, a baggage-truck, a row of one-room houses crowded together for company in spite of the too abundant space.

Probably the summit of success would be about the same. The fun and the glory were in the scramble up. But it seemed lonely and uncomfortable at best to work so hard for such a cold reward. And she had left orange-groves and love and the rich shade of obscurity.

Then the train was on its way again, the helper engine withdrawn aside, panting with exertion. The train would coast down to the levels without help. You don't need help to get down. Only, when you got down, you would find desert instead of a bower.

The world was an almighty big place. There was so much desert and then so much farmland, so many large cities.

One night they came to Kansas City, where the train waited an hour. This had been the first big city Mem had ever seen. On this platform she had met Robina Teele and Tom Holby, never dreaming that she would play such havoc in his cosmic heart. On this platform she had bought her first moving-picture magazines, and her soul had been rocked by her first knowledge of the wild things women were making of themselves.

And now when she and her mother went up to the vast waiting-room and she bought many moving-picture magazines, there was only one of them that omitted a picture of her own, and that magazine promised for the next month an article about her as the most promising star of the morrow.

The morrow and the next month! What would they do to her?

**S**HE slept ill that night. Or, rather, she lay awake well. Her mind was an eager loom, streaming with bright threads that flowed into tapestries of heroic scope.

She was a personage of importance, a genius with a future, an artist of a new art, the youngest and the best of the arts, the young Pantagruel born about the year that she was born. It had already bestridden the narrow world like a colossus and had made the universal language a fact. She was speaking this long-sought Esperanto for everybody to understand.

She had already seen clippings from London newspapers referring to her with praise. She had seen in a South American magazine a picture of herself as *Señorita Remembra Steddon*. She had seen a full-page picture of herself in a French magazine with a caption referring to her as "*une des actrices les plus belles de l'écran*."

Her art was good to her, and she must be good to it. It demanded a kind of celibacy as some religions did. Perfection in celibacy was not often attained in either field, and the temptations to lawful wedlock and stodgy domesticity were as fierce and burning as to lawless whim.

But here she was, on her way to glory. Yet she tossed in loneliness! A pauper of love. Well, she was fulfilling the newly discovered destiny of her sex.

Mem was still awake, or was wakened from a half-sleep when the racket of the wheels upon the rails sounded a deeper note. She guessed that the train must be crossing a bridge. She rose and leaned softly across the bed where her mother dreamed of the old home and the exhausting demands of her children.

Remember lifted the edge of the curtain aside a little and peered out. The train was in mid-air, passing through a channel of rattling girders. The vast water that swept beneath, moonlit and placid, was the Mississippi, going South in the night. It would soon flow past Calverly. She remembered that she had once thought of drowning herself in its flood to solve her problem. The equation of all the X's and Y's of her life had seemed to be zero. Now it was infinity. How wonderful it was that she had not yielded to despair! It gave her an idea for a picture.

Nearly everything was taking the scenario form in her meditation nowadays. Wouldn't it make a great film to show a desperate girl flinging herself in a river to hide her shame, and then to have it roll before her the life she might have lived if she had not drowned herself? Scenes of struggle and triumph, usefulness and helpfulness, joy and love could follow—and then fade out in the drifting body of the dead girl who had lost her chance.

Mem saw herself in the rôle, and she shivered with the delight of her inspiration. Then she sighed. The censors would never permit the film. Girls must not go wrong or commit suicide on the screen. They could go on sinning and slaying in real life as they had always done in drama, but the screen was in slavery now, and must remember its cell.

But she at least was eastward-bound, toward the morning that was marching toward her beyond the somber hills of slumber. She breathed deep of the auroral promise in the very stars, whose light was dying in the greater light, even while they lay shuddering, beads of quicksilver scattered along the sky.

## Chapter Fifty-five

**T**HE next Mem knew was the shudder of the doorbell. The porter called through the metal panel a warning that Chicago was loping toward them out of the East, and they must make ready to leave the train.

They scurried to get up and packed and out. Then they went with their baggage, across the roaring streets, to the Lake Shore station and got breakfast there—this on the advice and under the guidance of an affable gentleman who met them and said that he represented the Bermond Company's Chicago exchange, and had been ordered by Mr. Bermond to take especial care of Miss Steddon. Mem tried to look as if she were used to such distinction, but she failed joyously.

Half a day was all they had for learning Chicago. It was even larger and busier than Los Angeles! Mem felt lost and ignored until she saw in a bulbous glimmer of unlighted electric letters hung in front of a big motion-picture theater, the name of her latest film. The theater would not open until eleven, but her own pictures were scattered about the lobby. And that was something tremendous.

She and her mother drank deep of this cup of fame. They took their luncheons, scudding on the Twentieth Century Limited. They had not yet left Chicago when the train stenographer rapped at the door and asked their names against the possibility of a telegram. Mem noted how her mother sat a little higher with proud humility as she answered:

"Miss Remember Steddon and mother!"

There were italics in Mrs. Steddon's voice and exclamation points in the stenographer's eyes. After a moment's hesitation, as his pencil stumbled on the pad, he mumbled:

"That name is very familiar in our home, if you'll excuse me. The wife says you are the biggest comer of them all, and I must say I agree with her, if you don't mind."

Mem didn't mind. She gave him one of her queenliest smiles, and concealed her own agitation until he had closed the door on his. She was encountering strangers who loved her and were hopeful for her.

Winter was in full sway outside, but the train slid across the white world like a skater, and there was a lilt in its rush. The next morning found the Hudson alongside, moving slowly under its plate-mail of ice to New York.

Mrs. Steddon loyally denounced the river as far inferior to her own Mississippi, but Mem found the New York stream better groomed, somehow. It seemed to be used to great cities. It led on to the metropolis of metropolises, the New York that she was come to conquer. She wondered if the city would be nice to her. She heard that it had a mind of its own, and that it never knew who came or went. Yet the Chicago courier had said that New York was "the hickest village in the U. S. A., just a bundle of small towns."

Whatever it was, it was destiny; here again the long arms of Bermond had provided her with a reception-committee: a most affable gentleman from the New York office, and two photographers, one with a motion camera, also two or three young reporters whose stories would never be published. But neither they nor Mem knew this, and she underwent the pleasant anguish of being interviewed on the station platform.

Rooms had been reserved for her at the Biltmore, and she went thither in



She did not know that one of the city's wealthiest men was down front, and that her beauty and her terror smote him.



a covey of attendants. It was a good deal of high life for a young girl, and when she and her mother were left alone aloft in luxury, she flung herself on a divan and lay supine, another Danaë smothered under the raining favors of the gods on high.

There was more and more to come. Her experience of the city had been experienced by millions of visitors, to whom the high buildings, the Metropolitan Opera, the Metropolitan Art Museum, the Aquarium and other things metropolitan were the realization of old dreams.

**S**HE went to a theater or an opera every night, and to a matinee every afternoon when there was one. And she marveled that her father's religion had set the curse of denial upon the whole cloud-realm of the drama.

In the great rhythm of the world, she came to realize the Puritans were on the upswing, as so often before. They would gain the barren artless height of their ideals, and then the billow would break and carry them snarling back to the trough of the sea, while the merry-makers swept up to their frothy supremes of license, only to lapse to defeat with equal impermanence of either failure or success.

The world was apparently in for a gray Sabbath, and it would satisfy nobody any more than the last or the next Saturnalia. Censorship had already taken the moving pictures almost altogether out of the realm of freedom, and the peoples of the theaters, the magazines, the books, the paintings, the fashions, the shops were already murmuring in dread: "We're next!"

But yet awhile there was mirth and beauty, though the shackles rattled when the feet danced too high or ran too far.

Whatever the fate of her art, Mem was flying high. The papers of New York were publishing her engaging eyes; the billboards all about town were announcing her, and in paragraph and advertising she was celebrated. But so many others were also claiming the public eyes—other newcomers, and favorites in impregnable esteem.

People who had come from Calverly were claiming Mem as a fellow-citizen and feeling that they gained some mystic authority from mere vicinage. Some of them called upon her in person or by telephone and set her heart agog. She wanted to do them and the town justice.

Somehow she endured until the night her own picture was shown, and then stepped out before what seemed to be the world in convention assembled. She felt as tiny as she looked to the farthest girl in the ultimate seat up under the rafters.

She parroted the little speech that Bermond's publicity man had written for her, and afterward wondered what she had said. There was a cloudburst of handclapping, and a salvo from the orchestra that swept her from the stage into the wings.

And that was that!

She did not know that one of the city's wealthiest men was lolling in a *fauteuil* down front, and that her beauty and her terror smote him. His motto had been: "Go after what you want, and bring it home!" He prided himself as a go-getter who had not often come back foiled. He wanted Mem, and he went after her. He was willing even to bring her home.

### Chapter Fifty-six

**T**HERE was no difficulty about meeting Mem for a man whose name smelled of millions honestly amassed and gracefully dispersed.

Austin Boas came humbly to Mem to pay his respects, and his enormous name made her tremble as her *bisque* daintiness set him aquiver. He was shy, ashamed of his own lack of heroic beauty; and Mem was dazed to find herself feeling sorry for him. Pity was a dangerous mood for her.

If Boas had had any lurking thought of dazzling Mem into a mercenary submission to his caprice, he never revealed it. He was not at all the vicious capitalist she had read about and seen in so much film, bribing poor gels to dishonor. He sent her flowers, but they were pretty and appealing rather than expensive. He made no proffer of jewelry, never suggested money. Life, she found, rarely ran true to fiction.

Mrs. Steddon was usually in the offing, and Boas may have thought that she was one of those canny mother managers who try to force rich gallants into matrimony. But when Mrs. Steddon was out of sight, Mem was a little more elusive than ever.

Boas revealed to her phases of opulence that she had never imagined. The most striking thing about them to her was that they were not so very opulent, after all. His home was somber

and dull, his servants cosy old neighbors, his own manner humble. His art-gallery, when he led her and her mother into it, was severe, a mere background for paintings; and there were not many paintings there. Mem knew nothing about the virtues of what she saw, and she cried out equally over the things he had bought by mistake and the happy investments. The Boas automobile, which carried them to and from their hotel, was a good car but exceedingly quiet. Mem had ridden in a dozen in Los Angeles that were far more gorgeous.

But Boas was lonely. He was pathetic. He reminded her somehow of Ned Ling, who squandered joy and kept none. Boas was drowned in wealth and was poor.

He might have won Mem *via* pity, if he had not tried to win her from her career. He was a monopolist by inheritance, and he wanted all there was of Mem. He promised her everything that money could buy or love could propose, with the one proviso that the money should not be her own earning but his gift, and that the public should see her no more.

Mrs. Steddon was all for him. She pointed out to Mem how good the Lord was in sending her such a catch. She emphasized the good she could do with millions; the poor she could feed and clothe, the churches she could adorn or build, the missions she could endow. But a parent's recommendation is the poorest character a lover can possess.

Contradictory torments wrung Mem's heart. She was human enough to covet ease and the hauteur of money, but she had outgrown the ability to enjoy, or even endure the old-fashioned parasitism of the woman who takes and takes and takes.

Girls had decided that it was no longer flattery or good wooing to be offered a life of nonentity. Who wanted to be anybody's silly *Curlylocks*—and accept as a compliment the promise: "Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine, but sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream?"

Boas had one terrific rival, a many-headed monster. It is not hard to seduce an actress from the stage, but it is hard to keep her off. There is a courtship that the public alone can offer, and no one man can give her as much applause as a nightly throng's. That form of polyandry is irresistible to most of the women who have been lucky enough to get on the stage or the screen and to win success there.

**O**NE day Bermond summoned Remember to his New York office and said:

"How about getting to work again? I've got a great story for you, and they need you at the studio. On your way back you can make personal appearances at four or five cities, but it's back on the job for you, eh? That's right! That's a good girl!"

Bermond offered Mem neither ease nor devotion—except devotion to her publication. He offered her toil and wages, hardships and discontent, sleepless malaise, and bad press-notices.

And she could have flung her arms about him and kissed him!

Austin Boas was at the station to see Mem off. For his last fling he filled her drawing-room with flowers—poor things that drooped and died and were flung from the platform by the porter. Long after their spell had been forgotten, the sad gaze of Boas as he cried good-by haunted her. It was her increasing regret that she could not love everybody, and give herself to everybody who wanted her. Being unable to distribute herself to the multitude by any miracle as of the loaves and fishes, she withheld herself and scattered photographs by the hundred thousand.

She had murmured to Boas: "When I make another picture or two, I may decide to be sensible, and then, if you are still—"

"I shall be waiting," said Boas; and he gave up with a groan. "Marry me anyway, and have your career, too. I'll put my money into your company. I'll back you to the limit. I'll—"

That staggered her, but before she could even think up an answer, the train started and divorced her from him—for the present at least.

At Buffalo and at Cleveland she paused to come before huge audiences and prattle her little piece. When she reached Chicago, she found awaiting her a long letter from the manager of the moving-picture house in Calverly. He implored her to visit her old home town and make an appearance at his theater. He promised that everybody would be there.

This was success indeed! To appear in New York was triumph, but to appear in her native village was almost a divine vengeance.

She had resolved to leave her mother at Calverly in any case. Mrs. Steddon was wearying of adventure, and her heart had endured too long an absence from her husband and the other children. The younger sister Gladys had done her best to take her





She was shy before the crowds that waited for her . . . The mayor had come to give her welcome.

mother's place, but Mrs. Steddon's real career was her family, and Mem knew that she was aching to get back to it.

And so one morning they crossed the Mississippi again. At Burlington they must leave the train, wait two hours, and then ride south to Calverly.

As Mem and her mother stepped down from their car in Iowa, both gasped and clutched.

The Reverend Dr. Steddon was a few yards away from them, studying the off-getting passengers.

"LET'S see if he knows us!" snickered Mrs. Steddon with a relapse to girlishness.

"Let's!" said Mem.

They knew him instantly, of course. He wore the same suit they had left him in, and the only change they could descry was a little more white in a little less hair.

But he did not know them at all. It amused them to pass him by and note his casual glance at the smart hat and the polite traveling-suit of his wife. He had expected a change in his daughter, and he was probably braced for something loud and gaudy. Remember looked really younger than when she left him. She had then been a premature old maid, dowdy and repressed. Now, for all her girlishness, she was a lithe siren, her eyes knowing, her too expressive body carried learnedly in clothes that boasted of what they hid, boasted subtly but all the more effectively. In spite of the emphatic modesty of her clothes, Mem had lived so long among butterflies and orchids, and had striven so desperately for expression, that she did not realize how emphatic she was.

So her father passed her by. When Mrs. Steddon turned and hailed him in a voice that was gladder and more tender than she knew, he whirled with his heart bounding. Then he paused and stared, befuddled, at the tailor-made model running toward him.

He knew all about the other world and how to get there, but he was lost in the cities of the earth. When his wife rushed into the arms he had flung open to her voice, he was almost afraid to

close them about her. He felt a bit like Joseph with the captain's wife clinging to him.

When he stared across her trim shoulders and took in "the sumptuous Delilah floating" toward him with his daughter's countersign "Papa!" he was aghast at her beauty. She was undignifiedly beautiful.

Long ago, when she had sung in the choir, he had noted with alarm an almost indecent fervor in her hymning. Now she had learned to release all her allurements like a Pandora's box broken open. And now he felt he ought to avert his gaze from her too lovely, too luscious charm. He shut his eyes instead, and drew her into his bosom with one long arm, and his wife with the other. And they heard his hungry feasting heart groaning:

"I thank Thee, O God! Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

But neither the Lord nor his family granted that prayer. His two children chattered at once. Both seemed children to him. His wife had turned time far back; she looked fairer than he had ever known her; and her traveling hat hid her gray-white hair. Poor thing! She had never known till this year the rapture of being fashionable, had never dared, never understood how, to look her best.

Hiding under his high chin, Mem begged his forgiveness for all the heartaches she had caused him. She wept on his white bow tie, twisting a button on his coat and pouring out her regret for dragging his wife away from him and causing them to quarrel over her.

These tears, these gestures of pathos, were endearing her to the multitudes, who saw her half the time through the radiant dimness of their own tears. Poor Dr. Steddon had never a chance with her. His own tears pattered down on her hat. The blessed damozel "heard" his tears. They would probably spot the crown.

Mem said that it was a crime for her to have taken her mother on East and left him alone, but he protested:

"D'you suppose I wanted my little girl traveling in those wicked cities all by herself?"

(Continued on page 152)

# Without Mercy

By JACK BOYLE



*Vivid presentation and fine dramatic power have won for Jack Boyle's fiction high favor. You will not soon forget this story of a great love and a deep hatred.*

*Illustrated by  
George Wright*

"AND then—without mercy."

The words slipped hoarsely past Kootenai Jones' bearded throat. For twenty years they had been his morning invocation to the new day; and since the hour it first was spoken there never had been remitted one least jot of the vindictive hatred that had given it birth.

He stood now in the doorway of his Colorado cabin, set precariously upon a promontory that looked out upon an encircling vista of jagged peaks and deep-cleaved cañons so vast that their grandeur awed the mind of pigmy man.

From habit Kootenai Jones' eyes slowly turned the full circumference of the horizon. The great snows that feed the rivers which water thirsty plains east and west were pyramided above him upon every side. But as his eyes traveled the vast expanse of this wintry landscape it receded, grew blurred and formless, as though seen from an immeasurable distance, and vanished. In its stead he looked down upon a British army post, sweltering under the fierce heat of a deadly sun. Without conscious direction his eyes instantly sought out a particular one among the canvas-roofed quarters in which the post's married officers were housed.

A woman sat on its shaded veranda—a woman dressed in sheerest white, a woman young, and beautiful with that sort of artificial, evanescent beauty that abides for a day in a hothouse bud. A little child with flaxen curls played at her knee. She stroked the baby's head, and as a man in officer's uniform drew his chair close to hers, she smiled up at him welcomingly, with love or its counterfeit.

As he looked, Kootenai Jones saw that her chair was empty, that the child also had vanished. The officer sat alone upon the shaded veranda, but his face now had altered. Crumpled within his clenched hand was a sheet of paper. The officer smoothed it out and read, and Kootenai Jones from the doorway of his Colorado cabin, read with him:

"I am leaving India forever—yes, it's all too true—with him. He sent you up to Umballa to make it possible for us to go. It's all terribly wrong, no doubt; but life in this hateful hole is too terrible. I couldn't stand it another day. I have taken Milly, because I can't give her up. You won't understand, of course. Don't try to. Forget us. —G."

The words which had been so cruelly clear to the man in the cabin doorway blurred. Again the scene changed. He saw the

abandoned husband—no longer in an officer's uniform, for he had resigned his commission—leaning against a steamer's deck-rail while noisome Calcutta slowly melted into the horizon. From his breast he drew out his vanished wife's note, and in his eyes flared the soul-consuming flame of undying hatred, of unchangeable, sinister purpose.

"To the ends of the earth, to heaven or hell, wherever the trail may lead, until I find him; and then—without mercy."

Kootenai Jones found himself repeating with uncooled hatred the words first spoken when he had set forth on his quest twenty years before. He turned in the doorway and reentered his one-room cabin. Its furnishings were a rusty stove, a disordered bunk, a pine table littered with scraps of breakfast, a chair and a bookshelf—nothing more. An Airedale, dozing before the fireplace, looked up at him, his tail thumping a friendly greeting. Kootenai tossed him the remains of the breakfast, washed a cup, a plate, a coffee-pot and a frying pan. His household tasks done, he took from a peg above the door a battered old hat.

"Time for us to be on the job, Governor, old chap," he said to the Airedale. The dog rose with lazy acquiescence. Kootenai took pick and shovel from behind the door; then, moved by an unfamiliar impulse, he strode to a cracked mirror and looked long and appraisingly at himself.

He saw a man past fifty, whose matted and graying hair touched his shoulders. His bearded face was deep-lined and seamed with the fine wrinkles of long exposure to sun and snow. His hands were gnarled and calloused to the unyielding hardness of leather. His faded miner's overalls were caked with mud. Unkempt and unlovely in his abasement, the man he had become stood revealed to himself. And then, in memory, he saw the man he once had been—an officer immaculate in dress and person, with a soldier's pride in his calling declaring itself in step and carriage. Kootenai Jones' laugh was hard and raucous.

"Your own mother wouldn't recognize Captain Ludovic Westcliffe-Jones in you now, old-timer," he giped bitterly. "Why should she? Westcliffe-Jones is dead; Kootenai Jones lives in his stead. But they have one thing in common—a purpose. When the day comes, and it will, we will repay—without mercy."

With the dog at his heels, he passed out of the cabin to a trail that led across the snowy mountain-side toward an open tunnel

in which he grubbed, day after day, for the pitchblende ore that forever eluded his burrowing pick as if consciously reluctant to reveal its precious self.

The sun had dropped behind the jagged-tooth peaks when Kootenai Jones left his side-hill drift. The chill of an approaching blizzard was in the air. Kootenai sniffed it with nostrils attuned by long experience to its silent message. His eyes scanned the northern sky-line against which the Rabbit Ear Range's rugged crests stood out with prophetically dark and bleak soberness. Even as he looked, the summits were obliterated by driving snow-clouds.

"Snow's in the air, Governor," he announced to his dog, which sniffed the air with seeming understanding of its master's words. "But we wont mind, will we, old pal? Let it snow."

Fulfillment of Kootenai's weather prophecy came with the first hour of the night. When he looked out into the darkness after his dinner of venison, bacon and the inevitable beans, the snow was falling in great soft flakes which sequestered the mountain cabin as absolutely from sight and sound as though the rest of the world had passed out of existence.

Kootenai Jones closed and barred the door. As he seated himself before the pungent wood fire, the Airedale laid its head upon his knee, and the man's hand found and stroked the bristly coat of the only companion of his solitude.

NOW, as always when physical inaction left his mind free to swing back to the past, each of the twenty years of his unremitting search for the brother-officer who had defrauded him of his wife and child returned to be relived in minutest detail. The trail he had followed from the Indian army post had been a long and a heart-breaking one. Twice it had seemed to be nearing its end—once in New York, when the fugitives from his vengeance left their apartment a day in advance of his arrival, and once in the bleak snow-fields of northern Canada when a stranger's chance comment had started him upon a thousand-mile dog-sleigh journey to the far Northwest. Never while he lived would Kootenai Jones forget one agonizing detail of his dash across those winter-bound, silent wastes.

"There is an English tenderfoot who talks like a Londoner and looks like an army officer, living with his wife and a girl kid on Teslin Creek above White Horse," an old sour-



Within was darkness, silence, emptiness. Kootenai Jones screamed out curses.



dough had said in the Skagway Kid's gambling-house as he awaited a new deal at the faro table. "I 'kipped' a night with him. His name's Worthington," he had added.

The name was sufficient. At daylight Jones was on his way. He had laughed at those who advised him the trip could not be made. Alone—always with the comfort of a forty-five revolver nestling within his parka—he had gone out with his dog-sled and huskies.

Day after day, as he journeyed into the frozen solitude of the Alaskan winter, its hardships faded into insignificance in the light of the one triumphant moment he foresaw at its end. The fancied sight of the cabin windows warmed him at night. He visioned his sleigh, silent, unheralded, drawing near to the patch of light that shone out from the window. He looked in. Worthington, the man he hated, was there—also the woman he loved. He saw them in his vision beside their open fire in fancied security. His knuckles rapped upon the door. The man opened it, and he entered, glad of the gun that lay against his bosom.

In desperate alarm Worthington cried out, "My God, Ludovic!" and Jones saw the woman's face change swiftly to the hue of ashes as she recognized him. The man reached for his gun—too late. Kootenai's revolver barked first. Worthington's knees sagged; he crumpled, fell. The woman shrank against the wall, wide-eyed with terror, but he did not harm her, did not even speak. He saw himself catch up in his arms the little child that smiled at him with drowsy friendliness, and wrap her warmly in a fur coat he tore from the wall. The baby lay against his bosom and dropped asleep, for to Kootenai Jones, though many long years had passed since the beginning of his still fruitless search, his lost daughter was no older now than when last he had seen her.

"Ludovic! For God's sake, mercy!" the cowering woman pleaded frantically as he threw open the door. Jones did not answer, did not even look back at her. He heard the cabin door slam shut behind him. And then with his daughter cuddled warmly under the protection of his sled furs, Kootenai Jones saw himself driving away into the night, leaving the wife who had been false to him, alone with the wide-eyed, motionless Thing which had been the companion of her faithlessness.

These were the thoughts and hopes that spurred Kootenai Jones on as he sledded northward from Skagway to Teslin. A hundred times on the long, hard trail when human endurance seemed at an end, they kept him plodding relentlessly onward. Time ceased; he seemed alone in a snow-world uninhabited by any living thing except himself and his dogs; and then on a night when the polar stars hung so low above the tree-tops that each seemed a waiting, watching eye applauding his purpose, Jones turned the crest of a ridge and actually saw just below him the cabin which was his goal. A thrill of triumph quickened his heart and warmed his numbed body. He felt again for the gun against his breast and urged his huskies down the hill.

As he drew near, he found the cabin precisely as he had visualized it on the journey, except that no light shone out upon the snow from its one window. A prescient, numbing fear clutched Kootenai Jones' heart as he saw no trace of smoke above the chimney. Against the door the snow lay undisturbed. He hammered upon it, and there was no answer. He threw his shoulder against it, and it swung open on rusty, squeaking hinges. Within was darkness, silence, emptiness and the oppressive chill of long disuse.

Kootenai Jones screamed out curses, blaspheming heaven and earth, in the bitter agony of his disappointment. His numbed fingers found and struck a match, and as the inky darkness surrendered for an instant to a tiny flare of light, the avenging husband saw that which silenced the curses on his lips and left him quivering with fear like a terrorized child in the dark. The



Kootenai Jones knew that in a space

match burned down to his fingers and went out. He lighted another with feverish haste.

In the center of the room, where the boards of the floor had been ripped away, was a mound of earth, long and inexpressibly sinister. At the far end of the mound was a head-board, and on it was carved a name. Inch by inch he edged toward the grave, striving to read the name above it and dreading the moment when he must know it.

At last, as he held a match close against the unpainted board, the formless carving upon it grouped itself into letters, and the letters into those words that seared their dreaded message upon his brain:

*Sacred to the Memory of  
Georgiana*

Kootenai sank to his knees, sobbing, above the mound of earth. Georgiana was the wife he had loved and lost, and now had found again—thus.

The cabin's grimy window was outlined against the half-light of the polar morning when Kootenai Jones rose from his knees. During the night something of himself had died and been buried beside the wife who lay so terribly alone in the deserted cabin. But that something was not a surrender of his vengeance, not a softening of his oft-repeated vow to inflict it without mercy.

He left the cabin, fed his dogs and cooked his own meager breakfast in the open air, for it would have been desecration,





measurable only by seconds either he or the great bear must die.

he felt, to have disturbed the cabin's quiet dead with the sordid, commonplace necessities of the living. Breakfast over, he packed his sled and then reentered the cabin.

He searched it from end to end for a clue that would guide him to the man who had left his wife there. He found nothing but the faded photograph of a little girl with flaxen curls. The sight of his daughter's face lashed his numbed mind from the lethargy into which it had sunk.

"At least she is mine," he cried. "When I have collected from him the debt he owes,—it shall be without mercy, O God!—I will have my little girl to bring peace and contentment back into my life. Neither God nor man shall take her from me."

When his search was done and Kootenai Jones stood in the cabin doorway looking back for the last time at the mound in its center, his eyes blurred with sudden tears. He hesitated, then swiftly drew out his knife and returned to the head-board above the grave. With hands shaken as by palsy, he carved "*Westcliffe-Jones*" beneath the name "*Georgiana*" on the board. Thus did he testify to the dead his forgiveness of her.

And then he barred the window and door and started back across the interminable snow wastes with only revived hatred for the man to guide him on his quest.

THE burned-out logs in Kootenai Jones' fireplace fell, sending a shower of sparks skyward through the chimney.

"Gone, like my hope of finding him—almost," he confessed gloomily, for the Alaskan journey he had relived so vividly be-

side his fire on this night was many, many years in the past, and the present found him no nearer the end of his search for Major Frederic Worthington than the day on which he turned homeward from the cabin on the Teslin. Jones rose wearily to his feet and looked out into the night from his cabin door. Snow still was falling, but not so heavily.

"We'll see the sun in the morning, Governor," he said, and then as the dog sniffed the air and growled with bristling mane: "A bobcat or a panther—which is it, old chap? Never mind; we're not going after him tonight."

Jones piled fresh logs upon his fire, threw himself upon his grimy bunk, and with the dog across his feet, slept. Sleep was his welcome comforter always, for in his dreams he never failed to find Frederic Worthington.

At sunrise Kootenai looked out upon a clear, cold, bright morning. The night's fall of snow was topped by a hard crust. The cold was intense. At the first whiff of the outside air, the Airedale growled menacingly and shot through the doorway toward the open tunnel of the hillside mine.

"It takes more than a bobcat to excite old Governor like that. We'll investigate," Jones decided, catching up his rifle and stuffing a handful of cartridges into his pockets.

One glance at the snow outside the mine instantly revealed to Kootenai the cause of his dog's mad excitement. Leading up from it over the snowfield toward the crest of the ridge were mammoth tracks—tracks that might have been made by a barefooted human giant, but with narrow, (Continued on page 119)

# Boxes of Gold

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

*This newest and most dramatic episode in the pursuit of an arch criminal and his wife by a master detective is described, at the start, by the criminal himself, Michael Sayers.*

*Illustrated by  
W. B. King*

I WAS at St. Pancras Station to meet Gorty and Metzger on their arrival in England. I saw the seven black tin boxes with brass clamps, handed out of the guard's van and placed on the roof of a taxicab. I knew as though it were foredoomed that the contents of those boxes would be mine before the week was out. I felt certain, too, that one at least of the two men would fight to the death before I obtained possession of them. They were well worth it, however.

It was a foggy night, and I lingered with perfect safety on the outskirts of the little throng of people who had come to greet these two men. They were a rough lot, on the whole—men of the lowest type, swarthy and unclean. I saw hungry glances directed toward those black boxes, and I knew that, given sufficient cunning and address, I should not be the first by a long way to strike a blow for their acquisition. But of these others I had no fear. Gorty and Metzger knew their friends, knew them well enough not to trust them.

I walked back through the fog to my humble little flat in Adam Street. Those were gloomy days, even for me, who cared little about the physical comforts of life. I was passing as Mr. Arthur Younghusband, LL.D., a cousin of the well-known solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, in town to consult works of reference at the British Museum. Day by day I walked to that gloomy mausoleum of dead knowledge, spent an hour or so there, and back to my rooms. No one dogged my footsteps. By devious ways I had shaken off all pursuit and suspicion. Yet life was a wearisome thing. I am not a man with many human weaknesses, but I should have welcomed a visit from Janet—a little dinner, perhaps, at the Café Royal, a peep into the world of many-colored pleasures outside of which my path lay. These things, however, I knew were not for me. Janet was watched, as I knew beyond a doubt; even if she were not, she had failed me in my last demand. Janet presented a problem to be solved.



Metzger bent toward her. I moved noiselessly, but he would not have heard me if I had worn hob-nailed boots.

On the third day after the arrival of Gorty and Metzger, I visited my solicitors, the firm of Younghusband, Nicholson and Younghusband, at Lincoln's Inn. My reputed cousin granted me an interview within a few minutes of my arrival. We spoke for a time of my studies and their progress. Then there was a pause. The door was closed; the walls of the room were thick.

"Things progress?" I demanded, leaning across his wide, untidy table.

Mr. Younghusband smiled benevolently. In these moments of direct speech I was accustomed to forget my assumed personality and to speak with all the quick incisiveness that was natural to me. My legal adviser, however, never altered his manner of reply or deportment. He was always the same—unctuous, legal, courtly.

"Your affairs are in excellent train," he assured me. "Of the two people in whom we are interested, one leaves, as we have surmised, for Manchester tonight; the other remains alone."

"They have made no arrangement with any bank yet?"

My companion shook his head. "They are both, under the circumstances, suspicious," he said. "Their position, of course, is—er—peculiar. They are the custodians of a hundred thousand pounds in gold, with which they hope to establish a few private credits in

this country. On the other hand, the country to which they belong owes us something like a hundred times that amount. They have a somewhat natural fear that any bank with whom they might deposit their treasure might be disposed to hand it over to the Government, or that the Government, by some legal means, might attach it."

"Therefore," I observed, "it remains in their rooms?"

"Precisely! They consider it the lesser risk."

"And Gorty goes to Manchester tonight?"

"That is so," the lawyer murmured.

"So far all seems well," I said. "The great thing is that the gold has not been removed and that Metzger will be alone. There were other little details."

"Just so!" Mr. Younghusband assented, leaning back in his



A man entered unannounced and evidently in a state of some excitement.

chair with his finger-tips pressed together. "So far as regards the setting of the affair, I think you will find it in order. Metzger and Gorty occupy Suite 89 at the Milan Hotel, which suite consists, as you know, of two bedrooms, a bathroom and a sitting-room. The sitting-room is on the extreme right-hand side of the suite, and the gold is kept in Metzger's bedroom, which opens from the sitting-room. The bathroom is between the two bedrooms."

"I have had the plan," I interrupted a little impatiently.

Mr. Younghusband declined to be hurried. He had the air of giving difficult legal advice on a technical point.

"Suite 90," he continued, "consists of a bedroom, bathroom and sitting-room only, and is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. José de Miguel, very rich South Americans. They are leaving tonight by motor-car for Southampton to catch the steamer there for Buenos Aires in the morning."

"Their luggage is already packed?" I asked.

"Already packed," Mr. Younghusband agreed. "The porters have commented upon its weight."

"And Madam?"

"Appears to have fulfilled her task," was the somewhat hesitating answer.

I detected signs of uneasiness in my companion's speech, and I questioned him about it promptly.

"Have you doubts of the woman?" I asked.

"None whatever," Mr. Younghusband assured me blandly. "At the same time, she is, without a doubt, the weakest link in the chain. She has temperament enough—Metzger seems to have been an easy victim; but I should have had more confidence in the lady who visited me the other day."

"I can no longer put complete faith in my wife," I replied coldly.

Mr. Younghusband was startled out of his dignified serenity of manner. He leaned across the table.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded harshly. "Do you know that she has been here, the one place in London you should have been careful to keep her away from, if you had any doubts?"

"I have no doubts whatever as to her fidelity," I declared. "You know what I mean when I say that, in the parlance of our friends, she has gone soft. It is a pity."

Mr. Younghusband seemed relieved but puzzled.

"A woman who could do what she did on the golf-links at Woking," he murmured reminiscently, "must have changed very much if she merits your present criticism."

The subject was by no means a pleasant one to me. I abandoned it.

"In any case," I reminded him, "she is in touch with Greyes, and he knows too much."

"Wonderful capacity for existence, that man," Mr. Younghusband remarked suavely.

**H**ARSH deeds—I am not a lover of them. I seldom go out of my way to kill, or allow my subordinates to do so, if my ends can be obtained otherwise. At that moment, however, I felt a sudden resurgence into my brain of that one bloodthirsty desire of my life.

"As soon as this affair is safely concluded," I said, "and we are in funds once more, I shall take occasion to deal with Norman Greyes myself."

"It occurs to me that you would be well advised," my companion acquiesced. "The person in question possesses the one gift which might make him dangerous to us. He has imagination."

I nodded. I was tracing figures upon the blotting-paper, debating with myself different methods of dealing with Norman Greyes.

"Every channel which might lead to the firm of Younghusband, Nicholson and Younghusband," the lawyer continued meditatively, "seems, so far as human ingenuity could arrange it, permanently blocked, but a man with imagination who is not afraid to work on guesswork is always to be feared."

"It will not be my fault," I promised, as I took my leave, "if you have any cause to fear Norman Greyes after the next month or so."

That night, in the language of those forgotten war communiqués, everything happened according to plan. At a quarter to nine Metzger, who was writing alone in his sitting-room, heard a soft knocking at the door which communicated with the adjoining suite. He rose promptly, locked the outside door of his own rooms, and softly withdrew the bolt of the door to the next suite. He stood there with an inviting smile upon his ugly face. Madam de Miguel laid a cautioning finger upon her somewhat over-painted lips as she stole over the threshold.

"There is one hour that my husband will be away," she whispered, gliding past him. "You may kiss me."

Metzger bent toward her. I moved noiselessly, but I think he would not have heard me if I had worn hobnailed boots. The rest was easy, for it was a trick I knew well. He collapsed with scarcely a gasp. I tightened the cord a little and the deed was done.

### *Sir Norman Greyes Takes Up the Story:*

IT was entirely by accident that I had dined that night in the grill-room of the Milan Hotel with Rimmington. He had asked me for an interview that afternoon over the telephone, and being disengaged, I had suggested a little dinner at my club. We had arrived there to find the place packed and the best tables full. Sooner than wait, we had gone to the Milan. Rimmington was in the act of disclosing his reason for wishing to see me, when the manager, who was an old acquaintance, came across to us.

"I wonder whether you would mind coming upstairs with me for a moment, Sir Norman," he begged. "And you too, Mr. Rimmington. I've just been sent for. Something wrong upstairs."

We rose without hesitation and followed him out of the room, into the lift and up to the sixth floor. When we stepped out, several of the servants were gathered at the farther end of the corridor. The manager embarked upon an explanation.

"There may be nothing wrong at all," he said. "This is just the position as it has been reported to me. Suite 89 was taken some days ago by Metzger and Gorty, and two emissaries from our eastern friends. They brought over some gold, as you know, in tin boxes, and greatly against my advice, they had it stored in their rooms. Gorty went to Manchester last night, leaving Metzger alone. Our telephone-operator reported that he refused to answer the telephone about half an hour ago. We sent up to his room and found it bolted on the inside. We rang and knocked without the slightest result. Finally we entered the suite through the adjoining room, which had just been vacated, and found that although the outer door was bolted on the inside, the suite was empty. Further, the tin boxes of gold had gone."

"Interesting," Rimmington murmured, "very!"

The manager led us along the corridor, through an empty bedroom which showed signs of recent vacation, into the suite which had been allotted to Messrs. Metzger and Gorty. There were no signs of any trouble, or disturbance of any sort. We walked through the sitting-room, the two bedrooms and the bathroom; and the floor waiter, who had now joined us, showed where the boxes had been stacked.

"Is there any reason to suppose," I asked, "that this man Metzger has not taken away the gold himself?"

"In that case," the manager pointed out, "some one would have had to carry the cases downstairs. No one has done so. No one has seen Metzger leave the place."

"We are to presume," I asked, "that he's still in the hotel?"

"Precisely!"

"You have had him searched for?"

"Half a dozen men have searched every corner of the place. No one in the hotel has even caught a glimpse of him."

I went through the rooms again. When I came to the bedroom adjoining the sitting-room, and which the floor waiter told me was Metzger's, I noticed that the wardrobe was locked. Not only that, but there was a slight strain being exercised against the lock,



bending the panel slightly! For the first time I began to look upon the matter as serious.

"This door must be broken open quickly," I insisted, "or a spare key found."

The key from the wardrobe in Gorty's room was tried with success. As it was turned, the door flew open. I was just in time to catch in my arms a crumpled mass of clothes and humanity. With a blackened face and protuberant eyes, his tongue lolling out on one side, it was still not difficult to recognize from his pictures the man who had refused to answer the telephone.

"My God!" Rimmington exclaimed. "He's dead!"

"He's very near it," I replied, loosening the slip-knot of whipcord from around his neck. "Send for a doctor at once. —And Rimmington, you had better ring up the Yard and get to work quickly."

Rimmington at that moment justified my confidence in him. He wasted no time in exclamations or idle questions. He pointed to the door of the room through which we had entered.

"How long ago did those people leave?" he asked. "And what luggage did they take with them?"

"They left an hour ago," the floor waiter answered. "They had two very heavy trunks."

"The affair appears to solve itself," Rimmington muttered after he had spoken a few hasty words down the telephone.

The floor waiter, who was an intelligent fellow, followed us into the other room, to which we had withdrawn on the arrival of the doctor.

"There is one thing I ought to tell you, sir," he said. "The porters tried to move those trunks several hours ago, while Mr. Metzger was busy writing in his room. They were too heavy then—and at that time the tin cases were still in Mr. Gorty's room."

"You are sure of that?" Rimmington asked.

"Absolutely, sir."

Rimmington looked around. I could see that the same thought had occurred to him as to me. The briefest of searches confirmed our suspicions. The wardrobe was filled with lumps of heavy stone.

"There is only one point now remaining to be solved," I observed, "and that is, did these two, Mr. and Mrs. José de Miguel, carry out this little affair entirely alone, or had they accomplices?"

"They had a visitor about an hour before they left, sir," the floor waiter told us.

Rimmington took out his notebook.

"Description, please," he asked.

"I scarcely saw the gentleman myself, sir," the man replied. "He seemed quite ordinary-looking. He wore glasses, and his hair was gray."

"Well," Rimmington said, as we descended to the ground floor to meet the men whom he had summoned from Scotland Yard, "we get it in the neck sometimes about our failures. This time, if we don't get hold of De Miguel and his heavy trunks, I should think we deserve all the censure we get."



"Nothing in it for me, I'm afraid," I remarked as I bade him good night.

"It doesn't look like it," he admitted. "However, one never knows."

IT was the unexpected which happened. Although Mr. José de Miguel and his wife could have had barely an hour's start, and were handicapped by the possession of two trunks of enormous weight, a week passed without any news of their arrest or of the recovery of any part of the gold. Metzger remained in a state of partial unconsciousness and could give no coherent account of what had happened. Gorty returned from Manchester and behaved like a madman. He spent his time between Downing Street, where he boldly accused the Government of having taken the gold, and Scotland Yard, where he expressed his opinion of

tion; neither had any rooms been taken in the hotel, or passages booked on the steamer. Curiously enough, too, none of the porters could remember handling any particularly heavy luggage for that train, or attending upon any passengers answering to the description of the two missing people; yet the man who drove the hotel bus to the station—an old servant and a man of excellent character—gave unfaltering evidence as to his having driven there, and having left his two passengers waiting on the pavement while a porter went for a barrow.

I kept away from Rimmington for some time, for I thoroughly sympathized with his position. On the tenth day, however, he came to see me.

"Not so simple as we thought," he remarked as he accepted a cigar and an easy-chair.

"Apparently not," I assented. "What about the bus-driver?"

"He's been with the hotel company for seventeen years," Rimmington replied, "has a wife and children and an excellent character. Besides, a score of people saw the bus in the station-yard."

"And the man who visited them at the hotel at the last moment?"

"We're offering a hundred pounds reward for his discovery. Here's his description."

I carefully read the typewritten sheet which Rimmington pushed across to me, and returned it in silence.

"Suggest anything to you?" my visitor asked.

"The description might apply to thousands," I answered a little evasively.



She passed something across the table. It was about the size and shape of an ordinary shotgun cartridge.

the English police system in terms which made him, to say the least of it, unpopular there. In the beginning the whole affair had seemed so simple. Mr. and Mrs. de Miguel, distributing gratuities in most lavish fashion, had driven calmly away from the Milan at the appointed hour, and had arrived at Waterloo in ample time for the train which they had planned to take to Southampton. When that train arrived at Southampton, however, there was no one in it in the least answering to their descrip-

Rimmington stared gloomily into the fire.

"It might," he admitted. "Do you know who I think it was?"

"No idea," I answered mendaciously.

"Your friend Pugsley—Stanfield, or to go behind all his aliases and call him by his rightful name, Michael Sayers."

"Do you really believe that that man is in England?" I asked.

"I do," was the confident reply. "He was chased out of the States; we have granted an extradition (Continued on page 175)

The noted author of "The Bolted Door" and "The Splendid Outcast" is at his best in the writing and illustrating of this memorable novel.

# Mamselle Chérie

By GEORGE GIBBS

## The Story So Far:

IN Cherry Mohun the gilded youth of 1921 glowed doubly golden. Wealth was hers, and great beauty; hers too were the fine verve and freedom of a generation that had repudiated restraint—hers the cocktails in tea-cups, the casual swearword, the midnight motoring at high speed, and the love-making that was not slow.

To young-old Doctor David Sangree—a scientist just returned to his America after some years spent abroad in research and in work for the Near East Relief—to him Cherry was at once a problem, a delight and a horror. Sangree had been introduced to Cherry and her family by his lawyer George Lycett, partly because Lycett had invested Sangree's funds (of which he had been in charge during the scientist's absence abroad) in enterprises managed by Cherry's father.

Something in Sangree's first obvious amazement at Cherry's most undébutante sophistication provoked the girl to shock him further; and when her father spoiled an afternoon for her by requesting that she spend it entertaining Sangree, the girl sought revenge. She dared Sangree to go riding with her. And when he accepted, though he confessed that he had not ridden in a long time, she had the groom give him her brother's vicious horse Centipede.

Sangree was thrown, but he got into the saddle again and rode Centipede to a finish ahead of Cherry and her mount. Only when they had returned, and Sangree slid from the saddle in a faint at the gate of the stableyard, did Cherry realize that Sangree's arm had been broken. This was the beginning of a growing friendship between these two so-different people, though Mamselle Chérie had many other strings to her bow—in particular the aviator Dick Wilberforce, the ex-soldier Jim Cowan and the wealthy man-about-town John Chichester—the last of whom her mother wished her to marry. She showed a distinct interest in Sangree, however, and he found himself going to divers social affairs for the sake of meeting her and becoming better acquainted with this strange and speed-mad younger set.

Presently calamity came to Cherry Mohun. One night while she was out joy-riding with Jim Cowan, and when her scape-grace brother Jack had come home drunk, her father suffered a paralytic stroke. And soon Cherry learned that misfortunes never come singly: Mohun's stroke had been precipitated by business worry. The firm of Mohun and Company had, in fact, been forced into bankruptcy.



Effie gave a short laugh. "Ain't we the helluva mess!" "All this must have been terrible for you," said Cherry.

Debts pressed now upon the Mohun household. Jack did nothing but talk. Mrs. Mohun schemed to marry off Cherry to the wealthy Chichester. Finally Cherry discovered that her mother had accepted a loan of ten thousand dollars from Chichester—a sort of advance payment on Cherry. Without regard to the risk to her reputation involved, the distracted girl went immediately to Sangree in his bachelor apartment, seeking aid and advice. Sangree endeavored to send her away at once, but she refused to go; and when, bit by bit, she had confided the whole situation to him, he upheld her resolution not to marry Chichester, offered to lend her money and to let her take a small house he owned, in order that she might move her family from their now far-too-expensive quarters.

The money Cherry refused, but she accepted the house. When, however, she met Sangree there later to arrange details, she was in a dangerous mood: her wealthy friends had been cool to her; she feared that somehow her reckless visit to Sangree had been observed and misunderstood. (*The story continues:*)



SANGREE'S house on 182nd Street was small, the neighborhood much as the despairing Alicia had pictured it; but the removal of the Mohun family from its luxurious surroundings had been accomplished without mishap. Mrs. Mohun took an attitude of silent preoccupation, and Jack was outspoken as to what he called "a fool proceeding," but Cherry met the situation with an outward aspect of complacency. To her the Seventy-eighth Street house was haunted by a thousand gay memories which she wished to dispel. It would be easier, she thought, to meet the world on even terms in an atmosphere which would be a continual re-

minder of her new responsibilities.

Alicia Mohun, of course, suffered in the comparative discomfort of the "stuffy" rooms, and of the small bathroom which she was now obliged to share with others; and her sensitive soul writhed at the sight of the cheerless wall-paper, the mantels of golden oak, the obvious quality of the ash-pails in the yards near by, the gross familiarity of the underwear of the neighborhood, which she could see from her bedroom window. The sounds, sights and smells alike offended her. They belonged to a world which she had long ago fore-sworn. Jack growled constantly, but Cherry paid little attention to him. John Chichester, at her mother's request, had found him a job in a broker's office downtown, and she saw nothing of him all day and little at night. Cherry's one sanctuary from her other tribulations was with her father.

Except for a slight difficulty with one of his legs, which he overcame by the use of a cane, and an occasional weakness which made periods of rest necessary, he seemed to be slowly winning his way back to life. If he suffered physically in any way, he made no mention of it, and though Cherry knew that his thoughts must at times be painful, his attitude toward her and toward them all confirmed the impression that he had made in that interview when he had spoken as with an inward vision, in a voice of authority which his wife had not been able to deny. And there was something else in his new attitude toward life which his daughter could not understand—a quiet confidence in himself and in the future. At times his idealism alarmed her. It had a spiritual quality like that of a person near death, and the beauty of his face, attenuated by his disease, had some of the aspects of immateriality. Cherry adored him—and he, her. Neither had known how much, before their calamity had performed this act of revelation for them.

Perhaps as the days went on, it was this newly revived affection which, almost without their being aware of it, caused a feeling of alienation from the two other members of the family. For Alicia Mohun spent most of her time in her own bedroom at those mysterious rites before the mirror which she now performed more diligently than ever. It was astonishing to Cherry, familiar as she was with the workings of Alicia's mind, how little her mother's face showed the scars of her misfortune. In the mornings she sometimes looked older than her forty-one years, but then Cherry remembered that she had always done that. It was in the afternoon when she emerged from her room for a drive with Mrs. Heywood, or with John Chichester (for curiously enough he still continued his attentions to Cherry's mother), that she looked as ravishingly pretty as ever.

Jim Mohun watched his wife with steadily appraising eyes as she passed perfunctorily through his room coming and going. There was no doubt in Cherry's mind that he felt sorry for her, but his pity had none of the qualities of self-deprecation which Alicia might have expected from it. Something had happened to the soul of her husband which seemed to put him beyond her reach. In helplessness he had gathered strength—in weakness, power. She couldn't understand. With a genius for the positive uses of prosperity, she herself was helpless in misfortune.

As the sick man gained in strength and reached a physical condition which would warrant his taking up the thread of affairs, men came to visit him: Geoffrey Towne, the receiver; Henry J. McCready, Vice President of the Cosmos Trust Company, representing the Chichester interests; George Lycett, with friendly offers of which the sick man availed himself. And as the news was carried downtown that Jim Mohun had made a brave fight and was pulling through, men remembered him with kindness, and wished him well. Other men, his business associates, with ambitious plans which needed a directing hand, came seeking him for advice: John Barnett, a former director of the unfortunate Textile Mills Company, with an idea of buying a plant in the Kensington district of Philadelphia; Harvey Matthison of Pittsburgh, a friend of earlier days, who believed that with health Jim Mohun might still rise again.

THESE visits were encouraging to Cherry. But it scarcely seemed possible that they could result in any immediate financial return to add to their slender means, which as she figured, would be exhausted before the beginning of the next winter. And so, meanwhile, as she found the opportunity, she went downtown looking for work. As she had told David Sangree, her peace of mind depended, as it had always done, upon the high speeds at which she moved. And it was better to be hunting for a job and being refused, than to sit as her mother did, bemoaning her fate.

Sangree tried to help her, enlisting the aid of George Lycett and one or two of his other friends and relatives in trying to find something that she could do. But Cherry was now to make the astonishing discovery that in spite of all the money that had been spent upon her education, she knew very little indeed. At her finishing school they had taught her that ladies always wrote an angular hand—rather stylish, but in Cherry's case little more than an illegible scrawl. Her smattering of French, her smattering of piano, were of little value now. Her English was passable but instinctive. Her arithmetic had never been impressive. Any sixteen-year-old graduate of a business school was better equipped than she.

Twelve dollars a week was the best offer that she could get—as a saleswoman—behind the counter at a large department store. Cherry's hopes had soared higher than this, and she realized with dismay how little fifty dollars a month would contribute to the common store of money in the little household. She must do better than that, much better—a hundred a month at least. But how? She kept the secret of her disappointments from her father, who might, she thought, disapprove of her efforts. She visited some of the matrons of society, wealthy women who had asked her to their parties. They greeted her warmly.

"Why Cherry, you dear child. So glad to see you!"

But when in matter-of-fact terms she explained the object of her visit and expressed a hope that she might find a position as social secretary to some one, they merely recommended that she call on Mrs. So and So. They always seemed to be just on the point of going out and in a great hurry—not to be rid of her, exactly, but to suggest possibilities elsewhere. The impression that they sought to convey was that they were very kind but very busy. And they rather overdid their parts.

At times Cherry grew desperate. There were many moments like that which she had shown David Sangree when the pendulum would have made a wild swing if she hadn't had it under control. It was Genie who rescued her one day with an invitation to an afternoon at the Wetherills' country place in the Pocantico Hills. Sylvia had asked for her especially, and all the old crowd was going to be there. The alternative was a gloomy afternoon in her room face to face with her impotence, and so Cherry accepted. In the mood of the moment she would have married any man who asked for her.

Sylvia's cordial welcome, and the pleasant familiar faces of the old crowd were balm to Cherry's wounds—Gloria Towne, Phoebe Macklin and one or two other girls, Dicky Wilberforce, Horace Galbraith, Teddy Waring, Jack Spencer. It was good to see them all together again. Almost she was ready to believe that she had never been away from them.

Dicky was quite sober and now professed himself to be a person with serious ideas of life. He had actually gone into business. Was this true? Dear old Dicky! How many times was it that he had proposed to her? Fifteen? She had used to keep count. She looked at him with a new interest, for he seemed to have taken a new stature, a new brightness by contrast to the shadows of her own troubles. He had always been hand-

some, joyous, picturesque, and today his sober pretensions became him. If he asked her for the sixteenth time to marry him, Cherry vowed that she would accept him.

He lost no moments in bringing about a resumption of their friendship and led her forth from the squash-court, where Teddy and Jack were violently hurtling to and fro, into the quiet loggia at the side of the house, a place propitious for confidences. The afternoon was balmy, the foliage already sending forth its tendrils at the first breath of spring, altogether a time ideal for the renewal of old affections. Cherry held her breath. It was a moment tense with expectations, with possibilities.

Dicky spoke in a lowered tone, his lips twisted in the old familiar boyish smile.

"You know how much I've always cared for you, Cherry," he began.

"Yes, Dicky, I do."

"Well, I have. I do still. There isn't another girl just like you, and I guess you know by this time that I'll always think of you as one of the best friends I've got in the world."

"I—I'm glad of that, Dicky."

"Well, I've been an awful rotter at times—you know, drinking; and I don't blame you for not having wanted me. You were perfectly right. But I *have* taken a brace. I suppose it's because it isn't so easy to get as it was. And I don't really think about it at all. Haven't touched a drop for a month."

"That's fine of you, Dicky."

"I thought you'd like to know, because you did use to tell me I ought to stop. It was Phoebe that made me—"

"Phoebe!"

"Yes. I suppose *she* ought to tell you, but then we're all good pals, aren't we, Cherry, just the way we used to be?"

"Of course," gasped Cherry, "but what—" She paused as comprehension slowly came to her.

"Oh, I say, Cherry," he said, "I wanted to be the first to tell. I guess Phoebe wants it too." And then with an awkward gesture: "Oh, hang it all, Cherry! Phoebe and I are engaged."

"You and—and Phoebe!"

The words came in a jerky whisper as though forced from her against her will. But in a moment she was congratulating him quietly. These are the things a woman does so well. He took her felicitations with the embarrassed grin of a boy who has just won the prize in a spelling-bee.

And Cherry, wearing a ballet dancer's smile, presently sought out Phoebe, embracing her after the manner of their kind, with quiet expressions of pleasure at the information. If she had been too effusive, Phoebe might have guessed the truth. Cherry was too clever, and too proud, to let that happen.

"I'm so glad you approve, darling," said Phoebe gently. "I know Dicky proposed to you every Saturday for weeks. But I don't care. He's a nice boy. I'm going to take a chance."

But the day was spoiled for Cherry. It seemed so strange that the thing should have happened just at this time when—Phoebe and Dicky! Lucky, though, that neither of them could have guessed what had been in her thoughts. That would have been rather horrible—almost as horrible as the feeling that everything was against her, everything failing her.

GENIE drove Cherry back to town in Mrs. Gartley's runabout. Cherry was rather silent. Aside from Dicky's confidences, there had been a subtle change in her relationships with the old crowd. Everything was different somehow. Already they talked of things with which she was unfamiliar—light gossip about people she didn't even know, anecdotes which once would have greatly amused her, and which now had no flavor to arrest the soberness of her thoughts. She couldn't understand. "What do you think of Phoebe and Dicky?" Cherry asked Genie after a while.

"Oh, all right, I suppose. They just drifted into it. Phoebe would have liked to marry Jack, and everybody knows that Dicky wanted you. I like Phoebe's courage, though."

"I think they'll be happy," said Cherry quietly. "I want them to be."

"It's up to Dicky. But his reformation is a little too sudden to be above suspicion."

Cherry made no reply, and Genie rattled on, aware of Cherry's mood of abstraction, covering in her blithe way almost the entire philosophy of her precocious youth. She and Cherry had many troubles in common.

"I tell you, Cherry," she went on after a particularly bitter attack upon her divorced parents for their desertion of her, "people that bring girls like us into the world have a lot to





"What right have you to question me," Alicia went on, "you who visit men's apartments at night?"

be accountable for. I didn't ask to be born—least of all a girl; and I certainly didn't expect after I *was* born to be cast out into rough water without even the benefit of a life-preserver. How can creatures like you and me expect to earn a living? I don't even know what six times nine are. I never did. I always said seventy-two, and I always will. In private schools they always gave us passing marks in exams because they wanted us to come back next year. But things don't work that way out in the world. I never wanted to be a high-brow, but, good Lord, I ought to know something! I don't—except how to dance and flirt. Stripped down to its bare bones, the fact is this: I'm just a female of the species sent out into the world to find

an accommodating male. It's rather disgusting when you come to think of it."

"It is," said Cherry soberly, "especially when they try to ram him down your throat."

"But marriage is what you and I were trained for—from the moment we were out of our cradles. If you and I were out on the street, we couldn't be more dependent on our sex as a means of making a living—like Aunt Harriet," she said with a shrug, "who marries one rich husband after another. She can't love 'em *all*. She doesn't. You and I know a dozen like her. Which is worse? To sell yourself for luxuries like Aunt Harriet does, or because you've got to (Continued on page 138)

# The Swimming Master

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

Illustrated by Walt Louderback

*The author of "Still Jim," "The Forbidden Trail," and "The Enchanted Cañon" demonstrates her notable skill in this unusual story of a woman engineer.*



That Jean had done the courageous deed was due to ability and to a promise made her dying father.

JEAN ATWOOD was a bridge engineer. She had been graduated from a Midwestern university, the only woman in a class of eighty, and she had been given special mention for the originality and soundness of her work in bridge-design.

It sounds high-brow and flat-chested and old-maidish, doesn't it? But don't be discouraged. Jean at twenty-two was tall and slender. She had a mass of curly ruddy-brown hair, wide black eyes and even white teeth that flashed amazingly when she smiled. Her complexion was milk white and deep rose, the heritage of English ancestry. She was the best tennis-player among the five hundred girls in the University, and there was not a baker's dozen of men out of the four thousand who could beat her at the game.

Jean should have been an unqualified success, socially as well as in the class-room. The fellows liked her, and after the first, did not resent her presence in the school of engineering. She was distractingly pretty. But no one ever flirted with Jean. There were no spring twilights in Lover's Lane for her. No one ever attempted to brush aside what seemed like a veil of dignity that enveloped her.

Why suffer rebuff from a girl whose right over-arm gave a tennis ball an impact like a bullet, and who, if truth be told, was the best mathematician and draftsman in the class?

Jean mourned her social loneliness, but she was too happy in her work and play to diagnose the cause. The truth was that Jean was bashful. She was bashful because she had no self-confidence; she had no self-confidence because she was a coward; and she was a coward because a twittery, Victorian, feminine timidity was part of the mental equipment she had inherited from her mother and grandmother, and the timidity had been added to the countless shocks that go with a timid childhood.

That Jean had done the seemingly courageous deed of studying engineering was due merely to an overweening taste and ability

in that direction, and to a promise made to her dying father. That she was a first-class tennis player was due to this same father, who when she was six had forced her to play. Not that Jean knew that she was a coward. Not that college taught her that she was one. Colleges teach one anything rather than weaknesses of character. It remains for business or marriage to spring these tiny leaks that sink the great ship of one's life.

So Jean finished college, and in July of the same summer betook herself East. She went thither because the dean of the School of Engineering had unbounded faith in a great future for the girl. His enthusiasm landed her in New York. She brought with her one hundred dollars and a letter from the dean to William Elkins, of the firm of Elkins and Company, bridge-builders.

It was very hot. The elevator shot Jean to the eighteenth floor of the building on West Street, and a girl who chewed gum, managed the switchboard and received callers shunted Jean into a bare little reception-room. She waited there for half an hour. Finally a door marked "Private" opened, and a stenographer came out.

"Mr. Elkins will see you now," she said. Jean wondered if the girl could have put more deference into her tone had she announced that Jehovah was about to hold audience, and her knees clacked together as she entered the inner room.

IT was a large room, furnished in mahogany and filled with a vivid glow from the westering sun. There was a huge flat-topped desk in the middle of the room. A man seated before it rose and offered Jean his hand.

Bill Elkins was thirty-two or -three years old at this time. He was tall and slender, with a thin, long-jawed Yankee face. His lips were thin and firm, and his blue eyes were large and a little sad. His hair was thick and brown, and no one in the office had ever seen its precise parting ruffled.



The boss sat down beside her. "Do you know, if we win this bid, who is going to act as field engineer?" he asked her.

Jean, putting her hand into his warm grasp, was conscious that he was smiling at her as if she were an interesting child.

"My old friend Haskins is certainly an admirer of yours, Miss Atwood," he said.

Jean blushed and smiled. Elkins pushed a chair forward. "Sit down, wont you? I'm frankly curious. This is the first time I've ever met a woman engineer."

"It's not as strange as it sounds," returned Jean, getting the best of her blushes. "My mother died when I was a baby, and my father brought me up. He was an inventor and not very successful, but he had more brains than anyone else I've ever known. His heart was set on my being an engineer. So here I am." She paused and smiled again. There was a flashing beauty in the parted scarlet lips over the white teeth that for some reason made Elkins scowl. "It's not a really unusual story," she concluded.

"It might be," objected Elkins, "if one knew the details." He looked from Jean, out of the window and back again at the girl.

Jean waited with breathless eagerness. Suddenly it seemed to her that nothing in the world was worth while except that she get this job. Elkins eyed her very earnestly. His face was lined and slightly tanned, as if he had worked much in wind and sun. He considered the eyes set so deeply and far apart, the wide brow and the firm round chin.

"I hate to disappoint you," he said finally, "but we have nothing open but a draftsman's job at twenty-five a week. And I don't want to give you that. You'd be the only woman in a room full of young men."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" exclaimed Jean. "I grew used to that in college."

"You! I'm not bothered about you! I'm thinking of those youngsters. You are unnecessarily good-looking for an engineer."

He noticed that Jean did not blush this time. She sat forward eagerly in her chair.

"Mr. Elkins, you don't know me! That really doesn't count! I don't know why, but I never had a beau, and the fellows all treated me as if I were another boy."

"It might not count in college,"—Elkins' voice was grim,—"but it will count in the engineering business. It's counting heavily with me this minute, but *against*, not *for* you—as an engineer. I'm not more old-fashioned than other men, but I'll be hanged if I think a very beautiful woman can succeed in a man's profession."

The room was very silent for a moment. Jean stared out the window. She wished her father were alive. She could have asked his advice. He never had admitted to her that she was more than passably good-looking.

"I'll dress very plainly," she said finally, "and wear my hair unbecomingly. It's not fair," she went on vehemently, "it's not fair to consider me as a woman when I apply for this job. I'm an engineer, and a good one. Your own ability hasn't any sex; nor has mine. Dean Haskins says I have real talent. Don't you need that in your concern?"

"The Lord, He knows we do!" exclaimed Elkins. "We seem to have everything here but talent."

He read the dean's letter again and tossed it into the filing basket; then he said slowly: "Well, I'll try you on that draftsman's job. It's up to you to get ahead, though, without any help from me. You understand that, don't you?"

Jean nodded, and for the first time a timid look dimmed the brilliancy of her deep eyes.

Elkins rose, taking the dean's letter of introduction from the filing basket. "Come, I'll introduce you to the head draftsman." Then as if he caught the new look in Jean's eyes, he added with a sudden lapse from his businesslike tones: "And if you don't make good, I shall be more disappointed than I ever was in my life."

Jean caught her breath, and for a long moment blue eyes looked deep into black. She never was to forget that look. Nor in the difficult months that followed did she misinterpret her own share in it. A man will bluff himself about himself. A woman, particularly a beautiful woman, will not even try to deceive herself about that secret chamber of self where even God may not intrude. Jean, unsophisticated, with so little self-confidence, knew that she was destined to love Bill Elkins.

She followed him down a long hall to the drafting-

room. It too was flooded with golden summer light. The eighteen or twenty men all looked up as the door opened, but fell to work again as the boss entered. The head draftsman, Jim Farrow, was the oldest man in the room. He was bald-headed and wore spectacles. His close-shaven face was full of fantastic wrinkles. Jean discovered later that he always made faces when working over a difficult design.

Farrow read the dean's letter with an expressionless eye, showed Jean to her drawing-desk and told her to report at nine o'clock the next morning. What comments he made, if any, to Mr. Elkins, she did not know. As she grew familiar, however, with the great chasm the boss maintained between himself and his employees, she doubted if Farrow made any remark whatever. But Jean knew as well as if he had said so, that from the moment Farrow laid eyes on her, he resolved that only over his prostrate body should she mount one step in the firm of Elkins and Company; and her heart sank within her.

As for the drafting-room itself, it was incredulous, then hostile, then friendly; and then Jean became merely one of the pleasant, well-liked workmen of the firm. Beauty alone does not make a woman desirable in the eyes of man, and true to Jean's prophecy to Elkins, no beaux developed among the lads in the drafting-room.

And now, for a long time in the story, nothing happens. Jean's first month merged into a second and third; six months, a year passed. Jean was still an efficient, inoffensive draftsman and nothing more. During all that time she never had more than a greeting from Elkins. Outside the office, matters had gone better. Jean had kept up her tennis on the public courts, and there made friends of some pleasant, out-of-doors-loving people. But she was not happy. Nor had she, since that first and only interview with Elkins, really expected to be happy again, unless a miracle happened. As the months stretched on, she felt that the miracle was less and less likely to materialize, and with her second year in New York, she realized that she was not doing well with the firm of Elkins and Company.

And it was rumored that the firm of Elkins and Company was not doing well in the world of bridge-building. The drafting-room diagnosis of the latter condition was fairly accurate and was interwoven with comment on the boss that Jean at first resented. But as Elkins continued to ignore her existence and her heart continued to yearn over him, she came to believe that all that was said of him was correct.

The drafting-room said that his austerity, his aloofness, his severity were partly natural and partly due to his Harvard train-



He was a brilliant field engineer, and some of his achievements, when a mere boy fresh from college, were classics.



ing, that he was not a spot on his father as an office executive, that he was a brilliant field engineer, and it was too bad that he hadn't sense enough to stay in the field after his father's death and let some one else, in fact any one of the draftsmen, run the New York end. Why, ran the gossip, some of his achievements in the field when a mere boy just fresh from college, were classics. His handling of his men, his quick resourcefulness, the speed and sureness of his construction—no one ever had excelled him.

But Bill Elkins lacked creative imagination and didn't know it. That was why the firm was not getting the big contracts it had in the old man's day. The old man was a real mixer. This exclusive Harvard stuff might be all right in an uptown club, but it was a poor commodity on West street. Too bad Jim Farrow didn't have the nerve to tell the boss the truth about things. And so on, and on, until Jean began to dream of the poor designs produced by Elkins and Company.

She threw herself down on the couch bed. Disappointed in her! And she had tried so hard! Suggestion after suggestion she had made, and Jim Farrow, through whom all suggestions must be made, merely laughed at her.

"Cunning, isn't it?" he'd say of her designs. "Nice tatting pattern. Why don't you try it on a woman's magazine?"

She lay for a long time, bitterly considering her failure. Finally, without going out for supper, Jean went to work on some sketches of her own for the Chilean contract, sketches which she knew would never reach the eye of either the chief engineer or of Bill Elkins. . . .

It was perhaps a week afterward that Jean Atwood spent a Sunday with some of her sport-loving friends at a quiet little resort on the Sound. When the bathing-hour came, Jean in a becoming black suit was playing



The drafting-room itself was incredulous, then hostile.

She had been with the firm two years, when, leaving the office late one afternoon, she ran onto Elkins in the elevator. To her astonishment, Mr. Elkins added a word or two to his customary greeting.

"Still in the drafting-room, Miss Atwood?"

"Yes, Mr. Elkins," replied Jean, blushing.

He eyed her speculatively, and as the elevator stopped at the main floor, he said slowly:

"I'm disappointed in you." And putting on his hat, he disappeared out of a side entrance before Jean could close her mouth in her amazement.

"The brute!" she exclaimed to herself as she plunged into the subway. "I'd like to tell him that I'm disappointed in him, and so's everyone else. Conceited snip!"

She dashed into an express and made for a seat. A much-painted and powdered little stenographer pushed her aside and took the place. Jean gave her a furious glance, got an insolent one in return and dangled from a strap to 116th Street, still indignantly repudiating the boss.

"Disappointed in me! Then why doesn't he give me a chance? Think of the Chilean contract we're bidding for! We'll lose that too. I could crochet a better design than the one Mr. Elkins has O. K'd."

She was still fuming when she let herself in at the door of the apartment. Her landlady met her in the hall.

"I moved you into the rear room today, Miss Atwood. I had a chance to rent your room for two months at double the rent, and I knew you wouldn't mind."

"It doesn't seem fair," said Jean a little fretfully, but with the familiar sinking of the heart at the thought of a row.

"Not fair! Not fair!" The landlady's voice rose.

"Oh, all right!" returned Jean meekly, and she went on into the dark, hot bedroom.

gingerly in the water close to shore when a man swam in from the float and stood up beside her. It was the boss.

"How do you do, Miss Atwood? I was waiting for you to come out to the float."

"I can't swim," acknowledged Jean.

"Can't swim?"

"No. I'm—I'm afraid of the water."

Every line of Elkins' lean, tanned face expressed surprise. "Afraid! Why, I saw you play a superb game of tennis this morning. Aren't you afraid of the tennis-balls?"

"No, I'm not. Dad taught me to play when I was a mere baby."

"Don't you want to learn to swim?" asked the boss.

Jean gave a little sigh. "One of the dreams of my life is to be a swimmer. But I've given up all hope."

Again that look of speculation came to Bill Elkins' blue eyes. "Let me give you a lesson. It's really easy. Come! I'll hold up your chin. Try once, just to please me."

Jean's vivid lips closed firmly. Some of the high color left her cheeks, and her dark eyes widened. But she allowed Elkins to lower her slowly into the water, where for a moment she struggled with the breast-stroke.

"One—two—three!" he counted. "One—two—three! Hold your breath now; a wave is coming."

Jean tried to obey, but as the wave struck them, she gave a shriek and threw her arms about the boss with the desperation of the drowning. He held her fast to him, and for a moment, after the wave receded, the two clung to each other, heart beating against heart. Then a second wave followed unexpectedly close on the heels of the other, and Jean dashed for the shore. Elkins made no attempt to follow her.

"Coward!" she called after her contemptuously; and as Jean, stung to fury, turned, he plunged into the water and swam deliberately back to the float.

Jean flung herself down in the sand. "Coward!" First he's disappointed in me! Then he insults me! The snob! I'm going to get a job somewhere else."

She jerked her cap off to dry her hair and watched the "snob" make a perfect dive off the float. She watched a dozen other people, men, women and children, dive, somersault and otherwise disport themselves like porpoises in the water. The snob showed a red-haired woman the trudgeon-stroke.

"The brute!" Jean murmured. "As if he weren't a failure himself! Somebody ought to tell him a few things."

She sat in the sun for a few minutes longer; then she suddenly leaped to her feet and went into the dressing-room.

Jean was very silent the rest of the day. She won two sets of tennis in the afternoon, but found no joy in the winning; and when she went to bed, it was with a look as nearly grim as was possible for her.

**T**HE next afternoon Jean obtained grudging permission from old Jim Farrow to leave the office an hour early. At five o'clock, a little white about the lips, she entered a building that she had passed every week day for two years.

"I want to see the swimming master," she said to the young woman at the desk. A tall blond man in white flannels, his thick mop of yellow hair damp and waving, came in at the young woman's call.

"I'm the greatest fool in the world about swimming," said Jean a little breathlessly. "I just can't learn. Do you think you could do anything with me?"

The swimming master looked Jean over. She had the keen, lean appearance of the athlete, unmistakable to the trained eye. "I can teach you," he said, "if you'll come to the pool."

"Why, of course, I'll come to the pool!" exclaimed Jean.

"Not 'of course' at all," retorted the swimming master. "You can't swim, probably, because you're afraid of water. Even if you agree to take lessons, you'll probably think up excuses not to come—just because you're afraid."

"How do you know?" asked Jean indignantly.

The young man smiled, his gray eyes lighting up as he did so. "I've taught swimming for ten years," he replied.

Jean set her teeth. "I'll come," she said. "I give you my word of honor I will. More than that, I'll pay in advance. How much will it cost, and how long will it take?"

"I don't know just how long. But if you really want to develop form and finish, you'd better come five times a week for six months. And that will cost you—" He named a sum that made Jean's heart sink. It would clean out her little savings-account. She gave a slight shiver.

"I'll be here tomorrow," she said.

The next six months of Jean's life should be told in terms of the swimming pool. Outwardly, at least, all her other interests slipped into second place. She gave up indoor tennis entirely. Even her favorite evening occupation of bridge-drawing became a thing of mere habit. The Chilean contract was bid for and lost. When news of this reached the drafting-room, Jean shrugged her shoulders, and her mind went back to the intricacies of the breast-stroke.

There is but one thing in life more powerful than human fear, and that is the human will. Jean's cowardice and Jean's will were engaged in a battle the proportions of which only the swimming master and Jean knew.

Every day for months, as the clock neared five, Jean became conscious of a weight in the pit of her stomach. Every day for months at five o'clock she lifted her hand toward the telephone to plead indigestion as an excuse for no swimming lesson that day. Every day, as she thus lifted her hand, came a flashing vision of two faces—the boss', contemptuous of lip, speculative of eye, and the swimming master's, firm of jaw and steady of gaze. Every day at five-thirty she presented herself at the pool with the lump in her stomach crowding up against her heart, with her knees shaking, her lips dry. Every day at five-forty-five the swimming master entered the pool with her.

It was a beautiful pool. It lay like a great square translucent emerald in the white-tiled hall. But it was long before Jean could think of it with anything but horror. The swimming master never made the slightest concession to her cowardice. He never lost patience with her. He never allowed her to leave the pool without accomplishing the day's stint.

He forced her to force herself to hold her head under water again and again and again until this initial fear left her. He enticed her gently but none the less implacably to lie on her back in the shallow end of the pool. She clutched at him wildly

for many days, but finally came a day when, though her face was white and her lips were twisted, she released her hold on him and lay floating on the transparent bosom of the pool.

Then came a day when the swimming master bade her lie on her back while he, swimming with his shoulder beneath hers, pushed her the length of the pool. Jean stared at him, abject misery in her eyes. He returned the look.

"I'll never give in to you. You know that, don't you?" he asked.

Jean, clinging to the edge of the pool, turned slowly over on her back. Very gently, very slowly, the swimming master, bringing his shoulder against hers, began to swim down the pool. Jean kept her head until the black numbers on the pool edge said eight feet. Then with a scream she clutched the swimming master round the neck. Treading water, he removed her clinging arms.

"You may as well be quiet, because we are going the length of the pool again and again."

Jean, threshing about in the vain endeavor to clutch him, did not hear this sentence till its third or fourth repetition. Then she became conscious that her head was being held carefully above water. She grew quiet, and the trip continued. Once at the end of the pool, however, Jean refused to return. The swimming master sat down comfortably on the steps.

"I can wait as long as you can," he said. "This time you've got to ask me to tow you down the pool, and when we reach the eight-foot mark, you must float alone while I count sixty."

Jean's tragic face, turned pleadingly to his, was very lovely; but though the swimming master was a kindly-looking young man, he did not soften.

It was eight o'clock that night when Jean left the pool. Before she left, she had of her own volition paddled herself slowly on her back the length of the pool. The swimming master watched her from the steps with inscrutable eyes. When she clambered unsteadily up beside him, he smiled:

"Tired?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jean. "Aren't you?"

"Yes, I am,"—rising wearily. "I'll look for you tomorrow at the usual time."

It was considerably easier after that—not but what Jean had to will herself uncompromisingly each day for a long time to go to the pool, not but what as she undertook the breast-stroke, the swimming master was obliged for many days to wear his iron look of implacability. But she learned the stroke in beautiful form, and by degrees followed this with others. She had been swimming several months, however, before she overcame the last fear of the water.

There came an afternoon when, as Jean would have gone carefully down the steps into the water, as usual, the swimming master said:

"This is the beginner's dive. Watch me closely. Hands so! Head so! Knees so!" and he made a curving, silent drop into the green water.

When he was back beside her, Jean met his level look with the old horror in her eyes.

"Go ahead, Miss Atwood," he said.

"Give me time!" whispered Jean.

She walked slowly out to the end of the springboard, and stood, a tense, slender figure, gazing at the shimmering green depths below. Her face was white, her lips compressed. Five minutes went by, another five. The swimming master neither spoke nor moved. Five minutes more. Suddenly Jean lifted her arms above her head, stooped and dropped into the pool.

She came up half laughing, half sobbing, and in a moment was back on the springboard and had repeated the dive.

Her water-fear was gone.

**M**EANTIME matters had been going rather badly for the firm of Elkins and Company. It was losing more and more contracts, and an air of depression hung over the offices. At the time of her first dive, the drafting-room was at work on drawings for a railroad bridge in the Andes. Jean, toiling over the strain-sheets, was filled with scorn.

"It's a stupid idea, from start to finish," she told herself. "They should make a suspension here and not a cantilever. The substructure would be much cheaper. They'll never on earth win this bid."

The night after Jean had made her first dive, she dreamed that she had dived into the Hudson from a bridge she herself had swung across from Spuyten Duyvil to the Palisades. She woke laughing. On her way to breakfast that morning, she met her landlady in the hall.

(Continued on page 110)

# The Diamond

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

*The "Uncle Abner" and "Monsieur Jonquell" stories have made Mr. Post famous as the foremost American writer of detective stories, the successor of Maupassant in finished technique. This is one of his best.*



THE thing that keeps life keen is that you can never figure out what's ahead.

There's always a surprise around the corner. The thing changes on you, to use an expression of the vernacular. One begins in an English drawing-room and winds up on the Gobi Desert. You never know where the road's going. Take it in big things, or take it in the trivialities of life—it's the same system.

But I am not going to lecture on philosophy; I am going to cite a case—a case that had an immense surprise in it to me, and a series of events that started out in one direction and concluded in another. I saw them start simply enough, but they "changed on me," to keep our colloquialism.

I had just come down from Bar Harbor. I had an artificial diamond made in Germany, and I was looking for Walker. Walker is chief of the United States Secret Service, and he knows more about artificial stones than any other man in America, unless it is Bartoldi.

Gems are a fad with Walker, and a profession with Bartoldi. I do not know which of these motive impulses moves a man to the higher efficiency. The keen man with the fad gets to be an expert, and the necessities of trade makes the other one. Anyway, I wanted to show my diamond to both of them.

I found Walker in the Forty-seventh National Bank on lower Fifth Avenue. He waved a recognition and went on with what he

She put out her hand and picked up the diamond that had lain beside my artificial stone.

was saying to the cashier behind the grill:

"There was no robbery; that's what puzzles me. How did they get the thing? It's lucky the bank discovered that it was missing almost immediately and sent out the word. The package had just come in, and was lying on a shelf under the bookkeeper's desk. . . . But how did they get it?"

And so I found Walker.

Nobody would ever have taken Walker for the chief of the Government Secret Service. In appearance

he was the last person anyone would have picked out for a secret agent. He looked like some sort of engineer. He had a lean, sunburned face. He wore spectacles with steel rims that went back behind his ears, and he was angular.

He looked like a practical person, and that is precisely what he was. You never could think that the man had any imagination; and he didn't have any. At least, he didn't have any imagination in the sense that we usually understand it. I suppose he had the kind of imagination that the inventor has, or the mathematician when he figures the orbit of stars, or the engineer when he has to make some calculation on the stresses of a bridge.

I asked him to look at my diamond when he came out. His face took on a decided expression of interest.

"Go up and see Bartoldi," he said. "I will be along in an hour."

He added with a sort of smile:

"There is no leisure in my trade. Somebody's always either robbing a national bank or trying to rob—boring from within or setting up some game on the outside."

Then he laughed.

Now, that is how I happened to find Walker—just when I wanted to find him. By accident I stepped into something, as you would say.

**W**ELL, it was not explained to me. In fact, to say plain truth, behind a lot of courteous indirections, he put me out of the bank and sent me up to Bartoldi's to await his coming in an hour. I do not mean that he ordered me out. He enticed me out; he edged me out, a good deal as one would do with a child that had wandered into a rather tense conference.

I went up to Bartoldi's. Everybody knows where it is.

He has a mammoth place on Fifth Avenue, rather far up—the trade is going up. The big retailers saw that a dozen years ago. Bartoldi is not the greatest jewel-dealer in the world, but he is one of the greatest. The greatest jewel-dealer in the world is Mahadol in Bombay; then come Vanderdick in Amsterdam, and Hausman in Paris.

It is a big shop, as I have said. But you know it—there is no reason to describe it here. A huge place with glass cases like every American shop, and the jewels displayed, as is the almost universal custom in America. Not like some of the foreign places, where you see only a square of black velvet, and the jewel, when you have named the kind you want, is brought out of a vault.

I was in this shop before the long counter that contains the trays of diamonds, when Bartoldi appeared.

*Appeared* is precisely the word; I did not see him until suddenly he was before me on the other side of the glass case.

He does not look like a jeweler. In fact, he does not look like anybody in active life. He is big and gaunt, and in spite of the best tailor, he gives one the impression of an immense human body dried out in some desert. But he is alive, all right. I would like to see the man that could fool him about a jewel.

I showed him my diamond. It was a big diamond, unset, and I had it folded up in a piece of tissue paper.

He squinted at it between his thumb and finger.

"Good specimen," he said, "first-class specimen. You can see the stratifications with your eye."

He paused; then he went on:

"I never believed chemists could build up a diamond. Of course they build up rubies, and they do it cleverly, deuced cleverly, but you can always tell by the bubbles in them; they can't get the bubbles out."

He moved my diamond out a little farther from his eye.

"I suppose it is insufficient pressure. If they could get the angular cavities that are in corundum, they would be on the way; of course they would never get the steady glow of the genuine ruby. But they would fool the old ladies in a drawing-room."

Then his voice went into a piping note.

"You would pass for the owner of rubies if you were rich enough to back up the hypothesis."

He twisted my stone around in his fingers; then he pointed to the case under his hand, and set out a tray of diamonds.

He selected a table diamond as large as my false one and set above a platinum band. I could not have told the difference.

My diamond was worth four hundred dollars. Bartoldi said there was not a stone in the tray under five thousand dollars.

I stepped back to look at them from a little distance, about the distance one would observe a diamond on a woman's hand at dinner across the table. I could not see any difference between the two stones. They could have been interchanged, and they would have fooled me at the distance. But they didn't fool Bartoldi.

"Not much alike," he said; "your stone has a sleek look."

**I** DID NOT see that. I told him I didn't see it.

I knew that aspect of artificial stones, that appearance as if they were pressed instead of cut. But it was the aspect of artificial stones of a lower order than the one I had shown to Bartoldi. This one was cut, and it looked crisp to me, very nearly as crisp as the best one. But there is where the trained eye comes in. Walker knew it was false, and Bartoldi knew it instantly. He could see the stratifications with his eye.

I could see them with a good lens, but I could not see the sleek look, and I moved toward the tray on the counter to get a close view. I did not move directly ahead; I moved to one side—and I discovered two persons who had come into the shop behind me.

I took up my diamond, and stood out of the way at once. I had no wish to delay a customer. I was only idling with a laboratory diamond, and Bartoldi had to sell jewels to keep his shop going. I could not take up his time unless he happened to be at leisure.

The two persons who had come in at once attracted my attention. They would have attracted the attention of anybody, even if there had been nothing to follow. If one had chanced to observe them, one would have stopped and considered them anywhere.

One would have been forced to think about them. They would have stimulated one's curiosity. No one could have passed those two persons without undertaking to formulate some explanation; and to me there was something more than their mere appearance.

In my mind there was a vague impression that I had seen them in some other place. I could not at the moment remember the place; it was what psychologists call subconscious, I suppose. At any rate it did not crystallize into a memory. But it remained as a sort of atmosphere behind the vivid impression they made on me.

The two persons were an old man and a girl. The two words go together, but the two persons did not go together in any sense. The girl was not past sixteen, and the man was past seventy. That would be all right, an old man and his granddaughter, you would say.

But it was not all right. That was just exactly the impression that was so cryingly conspicuous. It was not all right!

**T**HE man was very well dressed; everything about him was of the best quality, and distinguished—perhaps just a little too distinguished, a little too vivid. When one thought about it, one saw that he was dressed somewhat for a younger part. There was a bit of color, a suggestion of youth that the man did not have.

He was an old man, but he was a vigorous old man, and he had the air and manner of wealth about him. I can't precisely point out these indicatory signs, but they were easy to be marked, and they are not often successfully assumed. I suppose a clever actor could do it. Walker used to say that the best actors were not on the stage; they were in Joliet.

Now, that is what the man looked like—one of the idle rich, grown old in an atmosphere of luxury. He ought to have had, as I figured him up, a town house, a country estate, a yacht, and very nearly every vice! His eyes, his bad mouth and his fat ears were good evidential signs. I thought I knew the type!

The girl filled me with a sort of wonder. She wore a little cheap hand-me-down dress that must have come from a village shop, and it looked as though she had slept in it. She had slept in it!

The sort of crumpled-up appearance of that cheap material could not be mistaken. She wore a straw hat lined with vivid color and loaded with soiled artificial flowers. Her shoes were run down a bit. She was generally soiled, as she would have been if she had traveled in a day-coach and slept in her clothes—and that is precisely what she had done.

But all this could not obscure the fact that she was pretty, in a sort of way. She had a pliant figure, and the charms that go along with youth. Sleeping in one's clothes, and the grime of a journey can't obscure that. She was young, and she had what youth has.

Now you understand why I said that the two together puzzled me. Either alone would not attract a glance, and certainly not a line of speculation. But the two together, as I have insisted, called upon you for an explanation.

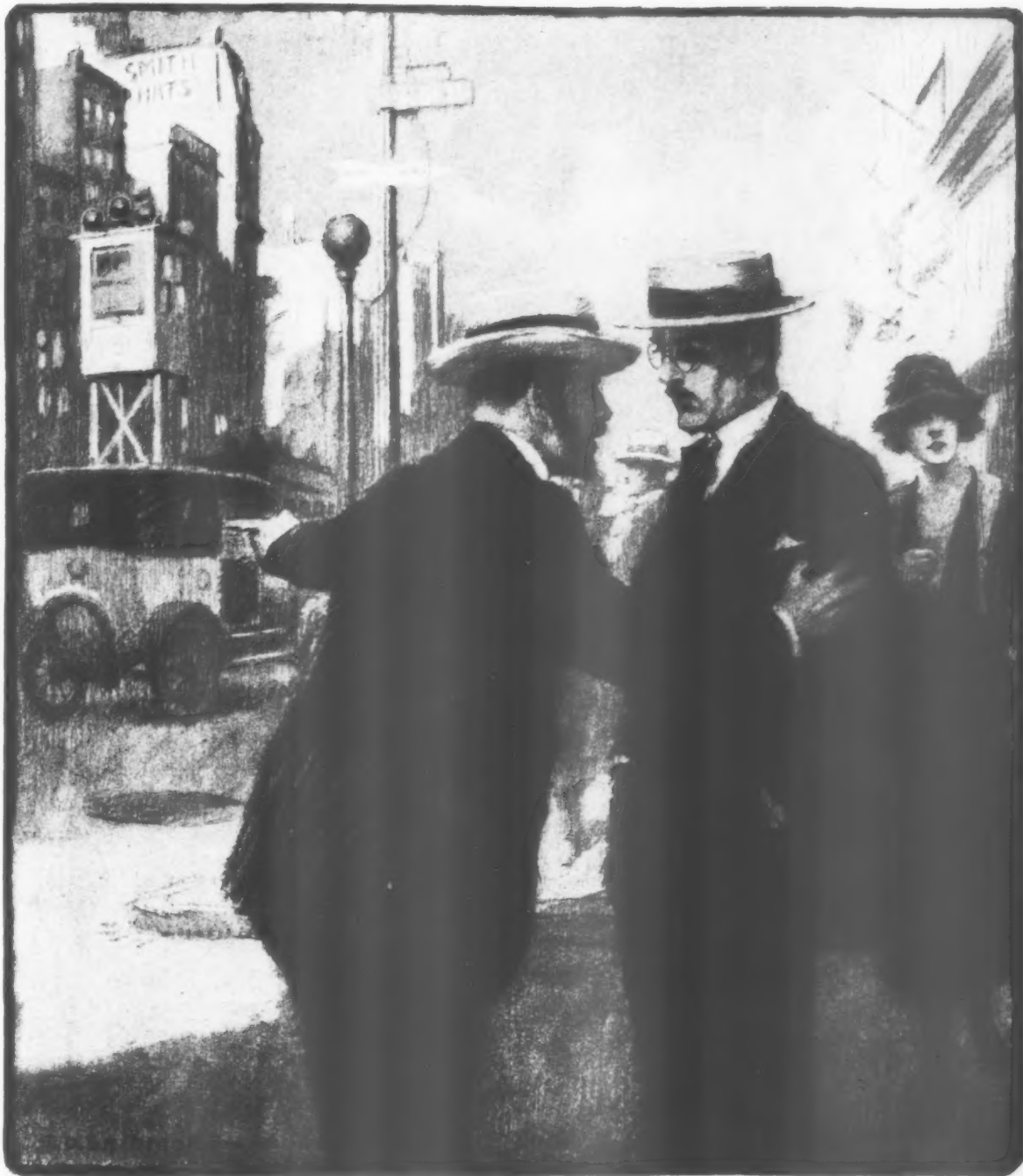
They puzzled me, but they did not puzzle Bartoldi. I suppose he understood it quicker than I did. I understood it pretty quickly, just as you have, no doubt, understood it all along, and as Bartoldi understood it at a glance.

They came up to the glass counter, and the man asked to see a diamond ring.

The girl did not look up. She did not say anything. She seemed to wish to get as far as possible under the soiled hat.

Bartoldi set out some trays beside the one already on the table. The old man moved a little to one side, and the girl came quite close to the glass counter. She bent her head down over the stones as though she wished to see the rings and at the same time keep under cover of the soiled hat.





"Walker," I said, "you got here too late. You see that taxicab?"

She did not say a word. But she knew precisely what she wanted, for she suddenly put out her hand and picked up the table diamond that had lain beside my artificial stone on the glass case. She slipped the stone on her finger and stepped back as though to be hidden a little by the old man.

I got a surprise.

"Gad," I said to myself, "big wages! Will he stand for it?"

Well, he did stand for it. He was a royal old sport; I will say that for him.

Bartoldi said the price was five thousand dollars, and the old boy never turned an eyelash. He made a careless gesture. I don't think he even O.K.'d the thing with a word.

He took a flat leather case out of his pocket, got out a draft, asked Bartoldi for a pen, or rather indicated the wish for a pen with a fiddling of his fingers, and when he got it, indorsed the

draft. Then he showed Bartoldi a letter that was in the envelope that had contained the draft.

I followed them to the door. There was a taxicab waiting; they got in and went up the Avenue.

That type of man ought to have a house somewhere on the Avenue; it was August; the house would be closed; I began to put things together.

I was standing there when Walker came up. I hailed him.

"Walker," I said, "you got here a moment too late. You see that taxicab?"

He made a little whimsical gesture.

"I see everything," he said, "that the devil puts out to annoy me; what's in the taxicab?"

"There's a case in it," I said, "for the District Court of the United States, on the criminal side, or I'm a poor detective."

"All detectives are poor," said Walker. "If they were rich, they would have a town house, a country place and a string of hunters."

"Well," I said, "that's what the old boy in the taxicab has got; and he's got something else that the United States doesn't allow him to take across a state line."

Walker looked at me queerly. He put the tip of his finger to his forehead.

"Touch of the heat?"

"Look here," I said, "isn't this sort of thing just as much in your line of duty as trying to prevent the crooked cashier from boring from within? Isn't the United States, by a fairly recent statute, helping virtue to evade the dragon?"

Walker's face wrinkled into a twisted smile.

"It's helping the clever *fille de joie* to levy a little blackmail on the side."

"Wrong dope, in this instance," I said.

I began to describe to him the incident and the two persons. I described them carefully, minutely, and he listened without a word and without a motion. He stood perfectly still, there in the hot street before Bartoldi's mammoth shop, and the perspiration trickled down in a thin thread from the bars of his spectacles.

But his manner had changed. He had now, I noted from the very impassive aspect of the man, a deep, a profound, a moving interest in this affair. He cursed softly as though he chopped the words with his teeth.

"Ten minutes too late!" he said. "Where did they go?"

Walker was motionless for a moment, his head down, his eyes narrowed in a profound reflection.

I interrupted him with a repetition of his words.

"Ten minutes too late!" I said. "You are two minutes too late. The taxicab has hardly disappeared in the traffic wonder."

I pointed up the Avenue. Walker did not look up.

"I was thinking of Bartoldi," he said. "I am ten minutes too late for Bartoldi."

"That's right," I said. "Bartoldi could have told you who this man was. He must have known him."

"Oh, no," said Walker. "Bartoldi didn't know him."

I was astonished.

"Surely Bartoldi knew him," I said.

Walker's voice became a sort of drawl.

"Surely he did not know him. Bartoldi would not have been a party to this man's criminal adventures."

I laughed. "What does Bartoldi care about criminal adventures? He's a dealer in jewels."

"He will care about this criminal adventure," said Walker.

Then he looked suddenly at me. "Where do you think they went?"

I told him what I thought. This type of person would have a house on the Avenue; it would be closed in August.

Walker shook his head. "I think I know where they have gone," he said.

Again I looked at him in astonishment.

"Then you know who this man is?"

Walker replied with an abrupt query:

"Did you see the inside of his hand—the right hand? That was the thing to see."

"How about the girl?" I replied, for Walker's indirections were putting me on my mettle. "Her hand will be the thing to see; she's got Bartoldi's diamond on it."

He looked up rather vaguely.

"I am puzzled about the girl; I do not understand what the girl has to do with it."

I laughed. "Bartoldi understood," I said.

"Bartoldi!"

Walker seemed to bounce out of his reflection.

"The devil! We've got to get back his diamond."

He darted suddenly out to the traffic of the Avenue, hailed a taxicab and beckoned me to get in with him.

I got in and we went up Fifth Avenue. We were held in a jam of vehicles a block or two farther on.

"And so," I said, "you think the girl is a nice little country cousin, an esteemed relative—esteemed to the tune of a five-thousand-dollar diamond?"

Walker was fingering his face in reflection.

"Nonsense!" he said. "The girl's no relation to him."

"Then why the five-thousand-dollar diamond?"



"That's what I would like to know," said Walker.

I laughed. The thing was too absurd.

"If the wage of a sin is a five-thousand-dollar diamond, there's got to be the sin to earn it. That old sport was not taking any chance on getting the value of his money."

"O. K.," said Walker.

"Then you think he has been paid for it," I said.

"Surely," said Walker, "that man has been paid for it."

The taxicab turned out of the Avenue presently when the jam of vehicles was released, and stopped before the Grand Central Station.

Walker paused a moment when we got down.

"If I put the thing together correctly," he said, "they will be here. The girl came in for her diamond. . . . How she earned it puzzles me. . . . The man had to get through with it as quickly as he could."

He made a little gesture.

"From the station to Bartoldi's in a taxicab and back to the first train out—that would be his plan—to hurry."

He added: "It was a risk, a big risk. But he had to take it. He couldn't trust anybody; he had to do it himself."

I looked at Walker with what I imagined was an ironical smile.

"Then he would not be guilty under the statute," I said, "for he only brought the little baggage in to buy her a diamond."

Walker seemed in a sort of reflection.

"Oh, yes," he said, "he is guilty."

"Then you want him?" I asked.

Walker suddenly looked at me with his eyes wide.

"Surely," he said.

"Then why don't you hurry?" I demanded.

He looked at me with a leisurely interest. "If he's here," he said, "he can't get out. I've got three of the best agents of the Department in there—sent them up when I started to Bartoldi's to meet you."

"But how would they know him?" I asked.

"They would know him by a scar in his hand," replied Walker.

"They ought to know him by a girl on his arm," I said.

Walker's voice became reflective.

"I wonder if she could be his granddaughter, after all!"

I laughed. That laugh was like the key to a memory. I at once remembered where I had seen this man and the girl.

It was at the end of the path that follows the sea south at Bar Harbor. There is a great house where the path ends. It was closed; the shutters were up, and the grounds only casually kept; I remembered it now. I had undertaken one afternoon to get through from this sea-path to the village street, and had wandered into an immense sunken garden. I was making no sound.

The grass and leaves had covered the paths; it was very still, and presently I heard the murmur of voices. I wondered who

"The devil!" I cried. "The old boy is the most dangerous Lothario I ever saw."

into the great lobby and down to the train exits. Walker caught my arm in his big hand.

"That explains it," he commented.

Then he stopped abruptly.

"By the way," he said, as though it had just occurred to him and he had now leisure to think about it, "let me have a look at that artificial diamond."

I took the piece of tissue-paper out of my waistcoat pocket and handed it to him. He unfolded the paper, took the diamond out and retained it in his hand. We crossed through the throngs of people everywhere grouped about in the great station, to the exit indicating the evening train to Bar Harbor. We entered the little group, and I realized suddenly that we were close behind the old man and the girl. They were facing toward the gate.

Suddenly Walker opened his hand and dropped my diamond to the floor. It clattered at the feet of the girl, and Walker stooped swiftly and picked it up.

"Your daughter," he said, speaking to the old man, "has dropped the setting out of her ring; permit me to return it."

The man turned instantly like a trapped animal. For a moment both of his hands went into the pockets of his coat, and for an instant his face was uncertain, vague, deadly; then he put out his hand for the diamond.

Walker gave it to him and turned to me.

"Perhaps," he said, "we had better see if the trunks got on. We have nearly ten minutes to wait."

And he walked away toward the great stair leading to the baggage-room.

The girl did not move; she did not speak; she remained as she had stood in Bartoldi's shop, her head down, concealed as far as she was able to conceal it, under the drooping hat loaded with soiled roses. Walker was crossing toward the great stair in his long stride, and I hurrying in my astonishment to overtake him.

"The devil, man!" I cried when I came up. "Why did you give him my diamond?"

"I wanted to see if there was a scar in his hand," said Walker. "He had it."

"Then you know him?"

"Surely," said Walker.

"Aren't you going to arrest him?"

Walker had returned to his careless manner.

"No," he said, "I am not going to arrest him. You saw his hands go into his pockets. There would have been a lot of people killed if it hadn't been for your diamond. It's lucky I thought of it; besides, I had to see the inside of his hand."

"But my diamond," I said, "when will I get it?"

Walker continued in his leisurely drawl:

"You will get your diamond when Bartoldi gets his."

"When will that be?" I insisted. (Continued on page 151)



could be here, for as I have said, the place was closed, and I was discovering that there was no way through to the village street. I went forward a few steps, and beyond me, standing in an angle of the garden, obscured by an immense flowering vine, were this old man and this girl.

I remembered the scene perfectly, now that I had the key to it.

The old man was speaking in a low voice, as though he urged something, offered something, and the girl was listening in the attitude in which I had observed her this afternoon, her head down, her arms hanging. I had gone out quietly; I remember the explanation that presented itself. This old man must be the owner of the place, and the girl a keeper's daughter, perhaps. The memory bore out my impression, the impression which I received today and the impression which had evidently convinced Bartoldi.

I told it all to Walker, very carefully and in detail, as we went

*A story by a man whose Red Book Magazine fiction has been honored by the O. Henry Memorial Committee.*

# Crime Is Crime

By O. F. LEWIS

*Illustrated by  
Charles Sarka*



'T was back in July, 1914, when they sent Uncle Ben Tivetson from our town to the State penitentiary, with a sentence of from ten to twenty years. He'd lain behind Melton Cutter's privet hedge an hour or two one afternoon and then let young Lawrence Delacey have both barrels of an old shotgun in the back. You see, Ben Tivetson's granddaughter, who kept house for him—both her parents were dead—had died when her baby was born, and the baby had lived only three days. Ordinary enough case, of course.

Joe Richards, who was our county attorney, got the conviction. Joe was of old New England stock, with a Puritanical respect for the letter of the law. Technically, of course, Uncle Ben had committed first-degree murder, but the plea of the unwritten law ran pretty strong in our town in such cases and there were plenty who believed young Delacey had it coming to him. At first, the women talked a good deal about getting a pardon for Uncle Ben after a bit, but then the war came along, and Uncle Ben was practically forgotten.

Joe Richards went across, having been many years in the National Guard, and came back in 1919 a colonel. We ran him for governor that year, partly on his war record, and partly on his incorruptibility. We put it over, too! On January 1st, 1920, he became the chief executive of our State, elected on a platform of economy, and no nonsense in the State government. Uncle Ben had served over five years in the State penitentiary by then.

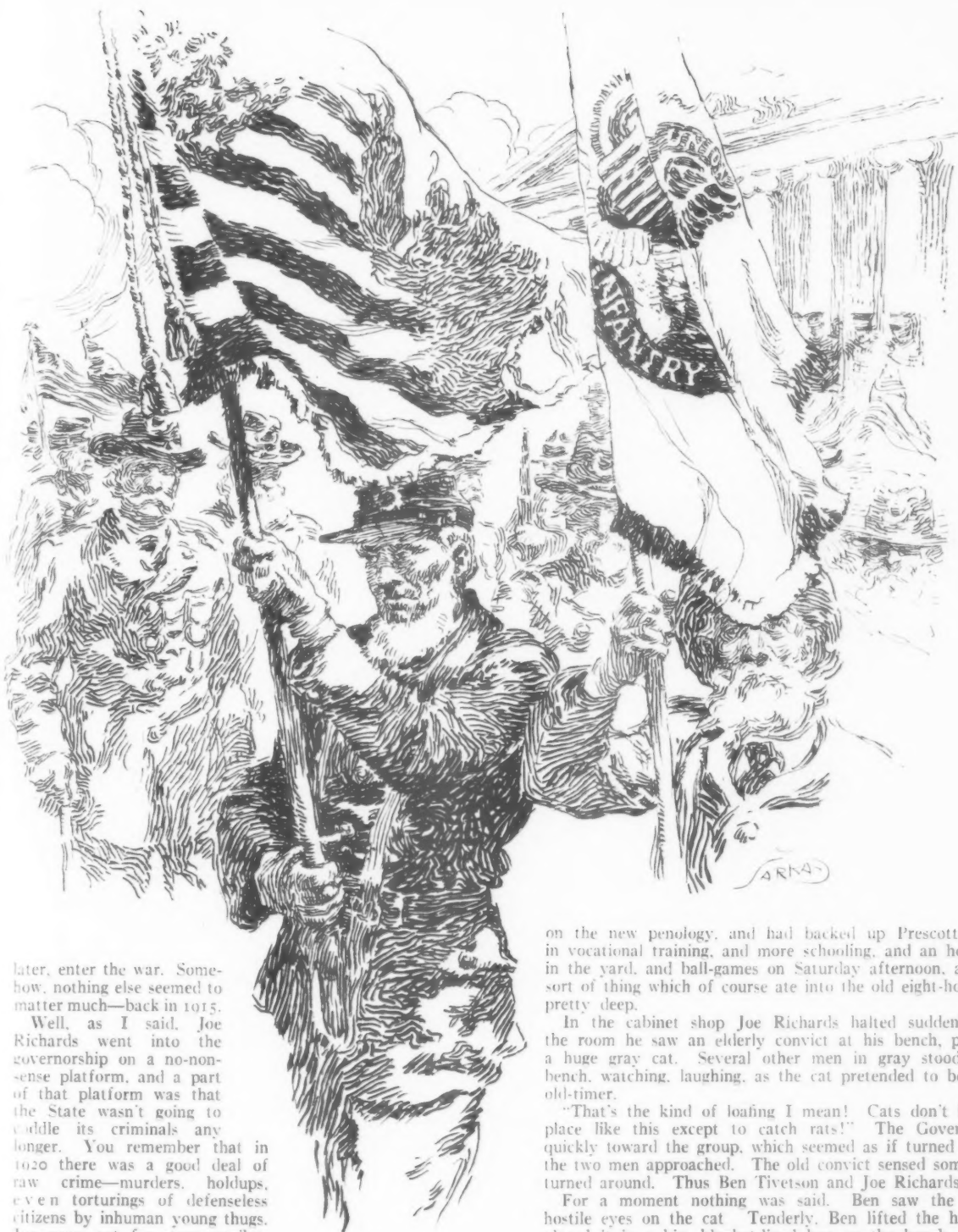
Before he became a convict, Ben had been for a generation happy-go-lucky loafer and story-teller in our town. He wore a black patch over the eye that he'd lost in the Civil War, and he built most of his yarns about things he claimed happened during that conflict. He worked at such tasks as his crippled right arm allowed. And once a year he figured prominently in town when he carried the colors in the annual Decoration Day parade of the Colonel Daniel E. Richards Post, G. A. R. The post was named after Joe Richards' father, who died in 1807.

Standing on the curb, we'd wait for the veterans to come down Fairfield Avenue behind the fife-and-drum corps of the Spanish American War Veterans. Far up the street we'd sight the torn

flag of the post at last, and then presently we'd make out old Ben, in his faded blue uniform, and wearing his funny little blue cap with its schoolboy visor, his tousled hair, white as cotton, sticking out behind. Stiff as a ramrod he'd walk, head erect, his one eye set straight ahead. But afterward, in his descriptive reminiscences of this annual event, he would dilate proudly on the way in which everyone in town saluted him and his flag. The whole thing used to sort of make us tingle—those thinning ranks, year after year, of men who bent a little farther over at each parade.

I stood by Joe Richards, in 1915, when the parade came along and there was no Ben Tivetson carrying the flag. I saw Joe's lips set as he too noticed old Ben's absence. His fingers dug a bit into his palms, but he didn't say a word. I wondered just what he was thinking, that first year of the World War, when the sense was strong within us that, some fifty years before, these men had taken on the greatest risk and won the greatest glory of all—just as we foresaw that we too must, sooner or





later, enter the war. Somehow, nothing else seemed to matter much—back in 1915.

Well, as I said, Joe Richards went into the governorship on a no-nonsense platform, and a part of that platform was that the State wasn't going to coddle its criminals any longer. You remember that in 1920 there was a good deal of raw crime—murders, holdups, even torturings of defenseless citizens by inhuman young thugs. Joe came out for stern retribution and long sentences, plus as stiff a severity in prison as was concomitant with humane physical treatment. Joe also made a tour of the State institutions in May of 1920, and thus came to the penitentiary. I think he'd practically forgotten that Uncle Ben was down there.

Joe and the young warden went through the place thoroughly. The Governor meant business. This plant hadn't been turning out enough goods. Work was the solution—for the State and for the prisoner. Make your men do an honest eight hours every day! What's a prison for? The more the Governor saw, the more taciturn he became. Young Prescott, the warden, had come into office in 1919 under Governor Shipley, who was keen

on the new penology, and had backed up Prescott in putting in vocational training, and more schooling, and an hour at noon in the yard, and ball-games on Saturday afternoon, and all that sort of thing which of course ate into the old eight-hour schedule pretty deep.

In the cabinet shop Joe Richards halted suddenly. Across the room he saw an elderly convict at his bench, playing with a huge gray cat. Several other men in gray stood about the bench, watching, laughing, as the cat pretended to box with the old-timer.

"That's the kind of loafing I mean! Cats don't belong in a place like this except to catch rats!" The Governor moved quickly toward the group, which seemed as if turned to stone as the two men approached. The old convict sensed something, and turned around. Thus Ben Tivetson and Joe Richards met again.

For a moment nothing was said. Ben saw the Governor's hostile eyes on the cat. Tenderly, Ben lifted the huge animal, placed it in a big, blanket-lined box on the bench, and smiled as it curled down contentedly with a powerful purr. The warden motioned to the others to withdraw. Ben peered steadfastly at the Governor, somewhat from below. The Governor spoke first.

"How are you, Tivetson?"

Uncle Ben nodded slightly—repeated the nod several times.

"Receiving good treatment here?"

Uncle Ben cleared his throat. "The boys here, they treat me fine," he said. "Seems hardly like a prison, almost!"

"Show the Governor your flags, Uncle Ben!" said the warden hastily. Uncle Ben drew from a box underneath the bench, one after the other, a succession of small boxes and trays, inlaid with

he American flag, on backgrounds of deep polished mahogany—all extraordinarily well done.

"The boys call Uncle Ben the flag man," he explained. "He earned the work from a man that went out awhile ago. We ell them for him, to visitors from the outside." The Governor's lips tightened.

"Tivetson, is there anything you want to say to me?" he asked. The answer was long in coming. The old man's lips moved in a curious chewing motion. His face came closer to the Governor's.

"You look mighty like your dad before you!" he said at last. Thereupon he selected the largest, most ornate tray from the assortment on the bench, wrapped it carefully in soft paper, and handed it to the Governor.

"Take this, Joe—I mean, Governor," he said.

The Governor accepted the gift, thanked him and passed on. For a time he moved on through the shops without addressing the warden.

"Do these men have—many pets?" he asked finally.

"I let them have pets, Governor, within reason of course—and let them make friendships with the other men, also, and let them have something to look forward to, if they behave themselves," young Prescott explained, a little defiance in his voice.

The Governor faced him. "What about the hundreds of wretched wives and daughters and mothers of these men, and the very victims themselves—eking out miserable existences, perhaps because these men have committed crime?" he snapped. "There's a principle involved in this business! Here they are, with little work to do, fooling with cats, watching movies and baseball—an easier life than the average man has outside!"

"Governor, I was a captain overseas. When I gave my men a fairly wide range in initiative and responsibility—" the warden began, but the Governor cut in upon him.

"Crime is crime, and law is law!" he declared. "Tighten his place up, Mr. Prescott! This business of pets—and loafing—in a prison—why, it isn't a prison!"

"You mean that I'm to cut out Uncle Ben's cat—and his lags?"

The Governor delayed his answer. "Yes!" he said, firmly. "This is a prison!"

THAT was in May, 1920. And now we come to a late afternoon in October of the same year. Joe Richards was sitting at the Governor's great desk, in the big room at the Statehouse. In front of him loomed, along the opposite wall, the high glass cases that held the tattered banners of the Civil War, pride of the State. On the desk before the Governor lay two letters. Uncle Ben Tivetson was in the anteroom. Uncle Ben had come from the State penitentiary, seventy miles away, alone, without guard, still a convict, still with several years of his sentence to run, not pardoned, not paroled, but sent for by Joe.

One of the letters in front of the Governor was old, the paper fragile, the handwriting faded brown, cramped and wavering. It had come to Joe Richards two days before from a woman in California. She had found it among her grandfather's letters to his wife, written from the battlefields of the Civil War. The woman's letter read:

I saw your father's name in this letter, and remembered reading in an Eastern paper last spring that you had been elected Governor. . . . You may be interested in the inclosed.

Joe Richards read the old letter once more:

. . . and, darling Mary, while we were thus being murderously shot down from the woods, where the enemy had a strong position, and being ordered to retreat, I saw a Union soldier, who was not of our company, rush out into the open, under the shot and shell, and dash across the field of trampled grain, and suddenly fall. He rose again, and held by main force the body of another soldier, and he ran back, in such a position that his own body sheltered so far as possible the wounded man.

He brought him back to our crumbling lines, by a miracle—and then fell himself. . . . I learned that these men were named Daniel Richards—the wounded man in the field, who was succored—and his inseparable chum, Ben Tivetson or Tiverson. Tivetson disobeyed orders to retreat, and ran out and brought Richards in. That is all I could find out, except that Tivetson was said to have been shot through the right arm and the eye. They may both be dead by now. . . .

The Governor's private secretary brought Uncle Ben into the big room. The old man stood before Joe, stroking his long

beard. He was dressed in a new black suit, provided for the occasion by the prison. The patch over his eye showed sharply against his white face. As the private secretary left the room, he closed the heavy door softly.

"Good afternoon, Uncle Ben!" said the Governor. "Take this big chair here!" Uncle Ben's hand, in the Governor's, twitched. His eye never left the Governor's face. His breath was short. He hadn't taken a taxi, as the Governor had told the warden over the phone to tell Uncle Ben to do, but had walked up the long hill to the Statehouse. He sat down now, close by the Governor, bewildered.

"Uncle Ben," said Joe Richards, "did my father ever know that you saved his life—back there in '63—the time you went across that grain-field and brought him in?"

UNCLE BEN'S forehead wrinkled. He rubbed his hand back and forth along his thin leg. Finally he shook his head.

"Why not?" asked the Governor.

"Well," said Uncle Ben, just as he had begun stories told to Joe when the Governor was a boy, "I warn't no such unusual thing, in them days. He must 'a' saved mine a couple o' times. I reckon. Guess you ought to know. You been in a war yourself—though our war was a sort o' triflin' war, compared, and mebbe we could look after each other a mite more. I dunno!"

"So that's why, all these years, I never heard a word about it from Father—or from you?"

"How'd you find out now?" Ben asked.

The Governor told him.

"Uncle Ben, I sent for you for several reasons. First, so that I could thank you, for my father, after all these years, from the bottom of my heart—"

"Shucks!" said Uncle Ben.

"And I'm sorry that, as a matter of principle, I had to take away your cat."

The old man's lips began to quiver. "The cat's dead. I gave her to a guard—but I guess it warn't the same—"

"And now, Uncle Ben, I want you to ask me for something that I can do for you—"

As the old man grasped the import of Joe's words, his jaw began again the nervous, chewing movement. The Governor watched him. He saw in the old man's eye the sudden glow of that hope that lies in the heart of every convict. Uncle Ben looked at the Governor, then away, and he seemed to sag a bit.

"Anything I want?" breathed the old man.

"Anything you want, Uncle Ben," said the Governor.

"Then lemme go to the Grand Army reunion, down in Centerville, this week! Just for two or three days! My God, I want to see Matt Smith, and Bemus Pierce, and Dan Crowley, just once more. They aint one of 'em likely to last a year longer!"

A single tear appeared in the corner of the old man's eye. "They might—they might let me carry the colors just once more! And I read that you're goin' to be down there and review the parade! Governor, I want to carry the colors just once more—and past Dan Richards' boy!"

WELL, Uncle Ben went down to that G. A. R. reunion at Centerville, all by himself, on parole, with expense money supplied by Joe Richards. The next day Joe himself motored down to review the parade.

When the Daniel E. Richards' Post marched by, with a fife-and-drum corps preceding them as usual, the Governor watched for the colors, but when they appeared, Ben Tivetson wasn't carrying them! Past the chief executive of the State tottered those men, many of them aged neighbors of his at home, but Uncle Ben was not among them. The Governor's eyes were straight upon the colors, as he came to attention and raised his hat. And then, in the crowd that lined the sidewalk opposite, he saw Uncle Ben, erect, pale, his hand at the old-time salute.

The Governor's business required him to hurry back to the capital, so he had no time to seek out Ben, but he left a message of cheer—you see, the post had not taken Ben back!

As Joe sat in his big room up at the capitol, two days later,—the last day of Ben's reunion parole,—he looked up, and there was the old man again. He sank into the big chair in which he had sat only four days before.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Ben!" said the Governor.

"Never you mind, Joe—I mean, Governor! I asked you to let me go down there. But—you're right in that what you said, that day in the court, before the jury. Crime is crime, you said, and law is law! Governor, I figured out I could go

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down there to Centerville, and it'd be the same as it used to be—the colors and all—”

The old man paused, and drew a long breath. “But it warn’t—and it can’t never be the same any more, anywhere! I see that, now! Most o’ the boys was good and kind, but—my God, Joe, I don’t want *that*! I want—I want it to be like it used to be—”

Joe Richards leaned over and took the old man’s hand in his, and pressed it. Uncle Ben’s grip tightened.

“Joe, I didn’t ask for a pardon!” he said. “I—reckoned I’d better try Centerville first—and honest, I was goin’ to ask you for a pardon, if that was all right. But Joe, I couldn’t bear ever to go home, now. I want to go back to prison, Joe. I got some friends down there—and I had one or two animals— Oh, Joe, let me tell you one thing, boy! Only God and a convict know how a convict feels! There’s a lot of awful men among the rest of ‘em down there in the prison, and some ought not to be alive at all, they’re so bad; but just the same, you ought to let ‘em have more privileges! You took away so much, Joe. It was all right, but—that free time in the yard, and those ball-games, they’re the time a man’s got to be with the only—

only friends he has! That’s what I want to ask you, Joe; instead of a pardon, give me one thing more—give me some more privileges for those boys down there—and for me!”

**A**BOUT the middle of May, 1921, the Governor received a letter from Uncle Ben Tivetson. Would the Governor please do him the biggest favor in the world, and come down to the prison on Decoration Day morning, and see something the boys want to show him?

Joe Richards motored down. The warden, young Prescott, met him.

“You’re just in time for the exercises, Governor!”

“But I’ve really come down to see Uncle Ben Tivetson, Warden,” was the reply.

“You’ll see him, Governor! Come down into the yard.”

He was escorted by the warden to a kind of reviewing stand on which he found several of the prison officials, and a small group of people from the outside. The stand was decorated with the colors and faced a high rectangular granite shaft, that rose some fifty feet at the end of the prison yard. Hundreds of convicts stood in a long line opposite the reviewing stand, obviously waiting for something to occur.

“That memorial, Governor Richards,” said the warden, “was cut from our quarry by inmates, hewn into its present shape, chiseled by our own stone-cutters, and upon it are the names of the men from this prison who, evading the strict letter of the law, concealed the fact of their previous condition of servitude in this institution, and joined the forces of the United States in the Great War. There are over two hundred names on that shaft, and nine of them are marked by gold stars. I know, sir, that crime is crime, and law is law, and that those men had no lawful right to join their country’s forces in time of greatest need—but they did! I trust that you will permit it to stand there.”

Just then rose the strains of “The Star Spangled Banner,” played by the prison band, and, marching in good formation, there followed a long solid line of convicts, eight abreast.

Heading them, directly behind the band, marched Uncle Ben Tivetson, head erect, holding high the colors of the nation, his one eye set straight ahead—set, indeed, so straight ahead that he could not see, as he passed, that the Governor saluted; at one time, the flag of his country and the granite shaft beyond.

## THE BRIGHT SHAWL

(Continued from  
page 45)

You must come to our house. Papa sends you this.” He smiled delightfully.

They were standing, and Charles waved toward the dining-room. “Suppose we go in there and have a drink.” In Havana he continually found himself in situations of the most gratifying maturity—here he was, in the dining-room of the Inglaterra Hotel, with a tall rum punch before him, about to smoke a cigar. He was a little doubtful about the latter—its length was formidable; and he delayed lighting it until Andrés had partly eclipsed himself in smoke. But to his private satisfaction, Charles enjoyed the cigar completely.

He liked his companion enormously, noticing, as they sat in a comfortable silence, fresh details: Andrés’ hair, ink-black, grew in a peak on his forehead; the silk case which held his cigars was bound in gold; his narrow shoes were patent leather with high heels. But what, above all else, impressed Charles, was his evident worldly poise, the palpable air of experience that clung to him. Andrés was at once younger and much older than himself.

“How are you interested?” Andrés asked. “In—girls? I know some very nice ones.”

“Not in the least,” Charles Abbott replied decidedly; “the only thing I care for is politics and the cause of justice and freedom.”

**A**NDRÉS ESCOBAR gazed swiftly at the occupied tables around them; not far away there was a party of Spanish officers in loose short tunics and blue trousers. Then, without commenting on Charles’ assertion, he drank from his

glass of punch. “Some very nice girls,” he repeated. Charles was overwhelmed with chagrin at his indiscretion; Andrés would think that he was a babbling idiot. At the same time he was slightly impatient; his faith in the dangers of Havana had been shaken by the city’s profound placidity, its aspect of unalloyed pleasure. “You should know my friends,” Andrés went on conversationally. “Remigio Florez—they are great coffee-planters—and Jaime, Jaime Quintara, and Tirso Labrador. They will welcome you, as I.”

Charles explained his intention of learning Spanish, of fencing; and the other promised his unreserved assistance. He would have a teacher of languages sent to the hotel and himself take Charles to the fencing school. “Tomorrow!” he promised. The drinks were finished, the cigars consumed in long ashes, and Andrés Escobar rose to go. As they walked toward the Paseo, the Cuban said: “You must be very careful; *liberty* is a dangerous word; it is discussed only in private; in our *tertulia* you may speak.” He held out a straightforward palm. “We shall be friends.”

Again in his room, Charles dwelt on Andrés, conscious of the birth of a great liking, the friendship the other had put into words. He wanted to be like Andrés, as slender and graceful, with his hair in a peak and a worldly, contained manner. Charles was thin, rather than slender, more awkward than not; decidedly fragile in appearance. And his experience of life had been less than nothing. Yet he would make up for all this lack by the fervor of his attachment to the cause of Cuba. He recalled all the stories he knew of foreign soldiers

heroic in an adopted cause; that was an even more ideal form of service than the natural attachment to a land of birth.

He moved a chair out on his balcony, and sat above the extended irregular roof of the Tacon Theater, watching the dusk flood the white marble ways. The lengthening shadows of the Parque blurred, joined in one; the façades were golden and then dimly violet; the Gate of Montserrat lost its boldness of outline. Cries rose from the streets: “*Cuidado! Cuidado!*” and “*Naranjas, naranjas dulces!*” The evening news-sheets were called in long, falling inflections.

What surprised him was that, although he had more than an ordinary affection for his home, his father and mother, now, here, they were of no importance, no reality to him. He never, except by an objective effort, gave the North, the past, a thought. He was carried above personal relationships and familiar regard; at a blow his old ties had been severed; the new held him in the grip of their infinite possibilities. All the petty things of self were obscured in the same way that the individual aspects of the city below him were being merged into one dignity of tone.

Yet at the same time his mood had a charming reality—the suaveness of Andrés Escobar. His, Charles Abbott’s, would be a select, an aristocratic, fate; the end, when it overtook him, would find him in beautiful snowy linens, dignified, exclusive, to the last. His would be no pothouse brawling. That was his double necessity, the highest form of good in circumstances of the first breeding. One, perhaps, to his esthetic fiber, was as important as the other. And





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**PEARLS**

dressing for dinner, he spoiled three shirts in the exactly right fixing of his studs.

In the dining-room he pressed a liberal sum of American money on the head waiter, and was conducted to the table he had occupied at breakfast. Everyone, practically, except some unspeakable tourists, was in formal clothes; and the conversations, the sparkling light, were like the champagne, everywhere evident. Charles chose a Spanish wine, the Marquis de Riscal, and prolonged his sitting over a cigar, a Partagas like those in Andrés' silk case, and coffee. He had never before tasted coffee with such a rich, thick savor; its fragrance alone, blending with the blue smoke of his cigar, filled him with pleasure.

The room was long, tiled, and had, against the far wall, a great mirror which held in reverse the gay sweep of the tables—the heavily powdered shoulders of women, the prismatic flashes of diamonds, and men's animated faces. The reflections were almost as fascinating as the reality, and Charles gazed from one to the other.

While drinking, he saw, was universal, none was drunk; and for that reason his attention was held by two men at the table next to his: the waiter had left a bottle of brandy, and the individual facing Charles, with a sallow face from which depended, like a curtain, a square-cut black beard, was filling and refilling his thimble-sized glass. He was watching, with a shifting intentness of gaze, all who entered; and suddenly, as Charles' eyes were on him, he put down his half-lifted brandy, and a hand went under the fold of his coat.

Charles turned, involuntarily, and saw a small immaculate Cuban with gray hair and a ribbon in his buttonhole advancing through the tables. He was a man of distinguished appearance, important, it was evident, for a marked number of people bowed as he passed. When he had gone on, the bearded individual rose, swaying slightly, and with his hand still under his coat, rapidly overtook the other.

Charles Abbott had an impulse to cry out: but oppressed by a sense of helplessness dread, impending disaster, without a sound or power of movement, he followed the course of the second figure. The two were now at the end of the dining-room, close to the mirror, when the man with the decoration stopped and turned sharply. There was the sudden stabbing report of a pistol, and immediately following, a loud splintering crash. Charles had the crazy illusion that the man who had been shot was made of china, and would be found in broken bits on the floor.

There was an instantaneous hysterical uproar, dominated by the screams of women; in the panic which rose there was a rush for the entrance, a swirl of tearing satin and black dress coats. Then, even before he heard the concerted derisive amazement, Charles realized that, dazed by the brandy, the intended murderer had fired at the reflection of his mark in the mirror.

What an utterly ridiculous error! And yet Charles' hands were wet and cold, his heart pounding. Something of the mark-

ing gayety, the appearance of harmless high spirits, was stripped from the dining-room of the Inglaterra, from Havana. There was an imperative need for Andrés Escobar's caution. Charles' equanimity returned: in a steady manner he poured out more coffee. He was ashamed of his emotion; but, by heaven, that was the first of such violence he had witnessed; he knew that it happened; to a large degree its possibility had brought him to Cuba; yet directly before him, in a square beard and a decorating ribbon! On the floor was the torn painted gauze and broken ivory sticks of a woman's fan.

THE echo of that futile shot followed Charles Abbott to the Escobars, where, because of the often repeated names of its principals, he recognized that the affair was being minutely discussed. The room in which they sat had French windows opening on balconies above the Prado, a marble floor, and hanging from the remote ceiling, an immense chandelier of glass and pendant lusters. Its white frosty sparkle, like an illuminated wedding-cake, unaffected by cold prismatic green and red flashes, filled the interior with a brittle and chilly brightness. The chairs of pale gilt set against the walls, the dark island rugs, the darker heads of the Escobars, looked as though they were submerged in a vitreous fluid that preserved them in a hard pallor against any decline.

But it was cool; the constant night breeze, beginning, fluttered the window curtains and swayed the pennants of smoke from the cigars. Domingo Escobar finished what was evidently a satirical period with a decisive clearing of his throat. He was a small, rotund man with a gigantic mustache laid without a brown hair misplaced over a mouth kindly and petulant. His wife, Carmita, obese with indulgent indolence, her placid expression faintly acid, waved a little hand, like a blanched almond, indicative of her endless surprise at the clamor of men. Andrés was silent, immobile, faultless in his severity of black and white.

Charles had begun to admire him inordinately: above everything, Andrés possessed a simple warmth of heart, a generosity of emotion, together with a fastidious mind. Fortunate combination! And his person, his gestures and flashing speech, his brooding, were invested by an intangible quality of romance; whatever he did was absorbing, dramatic and—fateful. He was a trifle aloof, in spite of his impulsive humanity, a thought withdrawn as though by a shadow that might have been but his unflinching dignity.

Charles' gaze wandered from him to Narcisca, who, Domingo Escobar had said, resembled a flower-bud. As she sat in pale yellow ruffles, with her slim hands clasped and her composed face framed in a wide dense stream of hair, she was decidedly fetching. Or, rather, she gave promise of charm; at present she was too young to engage him in any considerable degree. Narcisca, he concluded, was fourteen. At very long intervals she looked up and he caught a lustrous, momentary interrogation of big black eyes. A very satisfactory sister

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We have the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each fabric, pastel shades of Edelweiss organdie and dotted Swiss, and checked gingham, was given the number of launderings it would receive from the average wearer.

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# LUX



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for Andrés Escobar to have; and wondering at the absence of Vincente, the eldest son, Charles asked Andrés about his brother.

A marked constraint was immediately visible in the family around him. Vincente, he was informed abruptly, was out of Havana; he had had to go to Matanzas. Later, on the balcony over the Prado, Andrés added an absorbing detail: "Vincente, we think, is in the party of liberation. But you must say nothing. I do not know; Vincente will not speak; but Mamma has noticed the *gendarmes* in front of the house, and when she drives."

"I should like to talk to him," Charles Abbott declared; "you must arrange it for me. Look here: there's nobody around; I might as well tell you that's why I came to Cuba, to fight the cursed Spanish. I'm—I'm serious; there's nothing I wouldn't do; and if I have to be killed, why, I am ready for that. It's all worked out in my head, except some petty little details. Cuba ought to be free; this oppression is horrible, like a spell on you—you're all afraid to more than whisper—that *must* be broken. I have a good little bit of money, and I can get more. You've got to help me."

Andrés clasped his hand. "This is wonderful!" His lowered exclamation vibrated with feeling. "How can you have that nobility! I am given to it, and Jaime and Remigo Florez and Tirso. But we are going to wait; we think that is better; Spain shall pay us when the time comes. Those students, eight of them, who were shot, were well known to us. They put them against a wall by the prison and fired. You could hear it clearly. But when we are ready, the Spanish Volunteers—" Hatred closed his throat, drew him up rigidly. "Not yet," he insisted; "this shall be different, forever. Perhaps your country will help us then."

Charles was increasingly impatient; he couldn't, he felt, wait, delay his gesture

for freedom. He conceived the idea that he might kill the Captain General of Spain in Cuba, shoot him from the step of his carriage and cry that it was a memorial for the eight medical students he had murdered. Andrés dissuaded him; it would, he said, only make the conditions of living more difficult, harsh, put off the other, the final, consummation.

Below, on the promenade, the rows of gas-lamps shone wanly through the close leaves of the India laurels; there was a ceaseless sauntering throng of men; then, from the Plaza de Armas, there was the hollow *rat-tat* of drums, of tattoo. It was nine o'clock. The night was magnificent, and Charles Abbott was choked by his emotions; it seemed to him that his heart must burst with its expanding desire of heroic good. He had left the earth for cloudy glories; his blood turned to a silver essence distilled in ethereal honor; he was no longer a body, but a vow, a purpose.

One thing, in a surpassing humility, he decided, and turned to Andrés. "Very well, if you think the other is best. Listen to me: I swear never to leave Cuba, never to have a different thought or a hope, never to consider myself at all, until you are free."

The intent face of Andrés, dim in the gloom of the balcony, was like a holy seal upon his dedication. A clatter of hoofs rose from below—the passage of a squad of the *gendarmes* on gray horses, their white coats a chalky glimmer in the night. Andrés and Charles watched them until they vanished toward the Parque Isabel; then Andrés swore, softly.

Again in his room at the Inglaterra, Charles speculated about the complications of his determination to stay in Cuba until it was liberated from Spain. That, he began to realize, might require years. Questions far more difficult rose than any created by a mere immediate sacrifice—the attitude of his father, for example; he, conceivably, would try to force him home, shut off the supply of

money. Meanwhile, since the Inglaterra was quite expensive, he would move to a less pretentious place. And in the morning Charles installed himself at the Hotel San Felipe, kept on Ancha del Norte Street, near the bay, by a German woman.

His room was on the top floor, on, really, a gallery leading to the open roof. It was much frequented after dinner, in a cooling air that bore the restrained masculine chords of guitars; on the right he could see the flares of Morro Castle, and farther, the western coast lying black on the sea. He had his room there, and the first breakfast, but his formal breakfast and dinner he took at the Restaurant Français, the Aguila d'Oro, or the Café Dominica. Late, with Andrés and their circle, their *tertulia*, Charles would idle at the El Louvre over ice-cream or the sherbets called *helados* in Havana. On such occasions they talked with a studied audible care of the most frivolous things, while Charles cherished close at heart the sensation of their dangerous secret and patient wisdom, the assurance that some day their sacred resolution would like lightning shatter their pretense of docility.

YET in spite of the dark texture of their minds, they were, at times, casually happy, intent, together, on mundane affairs. They were, all five, inseparable: Jaime Quintara, the eldest, was even more of an exquisite than Andrés; he imported his lemon-colored gloves by the box from Paris, where they were made to his measure; and in them, it was the common jest, he went to bed. He was almost fat, with absurdly small feet and a perceptible mustache. In addition, he was in love with a girl who lived on Gloria Street; altogether he was a man of the world. Remigo Florez was absolutely different: the son of a great coffee estate in Pinar del Rio, of limitless riches, he was still simple and unaffected, short, with a round cheerful face and innocent lips. Tirso Labrador was tall and heavy; he had the carriage of a cavalry officer, a dragoon; and slow mentally, his chief characteristic was a remarkable steadfastness, a loyalty of friendship, admiration, for his more brilliant companions. Tirso Labrador was very strong, and it was his boast, when they were alone, that he intended to choke a Spaniard slowly to death with his naked hands.

Except, however, for the evening, Charles was rarely idle; upheld by his fervor, he studied Spanish with an instructor through most of the morning, and rode, or fenced in the *sala*, in the afternoon. His knowledge of Spanish, supplemented by his friends, grew rapidly; he had, his teacher declared, a very special aptitude for the language. Domingo Escobar got great delight from throwing sentences, queries, at him with inconceivable rapidity; and by pretending that every phrase Charles attempted was senseless.

Narcisa, when he was present, contrived to sit with her gaze on her hands folded in her ruffled lap and to lift her widely opened eyes for sudden interrogations. She was, Charles was forced to admit, notably pretty; in fact, for a little





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But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

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He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why he lost interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

\* \* \*

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girl, she was a beauty. Now, if she had been twenty, he might have had a hopeless passion for her—hopeless not because she failed to return it, but for the reason that he was a man without a future—some day, they both knew, he would leave her for stark death.

They went, Charles and Andrés, Tirso and Remigo and Jaime, to the Tacon Theater for every play, where they occupied a box in the first row, the *primer piso*, and lounged, between the acts, on the velvet rail with their high silk hats and canes and *boutonnieres*. At times there were capital troupes of players and dancers from Andalusia, and the evening was well spent. They liked, too, the *zarzuelas*, the operettas in one act, largely improvised with local allusions. But they most warmly applauded the dancers.

ONE such, La Clavele, from Seville, was announced by posters all over the city; and at the moment she was to appear on the Tacon stage, Tirso had his heavy arm about Remigo's shoulders; Jaime's gloved hands were draped over his cane; and Charles was sitting in the rear of the box with Andrés. The orchestra began a sharply accented dance-measure—it was a *jota*,—and a lithe figure in a *mantón* of blazing silks and a raked black felt hat made a sultry bow.

La Clavele was indolent; she tapped a heel and sounded her castanets experimentally; a reminiscent smile hovered on the somber beauty of her face. Suddenly Charles' attention was wholly captured by the dancer; he leaned forward, gazing over Remigo's shoulder, vaguely conscious of the sound of guitars and suppressed drums, the insistent ring of a triangle. She stamped her foot now, and the castanets were sharp, exasperated. Then slowly she began to dance.

She wove a design of simple grace with her hips still and her arms lifted and swaying; she leaned back, her eyes, under the slanted brim of her hat, half closed; and her movements, the rhythm, grew more pronounced. Through the music Charles could hear the stamp of her heels, the augmented shrilling of the castanets. Her fire increased; there were great scarlet peonies on her shawl, and they fluttered as though they were troubled by a rising wind. La Clavele swept in a widening circle on her hips, and her arms were now extended and now thrust down rigidly behind her.

She dominated the cruel colors of her shawl with a savage intensity that made them but the expressions of her feelings—the scarlet and magenta and burning orange and blue were her visible moods, her capriciousness and contempt and variability and searing passion. Her hat was flung across the stage, and with her bound hair shaking loose from its

high shell comb, she swept into an appalling fury, a tormented human flame, of ecstasy. When Charles Abbott felt that he could support it no longer, suddenly she was, apparently, frozen into the immobility of a stone.

An uproar of applause rose from the theater, a confusion of cries, of "Olé!" "Olé!" "Anda!" "Anda!" "Chiquella!" A flight of men's hats sailed like birds around her. Jaime Quintara pounded his cane until it broke, and with the others, Charles shouted his unrestrained Spanish approbation. They crowded into the front of the box, intent on every movement, every aspect, of the dancer. Afterward, at the Tuileries, Andrés expressed their concerted feeling:

"The most magnificent woman alive!"

Jaime went across the café to speak to a man who had a connection with the Tacon Theater. He returned with an assortment of information—La Clavele was staying at the St. Louis; she would be in Havana for a month; and she had been seen with Captain Ceaza y Santacilla, of the regiment of Isabel II. This latter fact cast them into a gloom; and Remigo Florez so far broke the ban of sustained caution as to swear, in the name of the Lady of Caridad, at Santacilla and his kind.

Nothing, though, could reduce their enthusiasm for La Clavele; they worshipped her severally and together, discussing to the last shading her every characteristic. She was young, but already the greatest dancer the world had—would ever have, Charles added. And Andrés was instructed to secure the box for her every appearance in Havana; and they must learn, they decided, if she was to dance in Santiago de Cuba, in Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, in Cathay. They, if it were mortally possible, would be present. Meanwhile none of them was to take advantage of the others in the contingency that she should miraculously come to love him. That incredible happiness the individual must sacrifice to his friendship, his oath above all other oaths—Cuba. The country's name was not spoken, but it was entirely understood.

They were standing on the lower floor, by the stairs which led up to the salon for women; and sharply Charles grasped Andrés' arm. Passing them was a slender and beautiful woman. Behind her strode a Spanish officer of cavalry, his burnished scabbard hooked on his belt against its silver chain; short, with a thick, sanguine neck above the band of his tunic, he had morose pale blue eyes and the red hair of compounded but distinct bloods.

"La Clavele!" Charles whispered. "It must be that damned captain, Santacilla, with her."

The ensuing installment of this fascinating novel by the author of the much-discussed "Linda Condon" and "Cytherea," is noteworthy indeed. Watch for it in the forthcoming July issue.



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## THE SWIMMING MASTER

(Continued from page 92)

"By the way, Mrs. Fisk," she said, "you took my room away from me for two months, and it's now six. I want it back today."

The landlady's voice rose shrilly: "You keep the room you've got, and be thankful for it."

Jean tapped Mrs. Fisk on the shoulder. "Not one cent of rent do you get from me until I'm moved back into my old room. I'm your steadiest roomer, and you need me. I'm through being used for a doormat," Jean sailed on, followed by Mrs. Fisk's meek, "All right, Miss Atwood."

JEAN was feeling very fit indeed. As she jammed into the subway train, a young girl who was chewing gum tried to shove her way into the seat Jean was about to confiscate. She planted a well-muscled elbow under the young person's arm.

"Thank you so much," murmured Jean, and sank into the seat with a smile for the other's scowl.

When she reached her drawing-board, instead of taking up her pencil, she gazed long at the detail on which she was at work. Then, very deliberately, she shrugged her shoulders and taking a huge bundle of sketches from her locker, she made her way along the hall to the door marked "Private." She rapped smartly at the door, and when Mr. Elkins called "Come in!" she entered without apology.

"Good morning, Mr. Elkins," she said. "Wont you please ask Mr. Farrow to come in? I have something I want to say to both of you."

The boss' astonishment shone in his face. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

Jean nodded. "I know it looks queer, but I can't go over Mr. Farrow's head, and he refused to hand my suggestions on to you. So I'm going to see you both together."

There was silence in the room for a moment while the two eyed each other appraisingly. Then the boss fumbled for the push-button.

Jim Farrow's lower jaw sagged as he came in and saw Jean spreading her sketches on the desk.

"Miss Atwood has something to say which she will say only to the two of us, Farrow," said Mr. Elkins. "We are quite ready, Miss Atwood."

Jean cleared her throat. Her cheeks were a richer rose than usual; her eyes were deep and clear.

"We all know out in the other room that things aren't going well with our business, that we lose more bids than we win. They say that you, Mr. Elkins, are a field engineer, a construction executive and not a bridge-designer. And as for Mr. Farrow, while he's a first-class draftsman, he couldn't create a culvert for a country road. And he's determined that no woman shall make designs for Elkins and Company. The chief engineer is old-fashioned. He was clever when your father was here to supply the ideas, but he's no good now."

Jean moistened her lips while the two men stared at each other. Elkins' face was expressionless, but Jim Farrow's was flushed angrily.

"Now, look here, Miss Atwood—" he began.

"Wait a minute, Jim," said the boss. "What is your suggestion, Miss Atwood?"

"This," replied Jean, laying her hand on one of the sketches. "Here is an idea for the new bridge which I sketched at home. You see, you aren't bold enough. You stick too closely to tradition. There's no reason why you should do all the expensive grading indicated in the chief engineer's and Mr. Farrow's design. Why not a full steel construction from Hill 31 to Hill 40, like this combination suspension? Then you cut down the expense of your substructure."

The two men gazed in silence at the sketches. Bold indeed, and graceful, but of obvious strength and simplicity swung the great spider web across the cañon.

"It will demand unusual care and resourcefulness of the field engineer, of course," said Jean a little breathlessly, "but they say, out in the drafting-room, that you have no equal in America as a field executive. There's that marvelous concrete single arch at El Muerto and the cantilever at Deep River and the three-mile suspension trestle at Twin Peaks. You and your father must have made a great team, Mr. Elkins."

She was speaking as though she and the boss were alone in the room. Jim Farrow looked like a man of stone. Bill Elkins' thin face was deeply flushed. He turned from the sketches to stare out of the window. After a moment he said gruffly:

"Jim, you go out and get the chief. If you'll leave the sketches here, Miss Atwood, I'll call you again in the course of an hour."

Jean bolted. She realized suddenly that she was very thirsty and very weak about the knees. She returned to her desk and sat for a long time, making a careful sketch of nothing in particular. At the end of that time she was summoned by the stony-faced Farrow.

The chief engineer rose as she entered the room. "My hat is off to you, Miss Atwood. It's a real idea. You've no objections to some changes in detail, have you?"

"That depends!" replied Jean carefully.

The boss smiled. "Sit down, Miss Atwood. There are a number of things to go over. Farrow, tell Howard not to start for Arizona today and tell those chaps in the other room there'll be night work for the next week. Now, then, Howard."

THE session lasted until mid-afternoon. When it was finished, Jean's bridge, unchanged in its essentials, was the bridge on which Elkins and Company was to make its bid. She was glad that the rush into which the decision plunged all hands was so great that no one thought to make any particular comment on her share in





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the shift of plans. So, she knew, would they have treated any man in the firm, and she felt that in taking her contribution for granted they were paying her the final compliment that a woman may receive in the business world.

During the week that followed, nobody slept much, but the drawings, strain-sheets and specifications for the bid were finished on time Friday night. The boss ordered the office closed all day Saturday, and Jean joined a party for a week-end at Atlantic City.

Sunday afternoon they all adjourned to the pool. Jean did not go in at first. She was sitting with her feet dangling in the water, watching her friends splash about, when a pair of long, well-muscled legs appeared beside her, and a familiar, carefully modulated voice said:

"Still afraid to go in, Miss Engineer?"

Jean looked up at the boss with startled eyes. "Where did you come from?" she exclaimed.

"I heard you tell young Archer of your week-end plan," replied Elkins. "I may be a failure as a bridge-designer, but I can swim. Would you like me to give you a lesson?"

"Yes, you may try." Jean rose as she spoke. "Come along." They were at the deep end of the pool, and she dropped over in a clean, silent dive, coming up twenty feet away. Elkins did not stir. Jean came back with a long

overarm stroke, shook herself on the steps like a puppy, and dropped down beside the boss.

He was a little white about the lips. "Why did you deceive me last summer? It was a cheap trick. You swim as well as you play tennis."

Jean felt that she had mismanaged her moment of revenge. "I didn't deceive you!" she cried indignantly. "I couldn't swim a stroke last summer, and I was more afraid of water than you can possibly imagine. But no one can call me a coward twice."

"You mean that you've learned since? Who taught you?"

"A swimming master," replied Jean thoughtfully, "who is considerable of a person, when you come to think of it."

"Hadden't you thought of that before?"

"No, I was too busy fighting fear, and after that I was too busy reforming you." Jean's lovely black eyes, brimming with mischief, turned to the boss.

"What did he have to say about you?" asked Elkins, his face as inscrutable as usual.

"Why, nothing, of course; I was just a pupil."

The boss dropped his aloof manner sufficiently to grunt. "He must be bald-headed and toothless, then."

Jean suddenly laughed. She never had had a beau, never had wasted the richness of first love in the little searing processes

of flirtation. Yet there was that in the "snob's" manner that she recognized as well as would any accomplished belle.

"Oh, Jean," called Mrs. Turner, "it's time to go up for dinner! We're all coming out."

"All right; I'll have a swim and follow shortly," replied Jean. "Goodness," she went on to Elkins, "our party is the last in the pool. It's nearly seven o'clock. Come on in. We'll have the water to ourselves."

The boss plunged in after her. "Show me your strokes," he said as he overtook her.

**B**UT Jean had no desire to show off. She had had her triumph and was quite content. She laughed again.

"No, it's your turn. I've done my bit." She climbed up to the marble step at the shallow end.

"Whew," she went on conversationally, "they keep this room too warm, don't they? Go ahead! I can see your stroke well from here."

But the boss, shaking his thick wet hair out of his eyes, sat down beside her. And suddenly there was a boyish look in his face that Jean never before had seen there.

"Do you know, if we win the bid, who is going to act as field engineer?" he asked her.

"No, I don't," replied Jean.

"Well, I am. For five years I've tried to carry out my father's idea that I manage the office, and now I'm through, thanks to you. How did you ever come to think it out?"

"I didn't think it out. Everybody in the office knew what a mistake you were making. What I wonder at is where I got the courage to talk to you as I did."

"Did it take so much courage? I thought"—this very gently—"that though we'd talked to each other so little, we knew each other perfectly, from that very first day."

Jean looked at him quickly, her parted lips giving ever so small a glimpse of her white teeth. The boss laid his hand softly on her warm wet knee. "Didn't it seem so to you?" he urged.

"Yes," replied Jean, "even though you were disappointed in me so long."

"And you in me!"

They both laughed. Jean looked down at the thin, strong hand on her knee.

"Why do you suppose I never had a beau?" she asked suddenly.

"Probably because you never wanted one. But you've got one now, whether you want him or not. You needn't look around; the attendant went to supper five minutes ago."

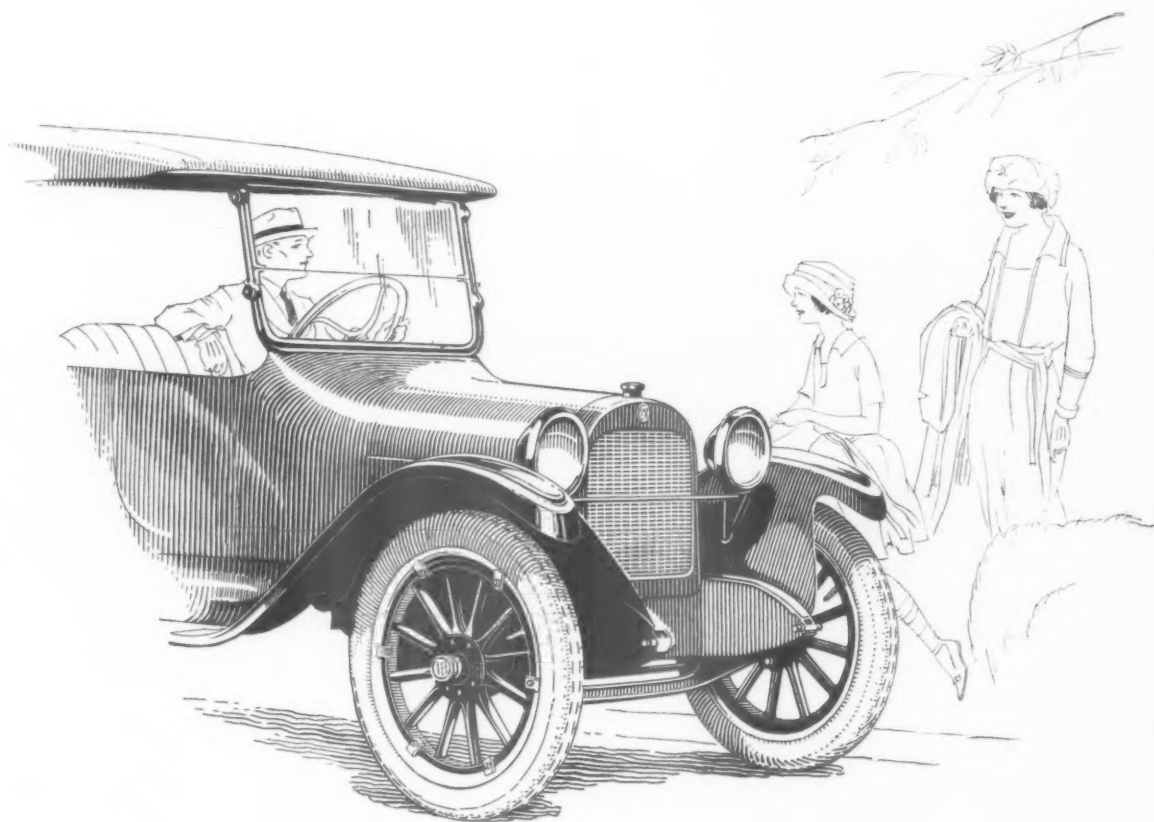
"So must I!" exclaimed Jean, rising.

The boss rose too, and caught both her hands in his.

She lifted her lovely face and stared long and wistfully into the blue eyes above hers. They were very fine blue eyes, with a high degree of pride and intelligence in them. But evidently Jean found more than this in them, for when the boss wrapped her in his arms as if he never meant to let her go, she only put her arms about his neck with that gesture that is as old as Eve, a gesture expressing the highest, the deepest, the sweetest joy that life can hold.

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# Dependable



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DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

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# THE BULL BAITERS

(Continued from page 50)



## The Buckle Snaps Too

First came a button that added to the comfortable soft cuff a new convenience and smartness. Proving its stability, improving its utility.

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wives or kids, or else they got some little sweetie, only they'll never have none as nice as the one that I got, and I sure will do the right thing by you.

"So, honey, just you take good care of yourself—and wait for old Bull to make things come out all right. You aint no more crazy about me than I am about you; I just go around grinning like a kid.

"I guess I will close now. Sweetie, you wont have to use them crutches much when I'm around, because I'll carry you. That's the kind of a guy I am.

"Yours truly,

"Bull Feeney."

Peewee Patterson slowly folded up the letter, fitted it back in the envelope, and tossed it on the table around which sat the dumbfounded board of strategy. For a full minute the silence was golden. Finally Rube Ferguson tilted back in his chair and sighed profoundly.

"There it goes!" he commented. "There goes your old ball-game! I'll tell the world that's gumming it up the prettiest I ever seen! Say, who started this thing?"

"Don't look at me," protested Peewee. "We was all in on it. What I want to know is: how come Bull to get switched off on to little Sweetie? You fellows know who he's talking about. It's that little Jane that sits over by first base. The one we call Sweetie."

"She aint on crutches!" protested Rube.

"Yes, she is; I seen her on the street the other day, and she's a mighty nice little girl. Lefty, where did you sit that day?"

"Don't try to start nothin' with me," growled Lefty. "I sat just where you nuts told me—to the right of the plate. I come down the aisle and swung over toward third base—"

"First base!" shrieked Peewee. "That's the right-hand side."

"No, it aint," snarled Lefty. "Not the way pitchers look at it, it aint! And don't an umpire face the stands the same way? I doped it out, and I'll bust you one right on the—"

"Oh, my Gawd!" moaned Patterson. "That letter was supposed to be from a girl, not an umpire or a pitcher! I ask you a simple question: did you ever see a left-hander that wasn't cuckoo? I'm offa you for life—I'm through!"

Truck Darrow banged a heavy fist on the table. "Oh, no, you aint! You aint through by a long ways. You go to Bull Feeney—"

"Me!"

"Ye-ah, you! Wasn't it your bright idea to sink the hooks into him? Well, you got 'em in; now let's see you get 'em out!"

Rube Ferguson chimed in:

"If Bull aint put wise that it's a frame-up, he'll send for his mother, and go call on Sweetie. That will gum things up prettier than ever. We'll be shown up for a lot of yaller dogs, wont we? Say, read that letter again, will you? Read

that part about him laying off of us, and about carrying her around."

Peewee complied, and there was another aftermath of sober silence.

Rube broke it:

"I'll tell the world I'm for that guy! Looks like we done him a lot of dirt. Umpirin' is a tough job."

Truck Darrow nodded emphatically. "I'll say it is. I was an umpire once in the Texas League. Bull's got my sympathy. Peewee, you gotta tell the old boy that we crossed him. He wont feel no worse than I do."

Peewee Patterson's face paled under the tan. "Looks like I'm stuck for it," he admitted, "but I'd rather be shot; honest to Gawd, I would! I didn't figure Bull was that kind of a guy at all; I had him all wrong. I hope he gets mad and burns us up, but I got a hunch he's going to cave in. Them big rough-necks are nearly all that way. Let's make it a committee. I'll do the talkin', but some of you fellows oughta come along, or he wont believe me.

Rube Ferguson grunted dismally:

"I'll see you through."

"Well, I'll be the other goat," said Lefty. "He's stopping down at the St. Regis. Let's go get it over with."

THAT interview between the King of the Umps and three representatives of the Board of Strategy forms no part of the records of the Coast League; nor will what transpired ever be revealed. Afterward the three ball-players wandered into a soft-drink establishment and sat down to think it over.

"When I was over in France," said Rube, "I seen a big observation balloon brought down by a shell. One moment, it was up there, big as you please, tugging at a cable and shining in the sun; it looked like a million dollars. The next minute—bingo! Spurt of red, puff of smoke, and down she come—just cavin' in, and droppin' faster and faster! There wasn't much left when we got there; it kinda turned me."

Peewee nodded vigorously. "Boy, you said something. I'm sick. If he'd only opened up on us, instead of just sitting there lookin'. I'm going to drop a line to my sister, and tell her to get acquainted with this Jane, and sound her out. Dolly's a good scout. Maybe Sweetie can be induced to fall for this guy, and then everything's jake."

"Now you're talkin'!" said Lefty. "Why didn't you think of that a little earlier? Your sister can introduce the whole gang, and then we can all smoke it up about what a grand fellow Bull is. Now you're gettin' the old eye on the ball! This game aint lost yet!"

"No," Rube admitted, "it aint lost, but there's two out in the ninth, and I'll tell the world it's going to take a swell little battin'-rally to save the beans!"

"I'll lead off, then," said Peewee.

And he did—wrote home that night and implored his sister to come to their rescue. In Miss Patterson's behalf, it should





## *Master of the Highway*

Under the hood of the Paige 6-66 is a mighty 70-horsepower engine that performs its work with the ease and smoothness of a giant turbine. This vast reserve power means not only great performing ability but long life and uninterrupted service.

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You should ride in the Paige to learn the zest of ample power and perfectly balanced chassis construction. Then you will at once notice the benefits of 131 inches of wheel base and 61-inch rear springs.

And if you should desire to own one—as you undoubtedly will—there is a pleasant surprise in store. For the Master of the Highway is now yours for \$2195.

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be stated that she did her very best. Nothing could please a young girl more than a romantic commission like that. But she encountered a blind trail. A week passed, and then another. Peewee and his team-mates were in Salt Lake; Bull Feeney was still in Portland. The following letter came from Miss Patterson:

"Dearest Bud:

"I can't find any trace of her. No one seems to know her address. The ushers say they haven't seen her since the Sunday afternoon when we did that foolish thing. Did you know she was the daughter of a very famous umpire? No wonder she took so much interest in the game. It seems perfectly dreadful to think of a girl on crutches sitting there day after day watching you boys so full of life and health!

"You don't suppose anything could have happened to her? Some one told me she looked terribly frail. If there's anything further I can do, telegraph at once.

"Dolly."

That letter left its recipients panic-stricken.

"We sure hit into a double-play," said Rube Ferguson. "We put old Bull down and out, and now it looks like we smeared the other end of it. Didn't Bull say he got her address off a kid, and sent her some flowers? I'll bet he put a fool note into it, and that's why she don't come to the games! You can figure out just the line of stuff he'd hand her after getting them letters. The thing to do now is to get the address off of Bull."

PEEWEE shook his head. "How you going to do that? Bull's in Portland, and anyway, you couldn't get the address out of him in a million years. He's all broke up; he's through! If we let on that she don't go to the games no more, that will hurt him worse than ever."

"Peewee's right," said Lefty. "Next week we play at home, and Bull will be there too. We can look him over, and see whether he's got the old pep back, and if he aint—why, we'll have to go out and do a little gum-shoe work. Some of these club officials ought to know her. Last week, Bull give me the Willies—"

"Me too," agreed Collins, first baseman. "Remember, Lefty, when we had Burton trapped off the bag? It was pretty close, but I had him all right. Bull calls him safe, and of course I give him the grand razz. I expected him to tell me I'd find the clubhouse in the same old place, but all he says was: 'Well, George, I'm sorry if I booted it; but he looked safe to me, and I can't do no more than call 'em the way I see 'em.'"

"That's just it," said Lefty. "What can you do when a guy talks like that to you? He's got you on the hip!"

Rube Ferguson nodded grimly. "McGovern's wife was took sick last week, and seems like Bull heard about it. Every day he was askin' the boss how she was, and he never turned in those last two fines. I never seen a man change so completely. Who'd ever have thought it of that guy?"

"I aint felt quite so mean," sighed Peewee, "since that time at Vernon when Charley Jackson slid into third, and carved off my bunion with his spikes. Oh, boy, I wanta tell you—"

"Never mind," said Lefty. "You told us about that lots of times. I hope he slides into you again; that's all I hope. You started this whole mess, and you gotta get us out of it. Next week, we'll see how Bull looks."

THE days passed uneventfully. Back of Fate's impenetrable curtain, the stage was being set for the final scene. The team returned to the St. Clair grounds. Bull Feeney's assignment sent him to the same place. They were very much shocked when they beheld him.

"He ought to lay off," opined Ferguson. "The old boy aint there—no life, no pep. Seems like he was ten years older. I seen him lookin' up at the stands a little while ago. He knows now that she must be off of him for life! He sees she aint in the old seat."

"Maybe she's sittin' somewhere's else," Peewee suggested. "All of us oughta give the crowd the once-over."

They tried to follow out this idea, but all they succeeded in doing was to lose the game, and Brick McGovern was driven to vigorous protests. Their efforts at sleuthing were just as unproductive. No one seemed to know Miss O'Donnell's address. They were stumped. Then one Sunday afternoon, in the last game of the series, the drama climaxed swiftly.

Bull Feeney was umpiring on the bases, and all through the game certain players were aware that his condition was very bad. The florid gills, by which they had once identified him, were colorless now, and his face was drawn.

"What do you figure that guy is doing?" asked Ferguson. "Wednesday, he was lookin' pretty good. I thought everything was jake again. He was kiddin' with me, and seemed to have all his pep back. Yesterday he looked bad, but this afternoon he's white as a ghost. Brick was tellin' me that Bull tried to beg off workin', but on account of his partner being new, they wouldn't stand for it. I tell you, he's weak as a cat."

"It's the heat," said Peewee. "All them fleshy guys suffer in the heat."

"Ye-ah, but this one aint even sweatin'. You watch Bull tryin' to cut across the diamond on a play at third. He runs like he was drunk. I wonder if he's hittin' the old bottle?"

"He's calling the plays too good for that," Lefty remonstrated. "No, that bird is just in; that's all. I don't think he's going to last the game."

LEFTY came very near to calling the turn. Bull Feeney just managed to finish on his feet—and that was all. Peewee Patterson was the last batter of the day. He sent a twisting grounder to short, and was off like a shot, trying to beat the throw. He lost out by such a close margin that he looked back as he flashed past the bag, hoping that Bull might give it to him. But Feeney was lumbering heavily forward, one thumb crooked over his shoulder, and his lips framing the word, "Out!"

Then, with the game over, the King of the Umps took a few uncertain steps toward his dressing-room, swayed a moment, and with Peewee still watching him, pitched face forward on the grass. When they got to his side, he was in a cold faint.

Ferguson, Peewee, Lefty and Brick McGovern helped to carry him into the seclusion of the little room under the stands. They shoed the other players away.

"We know what's wrong," mumbled Peewee. "We'll take care of him. Get away!"

By dint of vigorous massage, and liberal applications of cold water, they restored Bull to consciousness.

"Gawdamighty, Bull," besought Peewee, kneeling by his side, "you got me scared cuckoo. Don't take it so hard, man! We been lookin' for her to try and fix things all jake. Just you tell us where she lives, and we'll square it all up—you wont have to do nothin'."

Bull Feeney's lips curved in an odd smile. "She's in the hospital," he whispered. "That's the trouble; that's how I come to blow out like that."

"In the hospital?" cried Lefty. "Gee, what's the trouble, Bull? She aint bad off, is she?"

FEENEY propped himself into a sitting posture with their help. He spoke slowly:

"No, she aint bad off now. She's going to come out all right, and she's going to get married—to a big bum."

"Hell!" said Peewee. "Aint that always the way? I ask you a simple question: did you ever see a girl yet that didn't fall for a fathead?"

"Tis a queer story," Feeney explained. "This little girl, you mind, was a cripple. Same trouble as Bill Kerrigan's kid. She was interested in the big bum, but not a bit would she encourage him, till she finds out whether an operation will help her to walk. So she goes to the hospital and falls for one of them bone-grafts. Operation is successful, but when she is comin' out from under the chloroform, she calls this big bum by name until Doc decides to send for him, and ask him what the hell's the big idea. The fellow's explanation makes everything O. K., but the little girl is so weak that they see she aint going to pull through—"

"I thought you said she was going to be married?" Peewee protested.

The King of the Umpires grinned up at them. The color was coming back to his gills.

"So I did," he assented. "I was but callin' the play the way it looked to me. She aint going to die. Better still, she's going to walk—that is, she'll be able to walk with aid of the fathead. You see, he didn't have much to offer her, but he had always lived clean, and he was built husky. There was one thing he could give her, and the doctor said 'twould save her—"

"What was that?" they demanded.

"Blood," he answered, "a quart of it, and every drop of it straight from the heart. Lift me up, you birds, and mind the bandages on me left arm; I promised her I'd be back right after the game!"

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EVERYBODY knows the wonderful story of Alice, and how she took a drink that made her grow into a teeny, weeny girl. And then how she ate the cake that had "eat me" written on it with currants, and grew into a great, big giantess, so tall she could scarcely see as far as her own feet.

In the delightful and fanciful story of "Alice in Wonderland," that was very wonderful food, you must admit. But not nearly so wonderful as Post Toasties are *actually*.

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# Post Toasties

— improved corn flakes

ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE



## WITHOUT MERCY

(Continued from  
page 79)

V-shaped heels and great claw-marks at the ends of the toes.

"A bear—a grizzly, too!" the man ejaculated as he bent down to study the footprints. "Lord, he must be a whopper. It's surely old Mose. There hasn't been another grizzly in these mountains for ten years. The cattle-men offer a thousand-dollar reward for Mose, Governor, old chap. Are you game to make a try for it? We need the money." Un equivocally the Airedale registered that he was.

Kootenai Jones hurried back to his cabin and dragged out his skis. He oiled his rifle and tested it with a trial shot against a distant snowbank, for hunting old Mose was a life-or-death adventure, as two men whose mangled bodies, found on the bear's cold trail, had well proved.

ALL Colorado knew Mose, a gigantic grizzly who had traveled down, years before, from his northern haunts, and found the Colorado cattle-ranges such an easy and satisfying hunting-ground that he elected to remain. Full-grown steers were an easy prey to him, as many a wrathful cattle-man could testify. He was a killer, a bear renegade, and he neither asked nor gave quarter to man or beast. Mose was the one bear in a thousand which would attack a man rather than run from him, and twice he had taken human life. For two years the Cattle-men's Association had advertised a reward of a thousand dollars to the man who collected old Mose's debt, long-overdue, to the world he defied.

With a pouch of food slung across his shoulders, for Mose was a great traveler and the trail might be a long one, Kootenai, with Governor leading the way, skied up over the ridge on the bear's trail.

"Mose is planning on a beefsteak breakfast. We'll find him in the valley; and," laughed Jones grimly, "we'll be a thousand dollars richer before nightfall—or they'll find Governor and me when the snow melts in the spring."

Just at the edge of the woods Kootenai Jones saw other tracks—a man's—which cut into the bear's at right angles, and then swung round to follow them.

"Competition!" he murmured. "Possibly help in a crisis, too, though the man ahead of me is more likely to need it than I, for I don't see any dog-tracks with his, and Mose will scent him first and pick an ambuscade that'll force the fighting to close quarters."

A rifle-shot echoed out over the snow. Instantly both man and dog stopped, waiting in tense silence for another. None came. Kootenai Jones sprang forward with reckless haste.

"On, on, Governor!" he cried. "No man is fool enough to fire one shot at old Mose and stop—not if he is able to fire another. We're needed, boy."

The trail twisted now, first to the right, then to the left, as the bear hunted through the wooded valley for the

hiding-place of the cattle. Suddenly Jones came upon a spot in the snow where, in a ten-foot circle, it had been trampled by only two bear-tracks instead of four.

"Here's where Mose scented the man behind and stood up on his hind legs to locate him," Jones commented with keen alarm. "I'm hoping we won't find what I fear we will," he added as he hurried on.

Governor was but a dozen feet ahead of his master as they came to a spot where the bear's tracks rounded the point of a great rock. Governor had ceased his growling, but his hair stood straight up from neck to tail. He looked toward the rock, then back at his master, then again to the rock and crept forward, stiff-legged, a step at a time.

"I understand you, boy. He's there," murmured Kootenai.

Inch by inch he crept around the point of the rock, and then as the dog turned its farther side, he heard the great rumbling roar that was old Mose's battle-challenge. In a single leap Kootenai reached Governor's flanks.

The bear stood upright upon his hind legs with his great forearms outstretched as if in anticipation of the death-hug he coveted. His height was a single inch short of nine feet. His wicked little red-rimmed eyes gleamed murder. The lips that were curled back across his muzzle exposed fangs long as a man's fingers; and snarls of anger and defiance rumbled hoarsely from his throat. He was the personification of outlawry, unrepentant and unconquered.

THE grizzly was a scant twenty feet from him and Kootenai knew that in a space measurable only by seconds either he or the great bear must die. Almost he regretted this, for as the two paused for the fraction of a second before their death-combat, old Mose, by his reckless fearlessness and undaunted courage, compelled his unbegrudged admiration.

But Mose gave no enemy time to indulge in sentiment. With a final roaring challenge, he advanced upon the pigmy adversary whose strength, he well knew from the experience of many wounds, lay in the fire-spitting thing that rested against his shoulder.

Kootenai dropped his forward sight to the bear's left breast and pulled the trigger. A swift gush of blood stained the shaggy breast-fur where the heavy bullet struck, and Mose clawed at his wound with furious anger but came straight on. Once more the man's rifle spat out a steel-jacketed bullet, but Mose, though sorely wounded, neither stopped nor hesitated. His immense fore-claws flexed murderously as he reached out to seize a man, the most hated of living things.

Kootenai Jones was without illusions. He knew that he stood within a hand's-grip of death. He had st~~ill~~ time for

one more shot. If his third bullet failed to fell or stop old Mose, there was no escape from the long-clawed paws that seemed, even now, almost above his head.

BUT now Governor, the Airedale, a creature so insignificant in size that the bear had ignored him as unworthy of notice, sprang upon the huge enemy of his beloved master and sank his sharp fangs deep into the tendons of the hind leg. Old Mose turned his head to locate and destroy this new enemy with one downward sweep of his paw.

And then, under his rifle-sights, Kootenai Jones saw what he had longed for: that hand-sized spot on the side of the head through which, ranging upward, a bullet can scarcely fail to tear its way through to the brain—which frontally is so marvelously protected. Flame leaped from the rifle-muzzle, now so close to the bear's head that it almost touched it.

Old Mose's outstretched paw, which was reaching down to decapitate the dog, dropped limp against his flank. He rocked for a second, drunkenly, and then with a final roar of hatred and defiance toppled headlong into the snow. Old Mose was dead; and as he had lived, so he died—defiant.

Kootenai Jones had faced death in many forms and in many places during the years of his wanderings, and always he had been unafraid; but now, as he looked down upon the fallen Goliath of the mountains, he wiped cold beads of perspiration from his brow and felt no shame. They were a just tribute to the worthiness of the foe he had slain. Almost sorrowfully he measured old Mose's body with his eye, and then as he glanced beyond him and saw a rifle upended in the snow, he remembered the unknown hunter who had preceded him.

There was no sign of the man visible, but the snow at the spot where Kootenai had first seen the bear was spotted with great crimson stains.

"Old Mose got him. He must have, if those bloodstains tell the truth. But where is he?" he cried aloud. Then to the Airedale, which still was harrying the bear's body with victorious ecstasy: "Governor, here! Find him! Hunt him up, boy."

There was no man, dead or living, near the rifle—the shattered stock of which gave mute testimony of tragedy. There were no tracks leading from the spot in any direction.

"Strange!" exclaimed Jones. "A man carried that gun. A man fired the shot I heard. And yet he's vanished without leaving a footprint. Ah, Governor seems to have the answer," he rejoiced as the dog, after circling about, sprang upon a snowdrift, raised his muzzle in a doleful howl and began to dig frantically.

Three feet beneath the surface of the snow Kootenai found what he expected and dreaded to find. It was what had been a man before old Mose's ruthless

## He swapped a gold mine for a can of Edgeworth

Of course William didn't know how much gold there was in the mine or he wouldn't have paid so high a price even for his beloved Edgeworth.

As he writes the story with lead pencil on the back of a map—

Dear Mister Larus & Bro. Co.

You'll notice I ain't going to let them people what puts out that xxxxxxx (this was the name of a competitive friend's product) stuff get away by their lonesome in the high price class; cause they're just tin horns anyway alongside of me, what traded a claim in the Diddyrod country one time for a small tin of Edgeworth.

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claws had made him what he was—a sightless, faceless, moaning Thing, ripped into raw meat from brow to breast.

Jones needed no explanation to understand what had happened. The man, following the bear's trail, had come upon him where the cunning Mose lay in wait for his pursuer behind the rock. He had fired his one shot as the bear seized him and clawed him, with one sweep of his giant paw, into a mangled bit of human wreckage. And then, disdaining further mutilation of a beaten and dying enemy, he had flung the man bodily into the snowdrift in which Governor found him.

Kootenai Jones lifted old Mose's last victim tenderly in his arms and laid his head upon a pillow of snow. A glance at his wounds was sufficient. No surgeon on earth could have aided him.

"My God, what devil's work!" Kootenai cried; and then as he remembered that his dog had saved him from a like fate, he added: "For the first time in twenty years, I thank God."

The man moaned, and between the lips, which alone remained of a face, spoke.

"Ludovic, Ludovic!" he mumbled. "Wherever you are, hear me before I die. I swore I would tell you."

Kootenai Jones' hands clenched until his nails bit into his palms.

"Your name, stranger, what is it?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Worthington—Frederic Worthington," was the choked answer.

"No! No—no! You can't be Worthington. You sha'n't be. You are not," cried Kootenai desperately.

"Yes—Frederic—Worthington," the mangled lips repeated.

Kootenai Jones shrank away from the hideous Thing at his feet as from a leper. After twenty years his search was ended. At last he had found the false brother-officer who had stolen his wife and child. But he had found him—thus! His first thought—that Fate had cruelly defrauded him—altered as he remembered the bitter years that had passed since he looked back, as he started to Umballa, and saw his wife waving him a farewell from the porch of their bungalow at the army post in India.

Had Fate defrauded him? Rather had it not furnished him a revenge inhumanly perfect? Never had he conceived such an exquisitely merciless hour of retribution as that which now was his. He had only to stimulate his helpless enemy to clear consciousness with a few drops of brandy, only to tell him that Westcliffe-Jones was beside him, only to taunt and torture him with bitter, unanswerable accusation; and then as a fitting, final climax, to laugh back at the helpless, sightless Thing that old Mose had made of Frederic Worthington, as he, Ludovic Westcliffe-Jones, mused jubilantly homeward, leaving the man he had hated for twenty years to die lingeringly and alone in his blindness.

"Without mercy!" That was his sworn vow against Worthington, and the means to fulfill it were now provided beyond the conception of human imagination.

Kootenai Jones uncorked his brandy-flask and trickled liquor, drop by drop, between Worthington's lips. The man's gibbering moans gradually became less incoherent. Consciousness was return-

ing to him under the influence of the stimulant.

"Who are you?" the mangled lips questioned faintly at last.

Kootenai leaned low over the victim of old Mose's fury.

"Twenty years ago I was Ludovic Westcliffe-Jones," he answered, with the pent-up bitterness he had nursed during all those years making each word a separate menace.

The man's body grew rigid; his hands clenched, and his breath came in the gasps of overpowering emotion.

"Thank God! My search is ended. I'm glad even if you kill me. Anyway, that's a kindness now," Worthington gasped.

"I'm not going to kill you. I'm going to leave you—leave you here alone as you are," Kootenai answered without pity.

"Leave me—like this!" The maimed body quivered visibly under the torture of the thought. "Can't blame you, though—not even for that," he managed to articulate as he strove, evidently, to summon courage to face the inevitable. "If you'd leave a gun about—somewhere near—where I could find it—I wouldn't have to wait so beastly long," he added haltingly with long intervals of agony between the words.

**K**OOTENAI looked down helplessly at Frederic Worthington—rather at what remained of him. Never in all the past years—not even as he knelt above his wife's grave—had he suffered as he suffered now, in this hour he had expected to be full reparation for all he had undergone.

"Much to tell you. Time's short. More brandy!" the lips that were so terrible to see continued.

Kootenai gave him the liquor and propped him against a bank of snow with hands that were tender in spite of himself. Worthington lay back inert, seemingly gathering all his strength for the ordeal of speech.

"She left a message for you—with me—on the night she died," the lips began. "Find Ludovic. I want him to know the truth. Say I love him—always have loved him, not you. I wronged him, but—I've paid. Tell him I would have gone back if I had dared. Ask him to think of me with pity, not anger. Ask him never to let our little Milly know. Swear you'll tell him." I swore I would. I've hunted you for years to do it. I heard of you at Yampa. Was going to your cabin when the bear got me."

The faint voice trailed off into mumbling incoherence under the effort of the long speech. Kootenai Jones supported Worthington in his arms and gave him liquor with hands scarcely able to hold the flask. "Without mercy," the vow which for so long had been the watchword of his existence, slipped unnoticed out of his life, to become a part of the never-to-be-resurrected past. Again Worthington struggled back to consciousness and spoke.

"I was a rotter, Ludovic, and I paid as I should. . . . God, what a price I paid that night at the Teslin Creek cabin, when I knew from her dying lips that she always had loved you, not me,"



## Sales Mounting Higher and Higher In Greatest Hupmobile Year

The first quarter's Hupmobile business for this year is closed just as this is being written.

The completed sales figures positively clinch the conclusion indicated by the first two months—that this is the greatest year in Hupmobile history. Sales and production volume in March was higher than the company ever before experienced for any one month. The quarter far exceeded any previous first-quarter record.

### *New Thousands Are Coming to Hupmobile*

Two significant things are happening.

First, the Hupmobile is being bought by those who now see how futile it is to try to get enough more in a car to make a higher price worth while.

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All these, of course, in addition to those who have learned by their own Hupmobile experience, how much it means to satisfactory ownership to have the extraordinary soundness and reliability, the notable

economy, and service, and long life always associated with the Hupmobile.

For 14 years the Hupmobile has been best known for these qualities. Known for them not only in its own immediate circle, but by all owners of all cars.

### How Hupmobile Sales Are Sweeping Upward

Without a single exception, Hupmobile distributors have increased their requirements for this year, one hundred per cent over last year. The total increase in the Hupmobile business for the first quarter of 1922 was 172 per cent over the first quarter of 1921. The following typical examples among Hupmobile distributors cover the quarter ended March 31st.

Atlanta..... 271%	Jacksonville... 50%
Boston..... 257%	Kansas City... 233%
Charlotte..... 70%	Los Angeles... 201%
Chicago..... 198%	Milwaukee... 100%
Cincinnati... 158%	Minneapolis... 120%
Cleveland..... 90%	New York... 145%
Dallas..... 126%	Pittsburgh... 50%
Des Moines... 50%	San Francisco 276%
Detroit..... 143%	St. Louis... 275%
Fort Worth... 230%	Sioux City... 100%
Harrisburg... 200%	Syracuse... 100%
Huntington... 33%	Toronto..... 75%



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What more natural than that these additional thousands should be coming to the Hupmobile now?

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# Hupmobile



Profit			
	E. A. Sweet	C. A. Rowe	W. J. McCrary
July	\$925	\$919	\$751
Aug.	\$891	\$936	\$865
Sept.	\$667	\$1228	\$527
Oct.	\$1200	\$993	\$703

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Are you willing to step into a position today, without training or previous experience, where you are absolutely your own boss, where you can set your own hours—work when and where you please—and have an income of \$50.00 to \$200 a week? Then send me your name and I will tell you how to get started.

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### Read These Earnings Records

Newton made \$614.58 in October. Robinson made \$703.60, Wilson made \$445.11. Hamilton made \$721 in September. Conners made \$613. Ed Wimberly makes from \$250 to \$350 a month in his spare time only. Maggie McCoy wrote: "My earnings will be over \$3,000 this year." George Garon made a clear profit of \$40.00 in his first day's work. H. G. Greenwood cleaned up \$354 in his second month as a Comer representative. R. W. Krieger made \$20.00 net profit in one half hour. A. B. Spencer made \$625 in one month. I now offer you this same opportunity.

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Worthington's faint voice continued. "I loved her—selfishly; but I did love her—and she never cared—only thought she did, just at first. . . . God, how that hurts! That night she died, and I knew—that's when you had your revenge, Ludovic."

Worthington paused. Then:

"I've been a failure every way—no more than I deserve—but I've taken care of Milly. I've never let her know about her mother. She thinks she is my daughter."

Kootenai Jones' clenched teeth revealed the depth of this new wound, but he made no sound.

"She's a woman now, beautiful, but bad health—lungs—I sent her to the Tucson Sanitarium—she's there now. I've nothing to leave her. You'll have to take her back, Ludovic. That's all, I guess. Will you leave me the gun?"

Kootenai Jones bowed his head and took both Frederic Worthington's hands in his own.

"For twenty years I have sworn I would deal without mercy when I found you," he whispered remorsefully. "I've kept my hatred alive by repeating the oath each day. I thought I must right my wrongs, never guessing they had been righted for me long ago. The past is wiped out clean, Worthington. Am I going to leave you a gun? No! I'm going to save you if I can."

But no man could do that. Old Mose had done his murderous work far too well. Late that night in a deserted range-rider's cabin, to which Kootenai Jones had carried him, Worthington roused suddenly from a deep stupor and sat upright. His hand groped for Kootenai's and crushed it with superhuman strength.

"I see her," he cried. "Ah, yes, more beautiful than ever; but Ludovic, she says she's waiting for you, not me. She is yours—there."

With a sigh Frederic Worthington fell back into Kootenai's arms and lay quiet and very still.

IN his cabin, ten days later, by the light of a reeking oil lamp, Kootenai Jones, with Governor watching approvingly, was writing a letter to his daughter in Tucson. It was the second he had written. In the first he had broken the news of Worthington's death. He wrote:

I have just received the check due your father as reward for killing the bear, and I am forwarding it to you. I want to tell you, too, that the father of whom you are so justly proud deserves everything, and more, that you write of him. He was the best pal a man ever had. He and I were partners in the mine of which I wrote, and I'm glad to tell you now that each day's work I do makes me more certain I'm almost upon the pitchblende I know is here. When I find it, and I will, your share will make you a rather wealthy young woman. Yes, I will go to you in Tucson as you request. Above all things in the world, I shall love that best.

Kootenai Jones laid down his pen and gazed into the crackling fire, but not with the brooding, morose eyes that had been his through the years now past. The Airedale edged closer to him and laid his head upon his knee.

"Yes, Governor," Kootenai agreed, as if the dog had spoken, "you're quite right. When a man says he will deal with anyone without mercy, it's himself he's threatening."

## RENFREW AND THE NEW GENERATION

(Continued from page 69)

"Why, don't I?"

"You couldn't!" she replied, with a cruelty natural enough under the circumstances; for she was deeply offended with her mother, and her mother had been Renfrew's champion. Somewhat as a favored pupil is tormented after school as a proxy for the inaccessible teacher, Renfrew was harried now; and Muriel had already constructed in her mind a fragment of drama that urged her on with the work. The parents of the heroine of this fragment meant to force upon her an undesirable person, incapable of any thought or act that could interest or surprise her, and to drag her down to that person's level by means of the discredited institution of marriage. Such also was the purpose of that person himself. Naturally, she was not the less inclined to see him suffer on that account, and she gave herself this consolation from time to time, as they walked along, though most of her observation of him was with the edge of her eye, in profile.

HIS color had become as high as hers, his expression that of one who bears almost as much as he will; but when he spoke, he seemed to be (vocally, at least) still placative and humble.

"I suppose I couldn't understand," he said. "Probably you're right, Muriel, and I don't belong to what you call the new generation, and wouldn't know how to understand 'em if I tried. It's kind of funny, though."

"What is?"

"Why, when I'm at a dance, or out at the Country Club, or anywhere where they are—I mean the ones you and I grew up with,—why, they don't seem so terribly mysterious."

"I should think not! I don't mean those, Renfrew!"

"Don't you? Who do you mean?"

"I mean the ones that think."

"Well, which ones?" he insisted mildly.

"For instance, take the other girls—"

"I certainly don't mean any of them!"

"Well, the other young men—"

"Nor any of them!"

"Well, then," he said reasonably, "who do you mean, Muriel?"

"I mean all those over the country who are doing the real thinking and leading."

"But you don't know any like that in this town? I mean, except you?"

"Never mind," she said.

"I only meant if you're the only one around here, why, how many do you suppose there are in the other—"



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"Never mind!" she repeated, more sharply.

"All right," he returned. And yet if she had looked at him then (as she did not), she would have seen upon his face, for an instant, the expression of one who makes a desperate resolution. However, this external symptom passed at once, leaving the usual smooth surface; and he said, as submissively as before: "I guess I got off the subject. Anyhow, I was really thinking about what you said about marriage." And without altering his tone he continued, as by a casual afterthought: "I think all such things ought to be put a stop to, myself."

"All what things?"

"Why, Muriel!" he exclaimed, with the air of coming upon a bright thought. "What makes you ask me that? If you know everything I think, why would you ever have to ask me a question?"

THIS drew from her a sigh lamenting that she need be at the pains to explain so simple a matter. "I have to ask you questions because you express your thoughts so vaguely that often no one can be sure what you're trying to say. Just then you mentioned marriage and went on to say that you thought 'all such things ought to be put a stop to.' But since you believe in marriage—"

He interrupted her. "What makes you say that, Muriel? What makes you think I believe in marriage?"

"What makes me?" she echoed, and laughed disdainfully. "When you proposed to me only last week!"

"I did?" he said, wonderingly. "It's funny I don't remember it."

"Yes, it would be!" she agreed.

"I mean, you must have misunderstood me."

"No doubt!"

"But Muriel," he protested, "a proposal is usually understood to mean when a man asks a girl to marry him."

"Didn't you ask me to marry you?"

"I certainly didn't."

"What!"

"I didn't say a single word about any such thing," he said firmly, "—not about my marrying you or your marrying me, that is. I don't know how you ever got such an idea."

At this she turned her head to observe him with a sudden intensity. "You deliberately deny that you proposed to me?"

"Oh, no," he said. "I only meant I didn't propose anything like our getting married."

"Then what was it you did propose?"

"Well—I just thought—" He hesitated. "I only—I only thought—"

"Go on!" she said dangerously. "If you claim that you weren't proposing marriage to me, what were you proposing?"

"Why, I wouldn't propose getting married. Not to anybody!" he exclaimed. "Didn't I just tell you I think it ought to be put a stop to? For instance, I've got a theory—"

"I don't care to hear any of your theories," she informed him sternly. "What was it you proposed to me?"

"Why, I didn't really propose anything to you," he replied, with increasing embarrassment. "If—if you'll just remember our—our conversation, Muriel—why,

you'll see I never said anything positive, right out, at all. I—I just thought maybe you'd be willing to kind of be engaged to me, or something."

"What!"

"That was all," he said. "I only meant we could be engaged or something. You don't have to get married just because you're engaged or anything like that, of course. Why, probably four or five times as many people get engaged as get married, and of course they're right about it, and there are good reasons for it. You take people that are engaged or anything like that, well, just look how much happier they look than married people! And besides, anybody can tell that engaged people think twice as much of each other as married people do. Why, anybody that's got any sense at all would like to be engaged, or something, but when it comes right down to marrying," he concluded, "why, that's a mighty different question. Myself, I believe it ought to be put a stop to!"

Miss Eliot halted abruptly and faced him. "Are you in earnest?" she inquired. "Do you deliberately state that you didn't mean you want to marry me?"

"But, Muriel, how could I have wanted to go as far as that when I believe, myself, it ought to be put a stop to—"

"Are you crazy?"

"Why, no. I only—"

But she cut him short. "Then, if you please, I'll ask you to go home."

"Why, I just left there."

"Go anywhere!" she said fiercely.

"Anywhere in the world except near me!"

Upon that, she turned sharply about, and with her head high and her expression destructive, went hurrying back to her own gate. Passing within its protection, she swept it to a violent closure behind her, and at the same moment, from between compressed lips, seemed to address it injuriously. "Idiot!" she said.

Indoors, she avoided contact with her mother, and having reached her own room, locked the door and repeated to that quiet and pleasant apartment the word that she had just hurled at the gate. "Idiot! Idiot!" she said. Then she tossed her brown hat on the bed, and apparently called either the hat, or the bed, or both, the same thing; after which she threw herself upon a blue lounge and spoke in a like manner to the ceiling.

"I FIND You Everywhere," she had written, in a poem produced at seventeen, before her discovery of free verse struck from her the shackles of rhyme.

I find You everywhere,  
In ev'rything: in stars  
And in the sea, the sky, the air,  
The clouds, the earth—oh,  
even in the cars  
That on the shining rails go  
speeding there!

The unexpected "theory" of young Mr. Mears had at least won him a ubiquity rivaling that of her loved "You" of the poem; for Muriel found him everywhere and in everything that day. Even after sunset, as she paced up and down the yard in the dusk, alone, she was still naming things "Idiot!" for Renfrew.

Although her windows offered of his dwelling-place a view that usually included too many views of Renfrew him-

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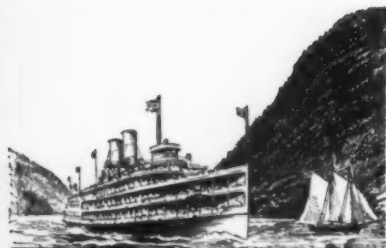
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self, a fortnight now passed during which the insulting young man remained invisible to her. It might be supposed that Muriel did not so much as glance in the direction of the house opposite; but a consuming indignation is so like a consuming fondness that she looked at it perhaps even oftener than if she had been a victim of the latter. No one was permitted to be a witness of these glances, however, and when she went outdoors by daylight, there was not a hint of such a thing; but from the shadowy interior of her room her eyes searched with a hot fire the house and yard across the street, while her favorite definition was heartily breathed in that direction. Members of Renfrew's family were unconscious recipients of both the fiery glance and the definition, as they went in and out or lounged in the pleasant yard; but the theorist himself, Muriel decided, must either have left town or contracted the habit of using his alley gate and back door. Yet she doubted his possessing intelligence enough to be that much ashamed of himself.

**T**HEN, one day at lunch, she had sudden news of him from her father. "Has young Renfrew Mears been having any trouble with his face?" he inquired, addressing his daughter.

"Trouble with his face?" she repeated, frowning. "Not more than he inherited from his parents, I suppose."

Mr. Eliot, an absent-minded man, looked rather surprised. "Why, I declare! Haven't you noticed his face, Muriel?"

"Never with any pleasure," she returned. "Not at all, lately."

"Why, I declare!" her father said, his surprise increasing. "I thought he was usually over here about three or four times a day! And you haven't seen his face at all lately? Well, I declare!"

Muriel offered no vocal response, though the coldness of her silence conveyed the impression that she was a person of refinement, not pleased by the introduction of such a topic as this face her father appeared to find so interesting. Mrs. Eliot, on the contrary, showed a friendly anxiety. "I hope the poor boy hasn't been in an accident," she said. "Was it bandaged?"

"No, not at all," Mr. Eliot replied. "But I rather think it ought to be. A bandage would certainly look a great deal better."

"It isn't anything serious, is it?"

"Yes, I rather believe it is," he returned judicially. "I think it must be considered so. At least, from the point of view of appearance I think I'd call it pretty serious."

"But what is it? Has he broken out with something?"

"Well, that describes it fairly well," said Mr. Eliot. "He's raising a beard."

At this Mrs. Eliot uttered an exclamation of relief. "Oh, is that all!" she added.

"You wouldn't say so," her husband informed her, shaking his head, "not if you could see it. The greater part of it is very unsuccessful."

"Good gracious! What in the world is he doing such a thing for?"

"I didn't inquire," her husband said.

"It's one of those questions people who don't want their feelings hurt learn not to ask."

"Where did you see him?"

"Downtown," said Mr. Eliot. "He was walking about quite openly."

"Mercy! Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse than anyone could tell you," he said. "You'd have to see it."

"But what in the world is he doing it for?"

"You've already asked me," her husband reminded her. "But it's a question that's kept haunting me too, ever since I saw him. It struck me that no one could deliberately do such a thing except for some unavoidable medicinal reason, so to speak. That's why I asked Muriel if she knew of any trouble he'd been having with his face; and yet, when I looked at him, it didn't seem as if that could be the reason. There were plenty of transparent places where I could see that his complexion hadn't a blemish on it."

"How terrible!"

"No," said Mr. Eliot thoughtfully. "It doesn't inspire terror exactly. Wonder—a kind of sympathizing wonder—is what you feel. I should call it a wonderful effort for."

Mrs. Eliot glanced at her daughter, then meditated for a moment, and said cheerfully: "I suppose they all have to go through a transition period, but come out very nicely afterward."

"You are now referring to young men," her husband inquired, "or to whiskers in general?"

"Yes," she said. "Don't they usually look all right by the time they're completed?"

"When they can be, no doubt they do, sometimes—to those that like them." Having thus responded, not without some rather ominous implications, Mr. Eliot accepted a cup of black coffee, applied the flame of a small silver dragon to the end of his cigar, and turned upon Muriel the solemn gaze of a father settling down in perfect bodily comfort to the bedevilment of his offspring. "I was going to suggest, Muriel," he said, "that you somehow get it hinted to him that your taste has changed."

"I'm afraid you don't always make your meaning quite clear," his daughter returned coldly, not condescending to humor his mood, which she easily perceived to be a frivolous one. "I believe we may as well change the subject."

"Why, no," he said. "If I'm so foggy that you don't understand the subject of my discourse, how do you know that you wish to change it? For the sake of greater lucidity I'll explain that Renfrew's attempted beard gave me the idea you might have been speaking admiringly to him of King George, or of Marx, or possibly of Moses, or even Grand Admiral von Tirpitz—or could it have been Henri de Navarre, or François Premier, or perhaps Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Secretary Hughes? George Washington, Cromwell and Julius Caesar were shaven men, but on the other hand Abraham, Homer, Charlemagne and Michelangelo are understood to have been whiskered. This early part of the twentieth century is provincial in time, which is really as stupid as being provincial geographically: the nineteen-twenties are too local, so to



# THE IMPORTANCE OF EDUCATION

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*"Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education." — DANIEL WEBSTER*

---

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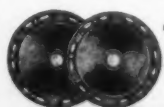
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speaking, to recognize that many of the very greatest figures have been bearded; and it takes a heroic spark in so young a man as Renfrew Mears to imitate them in the teeth of our modern populace. Knowing him well, my reason immediately makes me conclude that any such spark must have been implanted from without.

"The rest of the deduction," pursued Mr. Eliot, "is childishly simple for any schoolboy, as people say who don't know schoolboys. You, my daughter, are the most probable implanter of sparks within that bosom, I seem to gather, and therefore I take it that about two or perhaps three weeks ago you spoke to him of the admirableness of some bearded *magnifico*, or perhaps it was only of the admirableness of beards. He has kept out of your sight, I go on to deduce, until he can bring you, not the flecked and feeble bud, but the full flower in blossom. On the other hand, a moment's startled observation of the growth has convinced me that his ever attaining so far is a matter of the gravest doubt. On that account I suggested your getting word to him that you don't care for rococo architecture as much as you thought you did—in a word, that your taste in hirsutics has changed. Then the poor young thing might take heart to shave, and come over here once more. Does this make the matter any clearer?"

"Yes, thank you," Muriel said with no increase of geniality. "Now may we change the subject?"

"Yes. Let us now turn to the discussion of Renfrew's emotion when he receives your liberating message. Will he feel just the joy of a simple heart, or will he know a shade of regret for—"

"Excuse me!" Muriel interrupted, rising abruptly. "I'm not likely to send Mr. Mears any message." And with a stony dignity she walked out of the room, leaving her father to the reproaches of his wife for not knowing when to display a little tact.

MURIEL'S stony dignity was of the kind that has a fire smoldering within the stone; the surface is somewhat reddened with the heat of it. So, when she came out of her gate, a little before five o'clock that afternoon, a casual passer-by might have bethought her as a "blushing young divinity;" but indeed her blush had no divinity, being on the contrary inspired by the Furies. For although the windows across the way gave no sign of life, yet it seemed hatefully possible that there was a rat behind the arras; the interstices of the lace curtains were ample for spy-holes.

Had there been such a spying eye as she suspected, she was worth the work, it may be said—her appearance being far beyond what mere self-respect demands of a girl who is going to a garden party. She had been deliberately at the pains to make herself beautiful, putting more time and mind upon her garnitures than would popularly be thought consistent in an Intellectual. Briefly, she was in the most exquisite and highest state of afternoon toilet possible, and why should any lady get herself into such a state except to be a treat to the eye? Of course the answer is that too much treating may be



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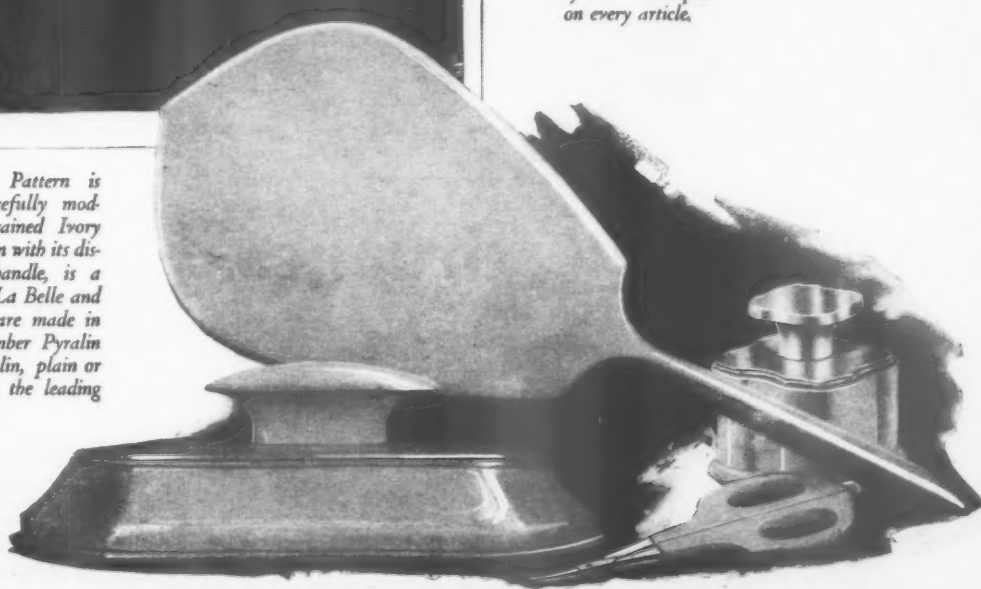
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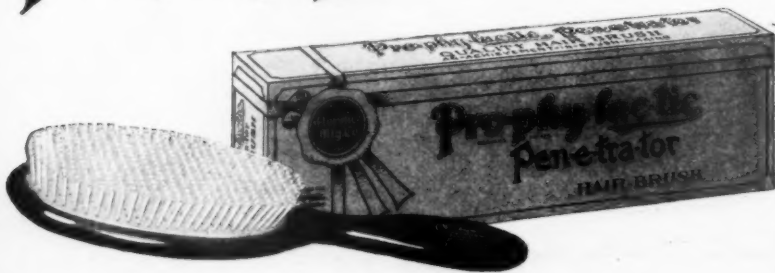
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# Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes



cruel; moreover there can be no doubt about the identity of the person whom she desired to punish; and yet, with the suspicion that he might be looking at her, she became the more furious!

Like almost all anger, this was anger thrown away, for she was spied upon by no one. The scene of the festival whither she was bound lay not far beyond the next corner; and even at a little distance from the place she heard sounds betokening a liveliness unusual in so mild a gathering as she expected. A hedge intervened, but when she had passed round it and entered the garden, the first figure to meet her eye was that of young Mr. Mears.

TO see him at once, singling him out from the two score or so of young people in the garden, was inevitable; for he stood among them much as a star of the theater stands among his company, centralized to the point of highest conspicuousness by the general action and grouping. The emphasis thus placed upon him was the more remarkable for being a feature of Renfrew's *première*, so to speak, as a focus of social attention. Characteristically, he had always been a background figure, "correct" and a little timid, one of those indistinguishable hoverers at a tea, ready to murmur laughter as an instantaneous token of geniality when so little as the weather was mentioned. But today proved his timidity to be of the type that upon occasion, more than merely reversing itself, turns completely inside out, exposing strange things from an unsuspected interior.

Profuse as had been Mr. Eliot's verbosity at lunch, it had not quite prepared Muriel for what she now saw actually before her. The hair upon Renfrew's head was of a lustrous brown, charmingly polished with golden lights, and no one could have anticipated the fitful auburn that had made its appearance upon his well-shaped cheeks and chin. An admirer might have called it the red badge of courage, for although the people to whom it was now being exhibited were all of a neighborly and everyday familiarity with Renfrew, as with one another, they were young and correspondingly unsympathetic. A high degree of hardihood must unquestionably be allowed him.

"Howdado!" the young hostess said, when Muriel greeted her. "You've noticed him, haven't you? I mean Renfrew Mears. What on earth's come over him?"

"I don't know."

"Well, if you don't, nobody does! Of course everybody thinks you told him you admired somebody with a beard, Muriel. Didn't you?"

"I did not."

"Well, it's really nothing for you to get up-stage over," the girl returned. "Of course everybody's sure you're responsible somehow. Honestly, what did you—"

"I have nothing whatever to do with him or his affairs."

"No? Well, the only other explanation is that you've driven him about crazy; he certainly talks like it. Just listen to him!"

To listen to Renfrew just then was





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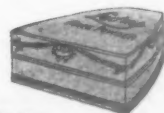
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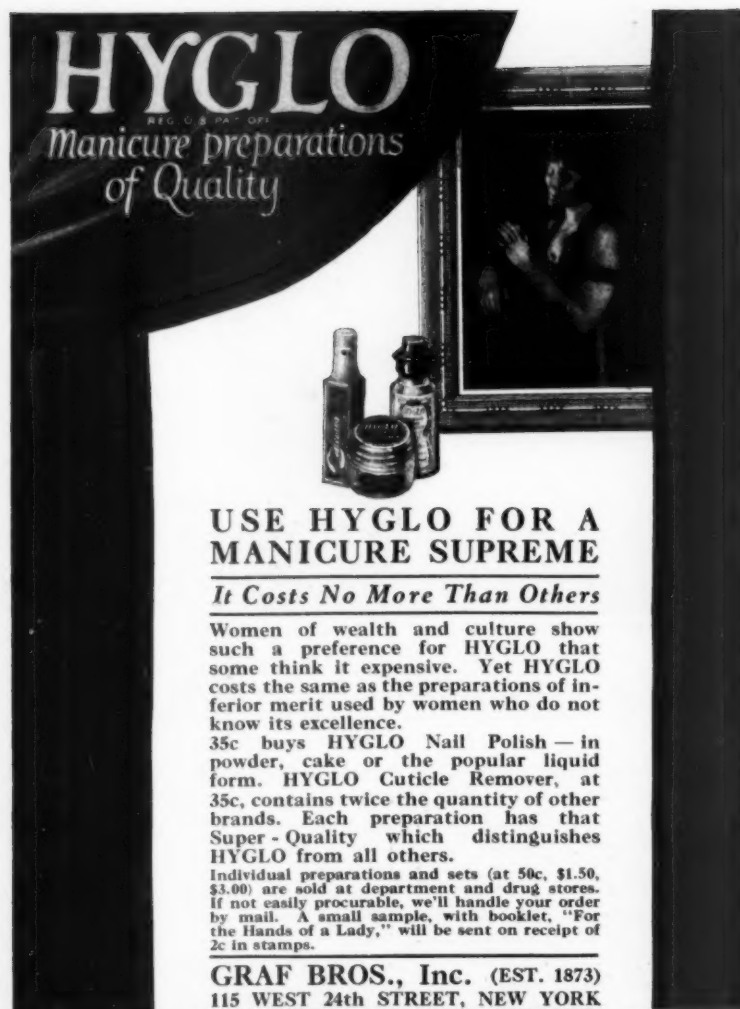
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unavoidable, in fact. He stood close by, addressing himself rather heatedly to a group of attentive and delighted auditors. "I never in my life said anything of the kind!" he declared. "I always did feel about such things the way I do now. I think they ought to be put a stop to!"

THE response was one of those choruses of laughter not infrequently heard upon school-grounds when a taunting circle gathers round some unfortunate child. "You can laugh!" Renfrew retorted hotly. "But you better look out!" With that, he turned away, went to join another group, and apparently explained a grievance. He was received with hypocritical sympathy, which shifted to the frankest mockery only a moment later. "I know what I'm talking about!" he could be heard protesting. "I know from my own thinking about it, and it ought to be put a stop to!"

The haughty Muriel walked to the other end of the garden, as far from the merrymakers surrounding Renfrew as the limits of the place permitted; but she found it impossible to remove herself from the orbit of his new celebrity. The most devoted of her girl-friends, Eleanor Middleton, following to join her, could speak of nothing else.

"What have you been doing to the poor thing, Muriel?" Eleanor inquired.

"What poor thing?"

"Muriel!" the friend exclaimed. "Don't be such a hypocrite! What's the use with me? Besides, everybody else knows it as well as I do; the poor thing couldn't break out this way unless it was something about you. Look at that gang around him now; they're giggling at him, but they're all looking at you!" And she added, in a frank way: "For that matter, so's everybody else!"

"Let them look!"

"But aren't you going to tell just me, Muriel?" the friend begged.

"Tell you what?"

"What you've been doing to him."

"Eleanor Middleton," said Muriel, "will you be kind enough never in your life to speak to me again of that Clown!"

"Oh!" said Miss Middleton.

"I mean it!"

"Yes, but don't you want to hear—"

"No, I don't!"

"I mean," Miss Middleton insisted, "I mean he's saying things as peculiar as his face looks. I won't ask you to tell me anything; I just wanted to know if you wouldn't like to hear what he's been talking about."

"I asked you never in your life to—"

"Oh, yes," Miss Middleton returned.

"Only he says he's got a theory—at least he calls it a theory—I thought you might want to know what—"

"I do know his 'theory,' thanks!"

"All right," her friend acquiesced good-naturedly. "I only meant that since everybody thinks you're responsible, of course, for whatever he thinks and does—"

"That's enough, I said!"

"Oh, well," the other girl murmured, and relapsed into a silence somewhat moody, while the corresponding silence of Muriel Eliot might be understated as a seething one. It was true that

# How a Drug Clerk's Puttering Ended Freckles

*A Pity That More Women Do Not Know It, But Freckles Were Solved As Long Ago As 1890, And By None Other Than A Small-Town Drug Clerk.*



A magical method clears the skin not only of freckles, but also of pimples, moth patches, liver spots, tan, etc. and makes the skin delicately fair.

**S**OMETHING like 33 years ago, in the town of Aurora, Illinois, a young fellow by the name of Jim Bereman was working as a pharmacist's apprentice in the village drug store. Jim, a quiet and studious fellow, was given more to "puttering around" with his chemicals than to conversation, and because of his taciturnity was known as the "Still Man."

One of Jim's friends was "Spot" Hite, a barber, and so nicknamed because of his freckles. His speckled skin caused "Spot" no end of embarrassment; but do what he might, he could not get rid of the brown spots.

Out of sympathy for his friend, Jim, the drug-clerk, undertook to see what he could produce in the way of a freckle remedy.

He learned that a freckle was a patch or deposit of pigment which had been made visible through reaction to sunlight, heat-rays or other forms of energy. The thing to do, therefore, as he saw it, was to find something to act as a dissolvent on the pigmentary spot, rendering the deposit soluble so that the system could absorb and carry it away from the surface.

## Jim's "Puttering" Produces Something

After much "puttering" about, Jim succeeded in producing what he believed to

be the treatment necessary for freckles. He had his friend "Spot" try out the treatment on his freckles. And, sure enough, it **worked!** Daily, "Spot's" freckles grew fainter and fainter, until in about six weeks they were gone—entirely gone!

The news of Jim Bereman's freckle discovery travelled far as well as fast. Soon he was receiving requests for freckle treatment from people, particularly women, in every section of the country.

So heavy eventually became the demand for his freckle remover that Bereman could do nothing else than go into the business of supplying the public at large. Being known as the "Still Man" rather than by his true name, Bereman decided to trade-mark his freckle remover as "STILLMAN'S," the name by which is known now throughout the world.



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Plainly put, the offer is as follows:

**Procure from your druggist or direct from the laboratories a full \$1.50 treatment of Stillman's Freckle Remover. Use it according to directions, and if it fails to remove your freckles the Stillman Co. will pay you the sum of \$50.00 in cash.**

The guarantee of this forfeit in legal written form accompanies every \$1.50 treatment of Stillman's Freckle Remover sold. Even if one were not impressed by the remarkable history of Stillman's, the \$50 forfeit offer would be conclusive.

## Send No Money

It is really a pity that there should be any woman blighted with freckles today, since it is more than a quarter of a century since they have been unnecessary.

Let any woman who is smarting under freckle disfigurement, know this: You may satisfy yourself as to the merit of Stillman's Freckle Remover without risking a penny. The Stillman Laboratories will send to any woman a full \$1.50 course of treatment on free trial. You can make your own test and let your own mirror decide the results.

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the group about Renfrew looked curiously at her; and as Miss Middleton had pointed out, others, too, glanced at her from time to time with interested and covertly mirthful eyes, so that Muriel began to find her position intolerable.

The giggling evoked by Renfrew's oratory grew louder; he seemed to approach the passionate, and even at the other end of the garden could be heard declaiming: "I tell you it ought to be put a stop to!"

"Oh!" Muriel exclaimed in a low voice. "I won't stay here!"

But as she moved to depart, Miss Middleton followed hastily. "Muriel! Don't do that!"

"No, I'll go, Eleanor! I won't stay another instant in such a silly place!"

"If you go home when you've really just got here, they will have something to talk about!"

"Why?"

"They'll think you're upset about Renfrew."

"I? About that Clown!"

"They couldn't help believing it if you trot off home like this."

Muriel paused in her movement toward the street, her state of mind partaking visibly of a desperate indecision. "I won't stand it," she said. "I won't!"

"If I were you, dear," the sympathetic Miss Middleton suggested, "I'd act just as if I didn't notice anything. I'd behave as if nothing at all were happening."

"Go tell that Clown to come here to me!" said Muriel.

"What? Right before everybody?"

"What difference does that make now? Go tell him!"

The friendly Eleanor hesitated, evidently of half a mind to remonstrate against the supreme conspicuousness of such a course. But even a devoted friend may not always resist the temptation to become an important actor in a dramatic climax—there are not many tests of friendship more severe than this,—and Miss Middleton's hesitation was brief, for within her a universal human yearning had been roused. She said, "All right!" and went.

A FEW moments later an instinctive prophecy of hers was amply fulfilled: she became for the time one of the three most interesting persons at the party, and the very focus of low-voiced inquiry, as Renfrew somewhat nervously crossed the garden to the agitated lady who had summoned him.

"How—how are you, Muriel?" he said.

"I—I haven't seen you for several days. Are you all well in your family?"

She looked at him, but not reassur-

ingly, and forbore to reply; whereupon he fanned himself with his hat, remarking placatively: "It's kind of warm this afternoon. Well, we're all well over at our house."

At this, her voice became just audible in embittered laughter, and he looked apprehensive. "Eleanor Middleton said you wanted to tell me something or other, Muriel."

"Yes," she said. "I'm surprised to hear that your family are in good health, though!"

"You are?" he inquired. "Why shouldn't they be?"

"They have to live in the same house with you," she explained.

"Oh, my!" he said, dismayed. "Are you angry with me about something?"

"How dare you!" she said. "Yes, how dare you come here or anywhere else looking like that?"

"I don't see what you mean," he said with a brazenness that took her breath. "Do you mean I look different from usual, some way or other?"

"Oh!" she cried, and the exclamation seemed to enlighten him.

"Oh, you mean about my face?" he said. "Well, I don't need to tell you my idea about that."

"Your 'idea'!" she said scornfully. "What idea could anybody have for doing such a thing?"

"Why, you know, of course," he answered confidently. "You know, Muriel."

"I don't! How could I know anything as idiotic as that? And how dare you go about telling people you have a 'theory' that marriage 'ought to be put a stop to'?"

"Well, if I did anything like that, of course I wouldn't have to explain it to you, Muriel."

"You wouldn't? I think you'd better!" she cried. "It's a pretty position for a girl to be in, isn't it? Everybody's thought for years that you've been wanting to marry me—and you go about telling them you only believe in engagements—good heavens!—as you had the horrible candor to explain to me! And to make things pleasanter for me, you make yourself look like this! I suppose so that everybody'll believe you're trying to discourage me from even getting engaged to you!"

"But I haven't been—"

"Did you tell them," she interrupted, "did you tell them that you had explained your 'theory' to me?"

"Muriel! I never said a word about any such theory to anybody except you."

"What!" she cried. "Why, you've been doing it all afternoon! I've heard you, myself, all over the place bleating: 'It ought to be put a stop to!' How dare you deny it?"

"But that wasn't about marriage, Muriel. What I've been explaining to 'em this afternoon, why, that's been about a totally different theory of mine. This one isn't against marriage, Muriel."

"No?" she said incredulously. "What is it 'against'?"

"I was reading an article not long ago," he explained. "It said everybody had all been getting too artificial or something for the last three or four hundred years, and we ought to be more

kind of natural about everything. So I got an idea. For instance, people that just used water to wash in were probably a lot more natural and had fewer diseases, and they kept cleaner, too. I began to think we oughtn't to use so much soap. That's all I was talking about, Muriel. I wasn't telling 'em marriage ought to be put a stop to, but too much soap."

"What!" she cried. "You expect me to believe such a story as that?"

"Well, it's so," he returned. "That's why I thought it would be sort of consistent if I didn't use it much, so it seemed I'd better let my face be the way it would naturally. You believe me, don't you, Muriel?"

"Why, it's horrible!" she said.

"You mean me?" he inquired meekly. "Or do you only mean the way I look?"

"I mean everything about you!" she said fiercely. "Why, you—you aren't respectable!"

HE had been standing before her much as a schoolboy, embarrassed under reproof, stands before a severe teacher; but upon this outburst of denunciation he brightened amazingly—certainly to the amazement of her who played the angered teacher. "Well, now you like me, don't you?" he said.

"Like you!" she cried. "Don't you know that when you behave like this everybody in town thinks I'm responsible?"

"Well, you are," he responded with perfect simplicity.

She uttered a faint outcry. "I'm responsible for your insulting me as you did the other day? I'm responsible for your 'theory' about—soap? I'm responsible for the state of your—your face?"

"Why, of course," he answered in a gentle voice. "You know all my ideas about everything, so that nothing I do could be a surprise to you. Well, then, if I had an idea of doing anything that would bother you, why, you'd tell me beforehand, so I wouldn't do it. So you know why I—"

"Quit saying 'You know' to me!" she cried. "I don't know anything about you, and I don't want to! You seem to forget how you insulted me the other day!"

"Why, Muriel!" he exclaimed. "I just wanted to be one of the new generation. You're always so against everything, I wanted to be against things too. And if people say you're responsible for whatever I do, why, you know they're right! I've been this way ever since you came home from college."

She stared at him, then said abruptly: "Go home!"

"Wh-what?" he stammered.

"I said 'Go home'!" she repeated angrily. "Go home and don't dare to come over to see me this evening after dinner until you've made yourself respectable!"

It was then that the garden-party audience stopped whispering and became open-mouthed, stricken with a complete and sudden mystification. Renfrew was tall, and above the hedge there was a fine view of his triumphant smile, merged in auburn fluff, as he went gayly down the street.

## AND NOW WHAT?

One might reasonably expect anything of Muriel, Mr. Tarkington's new heroine, but not even her wise mother expected what Muriel did in the next story, which will appear in an early issue.





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## THE MEN WHO CLIMBED

(Continued from  
page 48)

an unknown comrade, a friend who'd climbed higher, leaving his glory to me like a coat for which he'd no more use. How high he must have climbed! To the very stars!

"The steps were very much weathered. They looked very old. They were filled, as I said, with old ice, which I chipped out with the hook on my knife. I went up hand over hand.

"The rest was easy. I went trouble you with it. I stood on the summit at last, and left the tiny flag there that I'd carried up. He—my forerunner—seemed to be waiting for me there; I fancied that he gave me a generous smile. I knew he didn't grudge me anything. It sounds rubbish *here*, eh? But *there* I smiled back at him—the man in whose steps I'd climbed to the best thing life's given me yet; and I drank his health in the last of my brandy. Then I—came down."

THE pleasant, vigorous voice died to silence. Both men, so contrasted, sat silent for a while, looking at the picture, which even in the electric light seemed to glow and recede into some splendid atmosphere of its own.

At last Forrester turned, a little shamefaced; he felt that in talking so to a man who couldn't possibly understand, he'd gone very near to making a fool of himself and his mountain. There was honest pity in his heart for any man who knew nothing of such austere triumphs as he enjoyed; perhaps there was a shade of contempt too as he said hastily: "See here, I've—made you listen to a lot of stuff, eh? But you must let me pay for this, you know. Just the price of admission—between two men who have something in common."

He broke off. For he was not heard. The shabby man was gazing at the photograph. And as he gazed he chuckled quietly and rubbed his faded knees. "If you'd looked, Mister," he said, "if you'd looked, maybe you'd have found the bits of an ol' lantern, up there where you left the flag!"

Perfectly motionless, Forrester waited. The shabby man turned to him genially. "Such fools as we are when we're young!" he said. "How it all comes back!" He smiled upon the younger man again with that bright, gentle look which gave him momentarily the aspect of youth; it was like a light reflected from some mountain-peak of the soul. He went on: "Maggie'll be that int'rested when she hears some one has set right alongside me, talkin'—excuse me, boss—like man to man, some one that's been up that there mountain!"

Still Forrester waited, dry-mouthed.

"You see, Mister, me and Maggie, we always counted that there old mountain as ours, like, seein' as I was the only feller'd ever been up it in them days. And a fine fool I was. Many's the time Maggie's said to me: 'I wonder I took you, Si,' she's said, 'seein' you showed me what kind of a fool you was when you was courtin'.' Maggie's a great one for a

joke. 'Or maybe,' she says, 'I took you just because you was such a fool that Christmas. There's no accountin' for a woman's taste,' she says."

That reflection of a far light rosed his colorless face as he turned again to Forrester; it lighted a pleasant blue star in his homely eyes; he laughed consciously, and glanced down at his patched shoes.

"We wasn't married then," he explained confidentially. "It's a long time ago. Seems queer that there ever was a time when Maggie and me wasn't married; but there was." He wrinkled his brow with a ruminative air. "But there wasn't never, at no time, any other girl than Maggie Delane fer me." He looked gently at Forrester. "You should 'a' seen her then," he said; "she was the purtiest girl in Cascapedia, my Maggie was."

"There was a lot of fellers after her. She could 'a' done lots better, but—she stuck to me. Seems like I didn't have much luck, even then. I dunno why—I was always willin' to work. It just happens that way, Mister. Times I said to her: 'You'd best quit me, honey, and take up with a luckier man.' I said that, not knowin' just what I'd do if she done it. But she—she just put her hands on my shoulders,"—he glanced wonderingly at his shabby coat,—she put her hands there, an' she says: 'Good luck or bad, I'll never go back on you, Si.' His slow eyes went back to Forrester's face. "You know how it is with them, with the good ones, boss, when they're—fond of a feller."

"No," said Forrester, after a short silence, and very humbly, "no, I don't know—yet. Go on, please. Tell me the rest."

"We was to have been married that Christmas. But I didn't have no luck. I didn't have enough saved. It near broke my heart. I hadn't got so kinder used to waitin' on things then, and I was just set on goin' to Cascapedia an' claimin' my girl that Christmas. She was workin' in a store there, and I was on a lumberin' job back on the Oucouagan. 'Twasn't so far asunders, but the hills riz up to heaven in betwixt us. I hadn't seen her in a long while, Mister. And when the time come on, an' I'd no luck an' had been sick, an' dasent to quit my job, I tramped them hills all one night, boss, tryin' to find the nerve to write Maggie an' say: 'We can't be married this Christmas after all, honey; we'll have to wait fer the spring.'"

He bent down and picked a thread carefully from his frayed trousers. Raising his head, he stared again at the picture. "I wrote it at last," he went on in his heavy way, "an' I sent it to her. I was down an' out. I—kinder lost me self-respect, boss, havin' to write that way to Maggie when she could 'a' done so much better. . . . Yes sir. An' then her answer come. She wasn't a very good writer. She just said I wasn't to worry; she guessed she could get along without me till the spring—always one fer a joke, was Maggie!—but I was to think of her on Christmas."

The shabby man's voice trailed off into silence. After a moment he said thoughtfully: "Queer how they—the good ones—can break a feller all up an' put him on his feet at the same time, aint it, boss?"

"I—don't know," said Forrester softly. "Go on, please."

"She said I was to think of her on Christmas. Somethin' you said awhile back put me in mind of how I felt then. Think of her! Why, I—I felt as though I could chop the mountains down same as if they was trees to get her! I felt there was nothin'—just nothin'—I couldn't do, or bear, or get, so as Maggie didn't quit me. I felt I'd get her them great shiny stars fer buttons to her Sunday dress if she was wantin' them. Made me feel twelve foot high and drunk, she did, just with three lines o' bad spellin' and a joke! I'd five dollars in me pocket, an' I went an' looked up a Siwash, one o' them mountain Injuns that looks like a Chinaman and moves up or down like a goat; I'd done him a kindness a little while back, an' he was grateful, which is more'n white fellers always is. I said, would he take a letter to my *klootch* in Cascapedia, for five dollars, she to get it on Christmas? Yes, he said, he would. I give him the letter an' the bill, an' off he went—not that she was rightly my *klootch* then, o' course, an' she'd 'a' been terrible vexed if she'd known I called her so; but it was near enough fer him."

"We wasn't so far apart, as I says—not so many miles on the level, only not a yard of it was level; the hills was like a wall between us; but there was one thing we could both see, one thing that was in sight from Cascapedia an' from the Oucouagan on the other side. An' that was that mountain there."

He looked at the picture with lingering surprise. "My!" he said. "You wouldn't never think I'd been up there, would you? You'd think I was too old and had too much sense. But I was young then; and some way Maggie'd made me clean crazy."

He flushed and gave Forrester a shy, friendly smile. "Two nights," he said, laughing a little, "two nights I sat up, fixin' a lantern to suit me—fixin' it so's no draft could get in, puttin' in extry wicks an' more oil an' the dear knows what—all! I'd said to Maggie in my letter I'd sent, 'You borrow a pair of glasses if it aint clear,' I says, 'an' you look at the top o' the biggest mountain you see in betwixt us,' I says, 'on Christmas night, an' you'll see if I'm thinkin' of you or not, Maggie Delane.' That's what I says."

"When the lantern was fixed, I packed it on me back keeful, an' I borrowed an ice-ax, an' a pair o' creepers, an' I climbed that there mountain an' left the lighted lantern on the top."

FORRESTER stared at him. Did he know what he was saying, what, in that brief day of glory given him by a girl's trust, he had done? No, he had no

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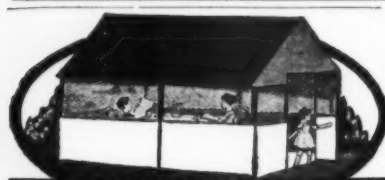
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inkling of it; no shadow of a suspicion crossed his simple mind that he had achieved a feat that no man had been able to repeat for thirty years. He was smiling pleasantly, indulgently, at the follies of his youth. And Forrester said, not knowing he spoke aloud: "It's better it should be like that. It's more beautiful so."

"Did you speak, Mister?"

"No—nothing. Please go on."

But the charm was broken; the reflection of that far light was fading from the aging face as Forrester had seen the reflected glory of his peak fading from the lowlands. The shabby man's shyness was increasing; he looked at Forrester uneasily. "I dunno what made me talk so much," he mumbled apologetically. "Seein' that picture an' all, I guess. I aint generally one to talk much."

"Good heavens, man," cried Forrester, "don't you know you've just been telling me the most beautiful thing I ever heard?" He checked himself abruptly at the look in his companion's face. "Tell me how you got up," he went on more quietly.

But the present had again usurped the splendid past. "I don't rightly remember now," said the shabby man uncertainly. "My mind was that full of Maggie, anyways. . . . I crossed the glacier below where you did, an' then I—I guess, I just went up, boss."

"Yes," agreed Forrester, "you just went up. . . . And the lantern wasn't hurt, and Maggie saw the light from Cascapedia?"

"She saw it, boss. It burned till the oil give out. 'Twasn't hurt a mite."

Forrester looked again at the photo-

graph. He visioned his great peak, a shadow against the winter stars, crowned with a tiniest point of light—a weak star that invaded those awful solitudes, those dominions of wind and cloud, dawn and darkness, to tell a girl in a store that her man hadn't forgotten her! He roused from his vision to see Maggie's husband on his feet, to hear him mumbling good-by.

" . . . be terrible amused to hear I seen you," he heard. "Take it as a favor, boss, if you'd not mention it to no one . . . do a steady man no good. They'd think I was drunk."

Forrester got up and shook hands, which seemed to abash the man very much.

"It's better that way too," he said abruptly, "though you won't have the least idea what I mean. If I can ever have the honor of doing anything for you or Maggie, let me know."

The shabby man was gone. An official in blue and silver buttons was staring suspiciously at Forrester. He scowled at the official, and went and stood in front of the great photograph. He stood there so long that the official got tired of watching him and moved away. The room was empty. Forrester glanced around; then he took out his fountain pen.

He looked again at the picture of the peak. "Not mine," he said under his breath, and humbly, "not mine!" There was a large ticket attached to the frame, bearing the legend: "*Mount Forrester from the Southeast.*" He crossed out the word "*Forrester*," and above the erasure, in neat black letters, he wrote the words "*Maggie Delane.*" Then he too went away.

## MAMSELLE CHÉRIE

(Continued from page 87)

live—like the street-walker? I tell you, Cherry, I've been doing a lot of thinking about things. They all expect me to marry money. But I'm not going to. I'm going to marry the man I can help and for love, or I'm not going to marry at all."

"Genie, you angel child! You almost make me believe that you care for some one."

"No, I don't. I'm just talking. But the men they want us to marry are all wrong. You know—animated bean-poles like Willy Rossiter. Imagine little me going down the aisle with Willy. We'd look like Rhode Island and Texas. Or Stevie Delano—blond, rosy and moist. Oh, yes—and there's another—you haven't met him—Nat Bachelder, from Indianapolis. Rich as Croesus, darling, and exactly the color and proportions of a meal-worm." She gave a dry laugh. "Not for me! I haven't a dollar of my own, but I'm not going to marry any of that lot. Imagine sitting at the breakfast table and watching Willy's Adam's apple wiggle every time he swallowed. It's a little thing not to get married for, but there it is."

"Genie! You're too absurd," Cherry laughed gayly the first time that day.

"I am. That's because laughing and making people laugh is one way of keeping from crying. I tell you there's some meaning to things," she said almost fiercely, "that I'll never get out of the life I live—something quiet but gorgeous, like—like a September sunset."

"Spiritual—" murmured Cherry. It was a word David Sangree had sometimes used.

"Yes, that's it. I tell you, Cherry, I'm sick of the things I've been doing, nothing but eating and jazzing—as if human beings were nothing but stomachs and feet!" she finished scornfully.

CHERRY was silent for a moment, her lips curling. And then:

"I guess if you'd been doing what I have, you might want a little of that," she said ruefully.

Genie put her hand over hers impulsively. "You poor dear! I forgot. Perhaps I would. But I don't know; I'm sick of it all—sick of it. Perhaps it's because I've had too much. Aunt Harriet makes me go to everything. She says it's all for the honor of the family to be popular. I feel as though I were being driven. Lucky I'm strong. Poor Vi couldn't stand the pace. I told you



they'd taken her up into the woods. didn't I? And Jane Darley is down with nervous prostration—trained nurse and everything—and all over nothing, giving the best part of our lives to that sort of thing when we ought to be trying to do something!" She laughed dryly. "Oh, it's all so damned silly."

### Chapter Eighteen

THE next morning's household work seemed to bring Cherry no nearer to the solution of these problems. She paused for a moment after rinsing out a blouse and went to the open window of the bathroom, looking down upon the endless row of back yards, the sight of which her mother so greatly disliked. There were people moving here and there, slovenly looking women in calico, about their daily tasks. Cherry had never thought very much about her neighbors. The difficulties which faced her had been more than enough to fill her mind, but now in this idle moment of healthful reaction a phrase of David's came to her—"the greatest game in the world, when the odds are against you: life itself."

She had caught his meaning vaguely as something different from the joys of her careless youth. Life! It had another meaning, something hidden deep below the surface of illusory pleasures: she heard it from her small window in the throb of the city, the distant tapping of a river's air-hammer, the roar of the L, the groan of a motor-horn, the complaint of the clanging bells of the surface cars, and nearer at hand, in the rasp of a saw, the rattle of dishes, nasal voices raised in argument—each house with its own problems, each family, each unit of each family, struggling with the others for existence. This was what David had meant when he had spoken of the greatest game in the world—hers now, to play as those others played it.

A voice came clearly from an open window, a feminine voice singing a popular air in a thin but not unpleasant soprano. It was a happy voice, full of the aspirations of youth and joy, and somehow it gave Cherry a sense of fraternity in the great fellowship of those who played the game.

In the back yard, where she went after a moment to hang out the things that she had been washing, she heard a voice almost beside her. The yellow head of a girl was nodding at her over the low wooden fence in a friendly way.

"Hello!" said the girl.

"Hello!" said Cherry. "Was that you singing?"

The yellow head bobbed. "What a pretty blouse! I wash mine too. Aint the laundries a mess?"

"It's very little trouble," said Cherry. And then: "Have you been living here long?"

"Oh, yes—a couple of years. The family has. I've been away—out to the Coast—until last week."

"Oh!"

"I'm in pictures—small parts. What's your line?"

"My line?" Cherry smiled dubiously. "I haven't any line. That is, I haven't any job. I wish I had."



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Fleischmann's Yeast has a truly remarkable effect on the whole digestive system. It contains not only vitamin but other vital food factors which help build up body tissues, protect against disease, and keep the intestines healthy.

How many have heard that laxatives never remove the cause of the trouble and yet never act on that knowledge? Begin now. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—and gradually give up laxatives. Laxatives weaken the muscles of the intestines but right eating strengthens them. That is why many men and women have already found relief from



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intestinal inactivity—even chronic cases. Take advantage of their experiences and free yourself from this widespread complaint.

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THE yellow head bobbed vigorously. Its shade was too yellow to be above suspicion, and the face beneath it, though very youthful, showed the slight unevenness in texture which come from the constant use of cosmetics. But her dark gray eyes were singularly earnest.

"Say! Aint it fierce to be out of a job when you need it—getting deeper in the hole all the time!" She broke off. "But I guess you've never been as near down and out as we have."

"Well—I don't know how near down and out you've been," said Cherry curiously. She had approached the fence and leaned against it.

"Good Lord! I don't like to think of it—now that things are coming my way. Not a dollar in the house for weeks at a time, and no sign of any. You don't look as if you'd ever been hungry. Well, that's what I mean."

"No," said Cherry slowly, "I've never been hungry."

"Well—it aint pleasant." There was a pause. And then: "Say, you're awfully pretty," said the girl. "When did you bob your hair?"

"Oh, two years ago."

"Why did you? You must have had a lot of it. Nix on the Greenwich Village stuff for mine! I need my mop in my business. It lights up great when it's waved. Mary hasn't anything on me."

"I think your hair is very lovely," said Cherry.

"Do you? I'm glad. Say, what's your name? Mine's Effie Burdette—Meadowcroft Pictures, Limited."

"My name is Margot Mohun. But people call me Cherry."

"Cherry! Say—that's a swell name for pictures. Have you ever had a test made?"

"No. What's a 'test'?"

"Just a few hundred feet of film to see what you can do—what you look like."

"Oh! No, I haven't."

Effie laughed. "Well, you can take it from me, you never know what you look like until you see yourself filmed. You might be all right, though. Haven't you ever thought of trying?"

"No."

"Well, I guess you're about the only girl in the U. S. A. who hasn't."

"Do you like the pictures?" asked Cherry.

"Like them? Oh, yes. But they aint any pipe—at first. It takes a lot of work to learn—watching the stars, getting the technique. But I'm pretty good. I get a salary now. I may get a lead next year."

"Oh, I hope you will. And of course it pays enormously."

"Not me, it doesn't—not enormously; but I'm satisfied. I'm coming on. I get enough to keep this outfit going O. K."

Cherry turned to her in surprise.

"You mean that you support your whole family!"

"Sure thing. Have a cig?"

EFFIE brought out a paper of cigarettes and offered them to Cherry, who took one.

"Haven't you a father?" asked Cherry when she had taken a light from the girl's cigarette.

"Down and out. He was a house-

painter—fell off a ladder three years ago and twisted his spine.”

“And your mother?”

“Ma! She’s blind in one eye and can’t see out of the other. Got the asthma bad too.” She gave a short laugh at the ash of her cigarette. “Aint we the helluva mess!”

“Oh, I’m so sorry!” responded Cherry.

“Ma used to fuss around the kitchen some, but she mistook some soap-fat for stock one day and like to have poisoned us all with the soup. We’ve got a girl now.”

The cheerful tone in which this catalogue of calamity was delivered bewildered her listener.

“But all this responsibility must have been very terrible for you,” said Cherry genuinely.

“It was—some. But then, what could I do? There they are—helpless. I couldn’t lay down on the job, could I?”

Cherry realized with a keen sense of self-reproach that this was just what she herself had yesterday been on the point of doing.

“I hate a quitter, don’t you?” Effie went on. “There were times when I was pretty near down and out, and it looked like the curtains for Effie—or an angel. But then every time I went out to dinner with a man and ate a lot of rich food, I got to thinking about what was in the refrigerator at home—and about Pa’s sore back. Funny, aint it?”

“I—think—I understand,” said Cherry slowly. “You’re wonderful.”

“Oh, no! But I know my way about in this little burg. Say, Cherry, maybe I could help you to get a test—you don’t mind my calling you Cherry, do you?”

“No. I’m glad you did, Effie. We’re next-door neighbors. We ought to be friends.”

“Surest thing you know. How old are you?”

“Twenty.”

“I’m twenty-three.”

WHEN girls truthfully tell each other their ages, they are in a fair way of becoming intimate. This acquaintance made over the back fence was the beginning of a relationship which was to bloom rapidly in friendship. Cherry visited the Burdette household and met the shut-ins, and much to Mrs. Mohun’s dismay, Effie spent some evenings with Cherry.

The immediate result of this friendship between the girls was Cherry’s visit with Effie to meet Mr. Edward McKaigh, the director of the local studios of the Meadowcroft Company.

“I’m afraid there isn’t much hope,” Effie whispered on the way. “They’re cutting down expenses, and there’s only two pictures, mine and this other. But we’ll see him just the same.” And then, in a kind of awed whisper: “Harold Swift is in the office. You’ll meet him.”

Cherry remembered the name of the famous lover of many pictures, thrilling gently as Effie did, and entered the sanctum of the great man with some apprehension. McKaigh was tall and thin, with a hooked nose and a sharp chin. He smiled politely, exhibiting golden teeth.



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February 14, 1922.

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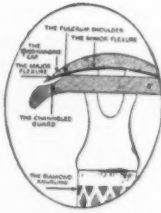
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"And still they come!" he said. "Mr. Swift, Miss—er—"

"Mohun," put in Effie.

"Miss Mohun. Bobbed hair. Um!" —dubiously. "Too bad! Let's see your profile. Got any photos?"

"No, I didn't bring any."

"Things are very slow, Miss Mohun. Nobody doing anything now."

"I thought, Mr. McKaigh," said Effie, "you might be willing to give her a test."

"Oh—well, yes, it might be managed. Have you got a minute, Harold?"

Mr. Swift glanced at Cherry through his long eyelashes and then dubiously at his watch. He was a very great person, she knew, and his moments must be very precious.

"Oh, say, Neddy," he said with an abstracted air, "can't you get somebody else?"

"Just five minutes. Effie wants this. Can't refuse Effie. Come along."

He led the way out into the studio with the listless Harold, Cherry, greatly disturbed, following with Effie like a lamb to the slaughter. There was little time to spare, but Effie made up Cherry's face while McKaigh gave her her instructions—which were, in brief, to make sentimental advances, finally ending in a "get together" with this lover of many women who stood imperturbably listening, a slight smile of bored condescension upon his lips.

CHERRY moved into the place indicated under the glare of the lights, with Harold Swift beside her, and stood staring at the camera-man, aware of the sound of the machine. Other people were looking. Cherry's blood turned to water. She knew that she looked a fool. She was conscious of her hands, of her feet. They were leaden objects which she moved with difficulty. Beside her the magnificent Harold listlessly waited to be intrigued. She put a hand timidly upon his shoulder and looked up into his face. He put his arm around her, bending forward. "More pep!" he whispered kindly. She tried to think of Effie and all that she had done for her, but the sound of the clicking camera exorcized all ease, all grace.

In the "close-ups" which followed she tried to smile, to show pathos, to indicate varying emotions. Had she been asked to cry, she would probably have done so, because she knew that she was a failure. She read it in Effie's flustered face, in McKaigh's blank expression, in the bored look of the camera-man, in Harold Swift's sudden exit from the scene when his share in the little comedy was finished.

"No experience," was McKaigh's verdict. "A year or two in stock is what you need, Miss Mohun," he said kindly. "But you can come around to the projection-room in a few days and see this run off."

Cherry thanked him and went into the dressing-room, where Effie wiped and washed the grease paint from her face.

She gave Effie a rueful smile.

"I was rotten," she said.

"You were as good as Miss Savage," said Effie loyally. "You can do better. I know you can. But you were sorta stiff, Cherry. I was like that at first."



You've got to get used to it. You'll be all right the next time."

"I don't believe there will be any next time," said Cherry with a dry laugh.

WHEN they went out of the dressing-room, Effie left her for a moment to make plans for the following day, and Cherry was about to turn into the studio when she unexpectedly met Bruce Cowan face to face. For a moment he did not recognize her, but she spoke his name.

"Hello, Bruce!"

"Well, Cherry! What are you doing here?"

She told him, and the probable results of the experiment. He listened. He had a slightly superior air, not so condescending as Mr. Swift's—which would come later. She felt that he wished her to understand that since they had last met he had become a man of some consequence, to inform her, if she had not heard of it, that he was going to make a success of the pictures in which he was now taking part.

"I've only been doing it for two months. I was with the Circle Company first. They picked me out of the extras and gave me a part. Last week McKaigh saw me work and made me a big offer to come to Meadowcroft. I've only been here a week. But I'm going great. Say, in a few months I'm going to back Harold off the map."

"I'm glad, Bruce. I do hope you'll succeed. You were always too beautiful to sell motors."

The friendly irony passed over his head. He believed that what she said was true.

"Oh, I photograph good. And I always wanted to be an actor. It's dead easy for me. I've got some athletic stuff to do too. We go out to White Plains for that. That's where I put it over Harold."

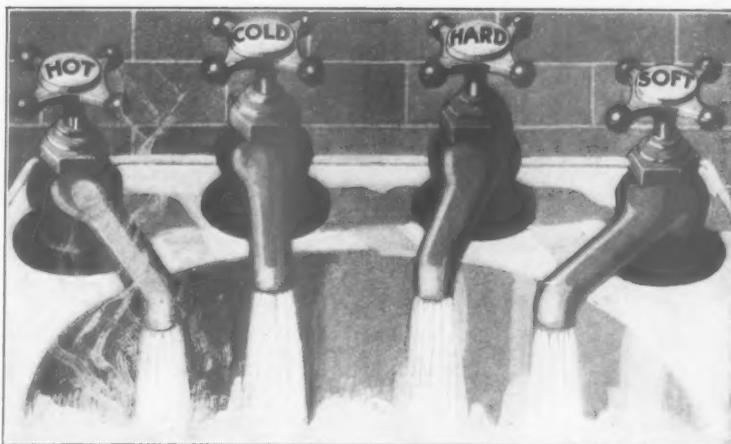
His egotism was, as ever, colossal, but with this new background of achievement, it was somewhat impressive.

"Miss Savage is very pretty," said Cherry.

"Oh, yes. She's all right, isn't she?" Then with an air of sudden abstraction: "Well, I hope you got a good test." And as he shook hands: "Say, Cherry, you're looking kind of thin and peaky. Brace up. The first hundred years are the hardest. Well, I've got to be changing. So long."

Cherry watched his diminishing back with mingled feelings. Of the Bruce Cowan that she had thought she knew, the traces were almost negligible. The most definite impression that he had conveyed was his absorption in a very important and triumphant career. It was also obvious that he had chosen to use that motive as a buffer to repress any tendencies on Cherry's part which might lead toward a recurrence of their sentimental adventure. He might have spared himself that anxiety!

THE result of the test justified Cherry's opinions and Effie's fears. The film was unsatisfactory from every point of view. The emotions registered were spurious. The girl that Cherry saw as she sat with her hand in Effie's in the dark projection-room was like an



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awkward stranger from the country suddenly thrown upon her own resources in a fashionable drawing-room—all hands and feet. She saw the lips of the graceful Harold form into the words "More pep!"—and with pity for this poor creature who was herself, she saw that there was no response. The close-ups were also caricatures. Cherry had not known that her cheek-bones had become so prominent. She was "peaky." And her blue eyes had photographed palely.

"It was the rotten lighting they gave you," whispered Effie.

"No," said Cherry, "I guess I wasn't meant to be a movie queen, Effie."

"I'm so sorry, Cherry. You know I am, don't you?" she said as they went out.

Cherry pressed Effie's hand and laughed. It was the only thing that she could do.

### Chapter Nineteen

FROM the despair with which Alicia Mohun had at first faced their situation, she now assumed an attitude of aggrieved acquiescence in whatever was proposed to her, but she contributed little of advice or encouragement to Cherry's conduct of affairs. This didn't at all trouble Cherry; but she did resent her mother's encouragement of John Chichester's attentions, which continued to be as persistent as they were incomprehensible. The facility with which he had transferred them from Cherry to her mother, and Alicia's tacit acceptance of them, led Cherry into bewildering mazes of thought.

Cherry knew that her mother drove out with Mr. Chichester at least once a week, that he was frequently at the house in the afternoons; she had reason to suspect that her mother sometimes met him elsewhere. But she did not choose to dignify her impatience by recriminations, and when she saw the visitor, she made every effort to give him an amiable greeting.

The thought of that loan still worried Cherry—even more than her own failures in the struggle for existence. She knew that the money realized from the sale of the pearls had been enough to pay all obligations, and her mother, who had insisted on depositing the sum in her own bank-account, had assured her that Chichester's affair "would be attended to." But since her mother now kept her check-book and her bank-book in a locked drawer, Cherry was forced to be content with that statement.

As Cherry approached the house on her return from her unsuccessful visit to the Meadowcroft Studio, she saw that John Chichester's limousine stood at the door. She met its owner in the small parlor where he sat awaiting her mother. As she entered, he rose, pulling nervously at his wisp of mustache. Her glance passed over his evening clothes, which suggested quite plainly their plan of a dinner and theater party for two. Cherry's cool greeting perhaps reflected her disapproval. She had meant to go upstairs at once, but at the door she paused and turned.

"Oh," she said quietly. "There's

something that I've been wanting to speak to you about."

"Ah, Cherry! Is there anything further that I can do?"

It was her imagination, of course, which emphasized his wish to placate her.

"No, thanks. It isn't anything like that. It's about what you've already done."

"My dear Cherry," he said pleasantly, "I hope you won't give that a thought."

"But I do." She paused a moment, searching for words; and then avoiding subterfuge, spoke directly.

"A few months ago my mother borrowed ten thousand dollars from you—"

"No, I loaned it to her, my dear. There's a difference."

"You were very kind. My father and I deeply appreciated your kindness—your other kindnesses to us all. But what I wanted to know was whether or not my mother has repaid it to you?"

Chichester gazed at her a moment half whimsically and then looked away.

"Has that worried you? My dear girl—"

"Answer me, please," insisted Cherry calmly. "Did she pay you or not?"

"I don't quite see—"

"What affair it is of mine? Perhaps you don't think it is. I do. That money went to pay some of my debts as well as hers. Has she given you anything?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"How much?"

"Really, my dear—it's very foolish of you to disturb yourself. She has paid me—er—a substantial sum. What should it matter to you if I'm satisfied? As you know, I have more money than I—"

"That's not the point, Mr. Chichester," Cherry broke in quickly. "I would be obliged if you'd let me know just how much we owe you. Won't you tell me?"

Chichester hesitated. She did not believe him to be by inclination a liar.

"Won't you let this be a matter between Mrs. Mohun and me?"

The purpose of his question was perhaps generous in intention, but he realized immediately that it had an awkward sound, and he saw the swift fire that ran through Cherry's eyes.

"You can hardly think," she said coolly, "that I would be willing to believe in an obligation on my mother's part not shared by the rest of her family."

HE covered his momentary confusion by a short laugh.

"Oh, I say, Cherry. Aren't you a little severe? Of course there's no obligation—except that of a very warm friendship made more gentle by misfortune."

"Oh, yes, of course," she said with a shrug.

He turned toward her again.

"Won't you let me have the privilege of helping you—of helping you all. It's very little I've done. Wouldn't it be more—er—philosophical to say nothing more about it?"

She paused a moment, thinking.

"Then Mother has paid you nothing," she announced.

"I didn't say that."

"No, but you might as well have."

"Please say no more about it, Cherry."



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# Resinol Soap



"I won't, not now. And I thank you for not lying to me."

At this moment there was a sibilance from the stairway outside, and Cherry turned to meet her mother. She wore one of the frocks which John Chichester's money had gone to pay for, a new one of black that brought her head into colorful relief. She was more than usually well tinted, and as she came into the room exhaled delicate odors. Her smile broke languidly.

"So sorry to keep you waiting. . . . Oh, Cherry dear, when did you get in? I hope you've had a nice day. Mr. Chichester and I are going to dinner and then to 'Mr. F's Aunt.' It's fearfully funny, they say—that is, if Mr. Chichester isn't ashamed of being seen with me in this rag."

"I've never seen you look more charming," said Chichester, gallantly.

"We won't be late, of course, Cherry. But you needn't bother to wait up for me. I have my key. Good night, darling. Come, Mr. Chichester."

Cherry made a perfunctory response to their farewells and stared blankly after them, her mind slowly expanding to the significance of this frank declaration of independence. Her mother's artistry had never seemed so admirable, her worldliness so heartless. Nice day indeed! What did her mother care what sort of day she had had—if she could have the things that she craved? This affair was going beyond the bounds of dignity. That money never repaid—not a dollar, probably. Cherry almost wished, now that her mother had gone, that she had flung out at her and told her what she thought—anything to have ruffled her carefully preened plumage, made a scene which would have brought recriminations even, sullied the perfect mask with tears of anger or dismay—anything which might have awakened her mother to the realities of the situation and her sense of duty. Nice day, indeed!

DINNER was almost ready, and the usual odors came through the open door of the kitchen, where the small maid-of-all-work was trying to achieve the impossible task of cooking a palatable dinner in the odd moments between rushing in to finish setting the table. Cherry knew what there was to eat,—vegetable soup, pork chops, mashed potatoes and fried tomatoes, cup custard to follow,—for she had bought the materials herself. But she knew, too, how it was all going to taste—exactly as though everything had come from the same pot; and tonight she had no appetite.

She made her way somberly up the stairs to her room. Her father's door was open, and she looked in. He was standing by the window peering out and listening, it seemed, to the diminishing perspective of sound from John Chichester's car. With an impulse which she couldn't resist, she went in and crossed rapidly to him. He heard her footsteps and turned.

"Oh, Cherry dear," he said calmly, and kissed her.

"She spoke to you?" she asked. "She told you where she was going?"

He merely shrugged. "Yes," he said, "she told me."



"And you had no objection?" she gasped. "I hadn't meant to speak of this to you, Dad, but it's going too far."

"What is, my dear?"

"Mr. Chichester's attentions. I was on the point of giving Muzzy a piece of my mind."

"I'm glad you didn't. That could have done no good. Let her go, if it makes her happy. I don't need her."

"But don't you realize? They're seen together constantly, every day. People must be talking."

"Let them," said Mohun with a shrug.

"And you don't care?" asked Cherry.

"No," he said calmly. "If he amuses her, for God's sake let him."

He amazed and shocked her. "People don't know your mother as I do, my dear," he went on calmly. "She's too good form to do anything improper—and too lacking in temperament to want it."

Cherry frowned.

"I don't mean that. I don't know what I do mean, except that it's unbecoming—undignified, to say nothing of being disloyal."

"But if I don't care, why should you?"

It was on Cherry's tongue to tell her father of the unpaid loan, for she knew that he knew nothing of this, but she realized that it would only make him unhappy.

"Oh, all right, Dad," she said as she went out of the room. "If Muzzy wants to make a fool of herself, it's no affair of mine, I suppose."

**B**UT in her heart Cherry was very certain that she did not share her father's indifference. And that night, long after the light in her father's room had been put out, she sat up darning stockings,—very thoroughly but very badly,—a baleful fire in her eye as she watched the hands of the clock swing around toward midnight.

At the sound of the latchkey in the door downstairs Cherry quickly laid aside her work and rose. She meant to give her mother time to say her adieu and then go down to her, and so she went to the door of her room and out upon the landing. The sound of voices in suppressed tones came up to her quite distinctly.

"No, you *must* go, John—really you must."

John! They were indeed progressing! Cherry coughed discreetly, but the couple in the hallway did not see or hear her.

"Oh, I say, Alicia. Just a moment. One more kiss! I swear you never were so adorable."

Cherry heard her mother's titter, and the sound of it disgusted her. She went down the stairs. They saw her at the same moment, and parted quickly.

"Why, Cherry!" gasped Alicia, staring as though at a ghost. "I thought I asked you not to wait up for me."

"I wasn't sleepy," said Cherry calmly. There was something uncompromising in her attitude as she stood a few steps above them awaiting Mr. Chichester's departure. He was not slow to catch its significance, for he spoke in strictly formal tones to her mother.

"Good night. So glad you could go."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Chichester," said Alicia. "Good night."

## The SECRET LETTERS of BETTY BLAIR

January 10.

Dear Margaret:

I wonder what you would think if you could see this letter! For I do not know who you are or where you are.

But tonight, as I sat by myself, I felt that I simply must have some one to tell my troubles to. So I am writing this letter to you. And somehow, Margaret, I feel that you will understand.

I know that it isn't right to be envious, but sometimes when I think of the other girls, I can't help it. I haven't been to a party or dance in weeks and it seems an age since Bob came the last time.

I shall always love him, Margaret—yes, even if he marries Peggy Andrews!

Dear Margaret:

It's no use. I'm afraid things will never be different for me. Marion Lawrence invited me to a party at her home last night and I decided to go. But the minute I got there I was sorry I had gone. For it seemed that every girl had a new dress but me.

Bob danced with me twice, but the minute the dance was over he seemed anxious to get away. And yet how happy and proud he was when he danced with Peggy! She looked so pretty in her new taffeta, too!

When I came home I sat down and cried. It isn't fair that I should be wasting the best years of my life just because I haven't pretty clothes!

Dear Margaret:

Mary Davenport was married today. She wanted me to be one of her bridesmaids, but I begged off. I made all sorts of excuses—all but the real one. But I think she guessed the truth.

So I slipped into the gallery of the church and watched Mary go proudly up the aisle. And oh, how I envied her! Do you think that any one will ever marry me, Margaret? Sometimes I grow afraid that I shall be the old maid sister of the family. For I am getting older every day. Oh, if only I had some pretty clothes!

Dear Margaret:

Last night, after I wrote you that letter, I lay in bed a long time—just thinking and thinking about a story of a girl just like myself that I had read in a magazine. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was so discouraged. And then she found a way to make pretty dresses herself—for merely the cost of materials.

And as I lay there, an irresistible impulse seemed to be urging me to do something. It was almost as if a voice—your voice, Margaret—was saying—"Find out about it!" "Find out about it!"

So I got up then and there and wrote a letter. I mailed it this morning. Perhaps, after all, there is a way for me to get the pretty clothes I need so badly.

Dear Margaret:

Remember that letter I mentioned a few days ago? Well, I got an answer from it today—a friendly, cheery letter from the Woman's Institute and a booklet describing the plan in detail.

Just think! While I have been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning to make the pretty clothes they have always wanted.

Do you think I can learn, too, Margaret? I am sure I can. For more than 140,000 girls and women, in all circumstances, have learned to sew at home through the Woman's Institute. If they can learn, I can learn, too!

Dear Margaret:

I wonder if it was Fate that induced me to mail that letter to the Woman's Institute? Whatever it was, I am sure that one simple little act will be the means of changing my whole life.

For, Margaret, I am really learning how to sew! Although I have finished only three of the Institute's lessons I have already made the prettiest blouse for myself and one for mother. And last night I finished my first dress, a simple, one-piece dress, but I'm more proud of it than anything I ever had.

Met Bob today and he admired it very much and wanted to know where I had bought it. And, oh, yes! He wants me to go to a dance with him next month. I don't want to be mean, but I hope Peggy Andrews is there, too. This time—well, this time it will be different.



April 24.

Dear Margaret:

It's strange what a difference a few weeks make! Why, it seems only yesterday that I was wondering if I would ever have pretty clothes like other girls. And now they are envying me!

You should have seen how surprised they were last night at the dance. "Where in the world did you ever get that wonderful gown?" . . . I think if they asked me that question once they must have asked it a hundred times. And when I told them that I made it all myself, they just wouldn't believe it.

"You were wonderful tonight," Bob said later. "You seemed like a different girl." Bob's coming over quite regularly now, Margaret.

May 18.

Dear Margaret:

More good news! I made \$42 sewing for other people in the last month! Think of it, \$42! I feel like a millionaire! And it was so easy.

You see, I had been making such rapid progress with my lessons from the Woman's Institute and making so many pretty things for myself and mother that the neighbors just couldn't get over it.

And pretty soon, Mrs. Wright came over and asked me to make a blouse and a dress for her. So I said all right, I would. Both turned out splendidly, and she was so delighted with the way they fitted (she is rather stout, you know) that she recommended me to her sister-in-law. Since then I've been busy all the time. It seems as if everybody is looking for a good dressmaker.

Dear Margaret:

June 5.

I didn't mention Bob in my last letter because—well, you know how quickly a girl can tell when a man has something on his mind and is waiting for just the right time to say it.

The right time came last night. Bob and I were sitting on the veranda. Suddenly he bent close to me. "Betty," he said simply, "I love you."

That was all, Margaret, just four words, but they were the sweetest words I have ever heard.

Dear Margaret:

June 15.

This is the last letter I shall ever write you. Tonight as I took the others out and read them over, it seemed that, after all, you have been very real—and very near and dear to me.

But I'm going to say good-bye, Margaret, because, you see, I'm not lonesome any more. I'm going to put this letter with the others now. They tell the story of my innermost self—and I shall keep them always.

**WHAT** Betty Blair has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 140,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, the success of the Institute's methods.

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She closed the street door and then turned, facing her daughter. She must have seen the fire burning in Cherry's eyes, but she gave no sign of comprehension.

"You should have gone with us, Cherry—the most amusing thing—" she began lightly as she moved toward the stair. "A very ingenious situation in the third act."

But Cherry on the bottom step did not stir.

"I came down here because I wanted to talk to you, Muzzy," she said quietly.

"Is—is anything wrong, dear?" asked Alicia.

"Perhaps you can best tell me about that."

"Why, Cherry! What do you mean?"

Cherry went into the parlor, where she caught a glimpse of her own face and her mother's, side by side in the mirror over the mantel. The shadows of weariness which had recently been growing about Cherry's eyes had deepened. To a casual observer, Alicia might have seemed younger than her daughter.

"Just this," said Cherry quietly: "I saw Mr. Chichester for a moment before you went out with him. He told me that you had not repaid that loan."

SHE saw her mother's lips close in a thin line which eliminated all the charm of their pretty curves, and her eyes grow suddenly metallic.

"Well," she said coolly, "and what of that?"

"There was money enough to have repaid it at first. You told me that you would attend to it."

"Doesn't it occur to you, my dear, that I'm quite capable of looking after my own affairs?"

"If it *were* your affair only! But it isn't. That money went to pay my bills as well as yours. It isn't your affair only. It's Dad's—and mine."

"How? I borrowed it. It's my obligation. Your father knows nothing about it. Why should you worry, so long as Mr. Chichester is satisfied?"

"I worry just as Dad would—if he knew."

Alicia's brows drew together pettishly. "Is there any need to tell him?"

Alicia was aware of a doubt which had come into her daughter's averted eyes.

"I don't want to. I don't want to worry him. He's had enough already." She turned suddenly to her mother, her blue eyes alight with her frank appeal. "Muzzy, how much of that money is there left? How much have you paid John Chichester? Wont you tell me?"

Alicia turned to the mirror and toyed with a rebellious curl.

"I've paid him something. He wouldn't let me pay him any more. He was very considerate. He thought that we would need it. God knows we do."

"But not charity, Muzzy—not his or anyone's."

"Charity! Really, Cherry. You amaze me. I don't know what has got into you. If one can't trust to one's friends in a time of difficulty—"

"He's not Dad's friend. And Dad's the only one that matters."

Her mother flashed around at her, hard lines at lips and brows.

"I've always managed to look after my

own affairs, Cherry," she said sharply. "I would be much better pleased if you didn't interfere."

Cherry had expected this rebuff and the manner of it, but she met her mother's anger with cool insistence.

"You mean, then, Muzzy," she said deliberately, "that your intimacy with John Chichester fully justifies this obligation."

Alicia's gaze flickered and then returned to her daughter's face.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"What I say. If Dad is indifferent to what is going on under his nose, I'm not."

"Oh!"

"I might as well tell you what I think. It will clear the air: I know you ought to know better than I what is the right thing to do. But if you think that spending practically all of your time with John Chichester, both here and in other places, accepting his attentions, forgetting what you owe to Dad, using Chichester's money—"

"Cherry!"

"I mean it. It's rotten of you. I hate to say it, but it's true. Upstairs there, before I came down, I didn't mean to hear, to see—but I did—what he said to you—his arm around you—"

The spots of rouge emerged from the sudden pallor of Alicia's face, a tragic mask in motley.

"You listened!" she gasped. "You spied!"

"No, I coughed. But you didn't even hear me. I couldn't help that, could I?"

"You were mistaken," stammered Alicia. "It is not true what you say. There was nothing to see—nothing—that you shouldn't have seen!"

"Then why get so excited about it?" said Cherry calmly.

Her mother had crossed the room toward the windows, struggling for her calm.

"It's the way you spoke—the unjust suspicion—from you!"

She turned again, her breast heaving, pacing the floor.

"I don't understand you. Just because I seek relief in occasional pleasure from this horrible atmosphere which suffocates me, you impute these unworthy motives. You shame me—you shame yourself in shaming me. What have I done to deserve this from you? Oh, that you could!"

Her voice had been breaking, and suddenly she threw herself upon the sofa, sobbing bitterly.

IN the old days her tears had always moved Cherry's heart. Cherry was sorry for her now, but it was not the pity of affection. It was just pity. Cherry couldn't resist the impression that those tears were not the holy ones of outraged dignity that Alicia wished her to imagine them, but merely the outburst of a childish petulance and anger at having been found out.

"You—you are an unnatural child," Alicia went on wildly. "Haven't I given the best years of my life in bringing you up—giving you everything in the world to make you happy? Didn't I slave for you all—to make a place for you in the world? Was it my fault that your father failed? And now you turn against me—you, to whom I've never de-



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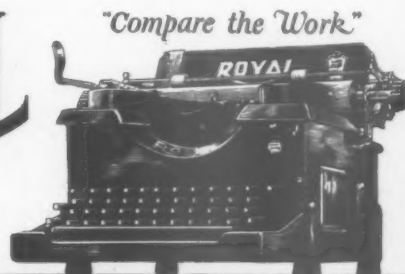
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## Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

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A baby is so logical. When everything is *right*—food, sleep, skin—baby is no more trouble than a kitten. But upset the schedule and everything is all wrong.

Take such an ordinary thing as talcum. You know that Mennen Borated is right, just as your Mother and Grandmother knew it was right. But suppose you experiment with a very cheap talcum or one without a properly balanced formula, or with one too strongly scented, or one which doesn't adhere to the skin. Baby's petal skin will show the difference very quickly.

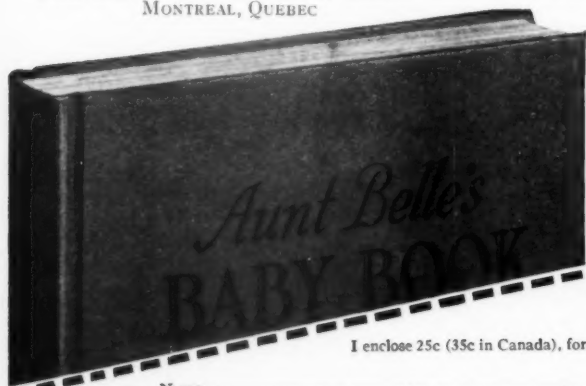
While we are on this matter of skin, I want to tell you all over again about wonderful Kora-Konia. I'm sorry for any baby whose mother doesn't know about Kora-Konia. It's the most amazing remedy I have ever employed in my years of baby raising. Almost unbelievable are the results I have observed in cases of prickly heat, teething rashes, or inflammation caused by damp diapers.

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nied anything that you wanted, you, who did as you pleased—without question—who still do as you please!"

Then she turned suddenly, leaning upon one arm, her hysteria concentrating anew in a reckless abandon of fury.

"You! What right have you to question me—for my harmless pleasures," Alicia went on, "to put a disgusting motive to a moment of mistaken meaning, you who visit men's apartments at night?"

"Muzzy!"

It was Cherry's turn to be startled. She had fallen back a pace, staring pallidly at the unnerved woman who faced her with this accusation.

"Well—you see—I know," Alicia cried shrilly. "David Sangree! Why you chose him of all men to visit, God knows!"

"Mother! Hush! Stop! Do you hear?"

Alicia stared at her for a moment and then bent her head.

The instincts of good breeding came to each of them at the same moment, warned them of the brutality of their meanings. Neither spoke for a moment. Alicia had her face in her handkerchief, sobbing again. Cherry stared at her, dry-eyed, breathing hard, but deathly quiet.

"Who told you this?" Cherry asked at last.

There was no reply, and she repeated the question.

"Who told you this? Mr. Chichester?"

"No—yes."

"When?"

"Tonight. I didn't believe it; I defended you. But you were seen by friends of his."

"It's quite true. I did visit David Sangree's room at night."

"Oh!"

"You can impute a rotten motive if you like," Cherry said, and smiled as the thought of David came to her. "Only you don't know David Sangree."

**A**LICIA straightened, still dabbing at her eyes. She looked her age now, for most of her youth was on her handkerchief. Her face was haggard and mottled with tears.

"I only know that people are talking," she said. Her tones were still cold, resentful. "It was a terrible thing for a decent girl to do, whatever your motive!"

Cherry's reply was obvious, but she made none. She only turned away from her mother and compressed her lips. The conversation had passed the bounds of understanding—of decency. She heard the rustle of Alicia's silk underskirt as she rose, gave reply to her formal "Good night!" and listened to her footsteps as she climbed the stairs. For a long while Cherry stood there, her eyes closed, trying to think. Then turning out the sputtering gas-light, she went heavily up the dark stairway to her room. Her mother—and John Chichester! She wouldn't believe it; she couldn't. There was but one thing for which she could be thankful—that her father had not heard or seen.

**The conclusion of this powerful drama of social life today will appear in the forthcoming July issue. Don't miss it.**



## THE DIAMOND

(Continued from page 97)

"Right now," replied Walker.

Then he paused in his stride, took off his hat and extended it for a moment above his head like a tired person who would relax from the fatigue of travel.

Immediately three persons, two men and a woman between them, carrying bags, coats and the usual articles of travel, came out from the crowd pouring into the station from the street and crossed hurriedly into the group waiting at the entrance for the Bar Harbor train.

Then a dramatic thing happened.

I could see the old man clearly; he was watching Walker out of the tail of his eye, and he kept his hands in his pockets, but he was not watching the three persons who came into the group as though seeking the train for which he was bound; and as they passed, quicker than the eye, the man's hands were seized, dragged out of his pockets and snapped into handcuffs. The pistols gripped in his hands were swept out; they fell to the floor.

"The devil!" I cried. "The old boy is the most dangerous Lothario I ever saw."

Walker replied in his leisured drawl:

"He's the most dangerous bank-swindler you ever saw."

THE girl had been questioned, and the thing was now clear. Walker explained it all on the way to Bartoldi's in a taxicab. I had my diamond in my pocket, and Walker had Bartoldi's to exchange for the forged draft. The old man was Vronsky, the most notorious forger in the world. He had bribed this girl, the janitress of the Empire Bank at Bar Harbor, to steal a book of blank drafts and some sheets of stationery. It was easy to do; the book of blanks was lying on the bookkeeper's desk in the package as it had come from the printer, and the stationery had never been locked up.

With the blanks bearing the secret water-mark of the bank, Vronsky was able to forge drafts on New York and place them, establishing his identity by a letter from the bank officials on this stationery, in which they said they were sending him the draft which he intended to pay out, and giving its amount and number.

"It was a clever scheme," Walker added. "The secret water-mark on the draft-blanks would show that they were genuine—that's what convinced Bartoldi; and the forged letter would show the identity of the man who undertook to place it. The forgery gave Vronsky no trouble; the problem was how to get the blanks and letter-paper."

"And he got them with a diamond," I said.

Walker's drawl lengthened.

"Precisely as we got him."

And so this adventure opened with a diamond and closed with the arrest of one of the worst criminals in the world. What was it I wrote in the opening paragraph of this case? Go back and read it.

Posed by Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers," a Vitagraph motion picture. Miss Griffith is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.



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DO YOU know how truly beautiful your complexion can be? Do you appreciate what delicate freshness, what fineness of texture you can gain for your skin? And with how little effort?

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

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## She Wears Her Beauty Like a Queen

*The years have touched her lightly as they passed and she wears her beauty like a stately queen.*

*Youth has not left her at the threshold of middle age, because she has kept the simple laws of health.*

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Four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands younger, are numbered among Pyorrhea's victims because it strikes quietly from ambush.

Watch your gums! The first symptoms of Pyorrhea are tender gums that bleed easily when brushed.

At the first danger signal call your dentist and make an appointment for gum inspection. Then buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums and start using it at once.

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Pyorrhea attacks the gums and the base of the teeth. If allowed to run its course unchecked it loosens the teeth until they drop out or must be extracted.

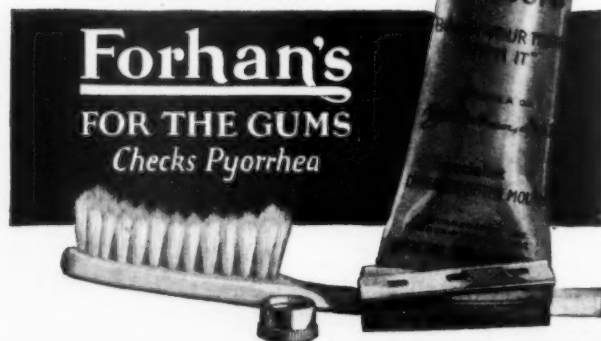
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## SOULS FOR

(Continued from

This gladdened Mem exquisitely. It showed that for all her wanton career she was still in her father's eyes an innocent child who must be protected from the world. Of course, it was rather the world that needed to be protected from her. But she would not disturb his delusion.

He said he wished he might have gone along and seen great cities he had never seen. All cities were Carcassones to him. He spoke of the anonymous benefactor, the conscience-stricken stranger who had sent him money through Dr. Bretherick. But he could not use that money for travel; it was for the church, and he sighed: "The good man has forgotten to send the last installment as he promised."

Mem gave a start and almost said: "I forgot all about it in the rush of leaving. I'll give it to you now."

She checked herself so abruptly that she was not quite sure that she had not spoken. She seemed to hear the echo of her words.

Her father was called away for a moment to speak to a new parishioner, and Mem said to her mother:

"This is exactly what we call a 'situation' in the business. The audience knows something the principal actor doesn't know. If Papa had found out that I was the remorseful gentleman, he'd have dropped dead."

He came back with the parishioner, who had begged for the honor of an introduction to his famous daughter. The old man had once wished that she had died before she went so wrong, but now he was plainly very glad indeed that she had been spared. He fluttered like a hen whose duckling has swum the pond and come back to the wing.

The parishioner moved on at last, leaving embarrassment. Dr. Steddon was afraid to ask his daughter the details of her new life, lest she should tell him. She could not think of much to say that would be certain not to shock him. The reunion was too blissful to be risked.

At length, a very long length, the southbound train drew in and took them aboard. They watched the landscape, and indulged in flurries of small talk that rushed and died like flaws of wind on the river.

### Chapter Fifty-seven

FINALLY Calverly came up along the track and stopped at the station. The place shocked Mem by its shabbiness and its pettiness. When she left it, she had never seen a city and she was afraid of her home town. Now her eyes were acquainted with the cyclopean architecture of New York, the gardened mansions of Pasadena and the maelstrom streets of Chicago.

Yet she was as shy before the crowds that waited for her, as they of her. The mayor had come down to give her welcome. He was as shabby as the sheriff in a Western movie, but he was the village's best, and he used his largest words in a little speech, as soon as he could push

## S A L E

page 75)

through the mob of Steddon children that devoured Mem and their mother.

The manager of the Calverly Capitol, with its capacity of two hundred, brushed the mayor aside and claimed Miss Steddon as his prize. He had a carriage waiting for her, and a room at the hotel in case the parsonage was overcrowded.

Dr. Steddon grew Isaian as he stormed back:

"My daughter stays in her own home!"

This brought Mem snuggling to his elbow, and from that sanctuary she greeted her old Sunday-school teacher, several of the public school teachers, an old negro janitor, and a number of young men and women who called her by her first name.

Two or three of the girls had been belles of the town, and she had looked on them with awe for their beauty, their fine clothes and their fast reputations. Now they seemed startlingly dubby, gawky, silly; and now the awe was theirs.

Mem noted that her own sisters were dubbier, gawkier, sillier still—except Gladys, who had matured amazingly, and in whose eyes and mouth and ill-furnished roundness Mem's experience saw a terrifying capacity for fierce emotions.

The first resolve Mem made was to buy her sisters clothes worthy of them and of her own high rank.

Just as she was stepping into a waiting automobile, Doctor Bretherick came along, happened by with a very badly acted pretense of surprise. Mem told him that she wanted to come over and have him look at her throat. She coughed for conviction's sake, and he warned her that there was a lot of flu goin' about.

The car moved off, and she felt as if she were passing through a wooden toy town. Her father's church looked about to fall over. It was not half so big as she remembered it, and dismally in need of paint.

And the house! Was it possible that the old fence was so near the porch, and the porch so small? Once it had been a grove of romantic gloom, deep and fatal enough to bring about her damnation.

With a sudden stab she remembered Elwood Farnaby and the far-off girl that he had loved too madly well in that moonlit embrasure. How little and pitiful that Remember had been! There was a toyish unimportance in her very fall, the débacle of a marionette world. But Elwood Farnaby was great by virtue of his absence and his death. He was a hero now, with Romeo and Leander and Abélard and the other geniuses of passion whose shadows had grown gigantically long in the sunset of a tragic punishment for their ardors.

She stumbled as she mounted the steps, and there was a misery in her breast. Then the house opened its door and took her in into its Lilliputian hall and stairway. She "laid off" her hat and gloves in the parlor, with the dining-room alongside. It was like a caricature of homeliness. Just such a set had been rejected at the studio because it was a burlesque on such a home!

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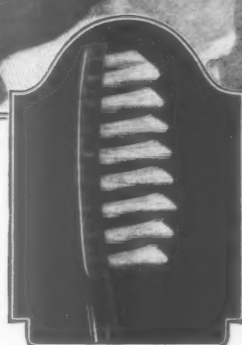
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Wonderment at the hallucinations of her youth and gratitude even for the disaster that had hurled her out of the jail filled her heart. She had never acted more desperately than in her mimicry of the emotions of rapture at her coming home.

**A**T the dinner table, the old preacher's humble grace for the bounty of the Lord saddened Mem again. The poor old dear had suffered every hardship and known nothing of luxury; yet he was grateful for "bounty!"

After the table was cleared and the dishes washed and put away, Mem escaped on the pretext of a visit to the Doctor. She was waylaid by old friends on the walks and hailed from all the porches. There was a little condescension in the manner of a few matrons and a few embittered belles, but Mem knew enough to take this as the unwitting tribute of envy.

She found Dr. and Mrs. Bretherick waiting for her. The Doctor got rid of his wife and closed the door on Mem. Then he flung up his hands and cried:

"Well!"

He shook his shaggy poll and mumbled a wide grin, and repeated half a dozen "Well's" of varied meaning, before he exclaimed:

"Well, if I'm not a success as an author, manager and perdoocer of A; talent, show me one! Our little continuity has certainly worked out beyond the fondest dreams of author and star."

His star took less pride in it than he. Somehow Mem drew humiliation instead of pride from the lowliness of her origin. This room had seen her first confession of guilt. In this room Elwood Farnaby had made his last battle for life.

A horrifying thought came to Mem: if he had not died, she would have become his wife and the mother of his child. She would have been a laughing-stock, material for ugly whispers about the village. And she would have been the shabbiest of wives even here. She would never have known fame or ease or wealth.

"What a scenario it would make!" she thought in spite of her wrath against herself for harboring such an infamous idea. But she could not deny her mind to it. Suppose a story were written around her life: a girl in her plight has a choice of two careers: in one her lover lives, makes her the partner of his humble obscurity and poverty, and she becomes a shabby, life-broken dowd; in the other her lover dies and she goes on alone to wealth, beauty, and the heights of splendor. Which would she choose? The very hesitation was murderous. Yet how would she choose? Would she kill her lover, or let him live a vampire to destroy her soul?

She felt a compulsion to penance, and a humbling of herself at the grave of her thwarted husband. She was afraid to walk through the streets to the cemetery, and she asked the Doctor to drive her thither in the little car he now affected.

He consented and rose to lead the way. She checked him and took out her purse.

"I want to give you the installment I forgot, of the conscience money. Please



get it to Papa as soon as you can. And here's a little extra."

The Doctor took the bills with a curious smile. She seemed to feel his sardonic perplexity as she mused aloud along a well-thought path.

"If I hadn't been 'a fallen woman,' I couldn't have saved Papa's church from ruin. How do you explain it? What's the right and wrong of it all?"

The old physician shook his head:

"I'm no longer fool enough, honey, to try to explain anything that happens to us here. I don't even wonder about what's going to happen to us hereafter, if anything. As for right and wrong—humph! I can't tell 'em apart. When some terrible calamity comes, your father says: 'It is God's will; He moves in a mysterious way.' Well, I let it go at that for good luck too. I neither thank nor blame anybody for anything, and I don't pray to anybody to make it come out the way I want it. According to one line of thinking, your misstep was the Divine plan. According to another, good can never come out of evil. Of course, we know it does, every day; and evil out of good. The only folks who know things know 'em because they think that being pig-headed is being knowing. It's too much for the wise ones. So let's let it alone and make the best of what comes. We're only human after all; so let's be as human as we can, and I guess that's about as divine as we'll ever get down here."

He led her out to his woeful little tin wagon, and they went larrupping through the streets out into the cemetery. That at least had increased in population, and some new monuments brightened it, set like paperweights to hold down poor bodies the wind might else blow away.

A few mourners were moving about, planting flowers, clipping grass, or just brooding over what the earth had gathered back unto itself. They looked up, startled and offended at the profaning clatter of Doctor Bretherick's car.

SOME of them Mem recognized. One or two women whose grief was so old that it was almost comfortable waved to her. She had a sudden fear that if she paused to kneel at Elwood's mound and worship there, she would start a wonder that intuition would change to ugly surmise. The scandal had died before its birth, like the still-born child. It would do Mem little harm, for she had been the victim of much harsh talk, and was always under that cloud of suspicion that envelops all stage people in the eyes of the conventional.

But Elwood in his grave ought to be spared from such a resurrection. The tongues of the busybodies must not dig him up and play the ghoul with him.

In a panic of indecision as to her true duty, she recognized old Mrs. Farnaby mourning by a little hillock. Swaying near her was her husband, old Fall-down Farnaby, still somehow capable of intoxication.

The Doctor knew better than to pause at all, and Mem's only rite of atonement was a glance of remorseful agony cast toward Elwood's resting-place. It showed her that the founder of her fortunes was honored only by a wooden headboard already warped and sidelong.



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It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

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"One last favor," she mumbled to Dr. Bretherick. "Get a decent tombstone for the poor boy and let me pay for it."

"All right, honey," said the Doctor. And the car jangled out of the gates again into the secular road.

And that was That.

### Chapter Fifty-eight

AT the supper-table the younger children beset Remember with questions. Gladys was particularly curious and searching in her inquiries.

Then came the hour of the theater-going. Nobody had dared to ask Dr. Steddon if he would accompany his family. He had not made up his own mind. He dared not.

The family bade him good-by and left him, but had hardly reached the gate when he came pounding after. He flung his arms about Mem's shoulders and cast off all his offices except that of a father, chuckling:

"Where my daughter goes is good enough for me!"

He made almost more of a sensation in the theater than Mem. There was applause and cheering, and even a slow and awkward rising to the feet until the whole packed auditorium was erect and clamorous.

Seats of honor were reserved for the great star and the family that reflected her effulgence. As soon as they were seated, the young woman who flailed the piano began to batter the keys, and Mem's latest picture began to flow down the screen.

She could feel at her elbow the rigid arm of her father undergoing martyrdom. She felt it wince as her first close-up began to glow, her huge eyes pleading to him in a glisten of superhuman tears. The arm relaxed as he surrendered to the wonder of her beauty. It tightened again when danger threatened her, and she could hear his sigh of relief when she escaped one peril, his grasp as she encountered another.

He was like a child playing with his first toy, hearing his first fairy story. He was entranced. She heard him laugh with a boyishness she had never associated with him. She heard him blow his nose with a blast that might have shaken a wall in Jericho. A sneaking side-glance showed her that his eyes were dripping. And when the applause broke out at the finish of the picture, she heard his great hands making the loudest thwacks of all. This was heartbreaking bliss for her.

Then the manager appeared on the narrow stage and spoke of the honor of having with them the great star of whom Calverly was so proud, and he took great pleasure in interdoocing Miss Remember Steddon: "America's sweetheart."

This stolen attribute embarrassed Mem only a moment in the sea of embarrassments that swallowed her. She hardly knew how she reached the stage, or what happened there. Whatever she said, she said to her father, staring down at him as so often from the choir-gallery. His eyes were bright with a layman's ecstasy in a child's glory.

She came down and made her way slowly through a phalanx of friends with outthrust fingers, snatching at the hem

of her fame, eager to be able to say: "I shook hands with Remember Steedon once."

The family went home in state, the children and the mother loud in comment, the father silent. The old parson had to think it all out. Once at home, he sent the children up to bed and held Mem and her mother with his glittering eye for a long while before he delivered his sermon.

"My beloved wife and daughter, I—ahem, ahum! I want to plead for the forgiveness of you both. I have been wrong-headed and stiff-necked as so often, but now I am humbled before you in spite of all my pride.

"You have builded better than you knew, perhaps, my child—and now I ask you to pardon me for being ashamed of you when I should have been proud. You were using the gifts that heaven sent you as heaven meant you to use them. Your eloquence is far greater than mine has ever been. Never have I seen the beauty of purity amid temptation so vividly brought home.

"I would not presume to seem to criticize you, my darling, but I implore you to keep your heart and your art clean, not only for your own precious sake, but for the sake of the people whom you are helping in their own struggles with temptation. Your art is sacred, and you can't, you won't sully it in your life. God forgive me for my unbelief, and send you happiness and goodness and a long, long usefulness in the path you have elected."

He rose and bent down to kiss Mem on the brow. Then he escaped into his study, leaving the two women to weep in each other's arms.

NONE of her father's thunderings against wantonness, none of his chantings about the divine delights of self-denial, had ever such influence upon Mem's soul as his meek surrender before her power as an artist. Nothing has ever made anybody want to be good so much as the rewards, the praise for having been good.

That night Mem knelt again by her old bed, and on knees unaccustomed to prayer, implored strength to keep her gift like a chalice, a grail of holiness. She woke with an early-morning resolve to be the purest woman and the devoutest artist that ever lived. Other hours and other influences brought other moods, but consecration was her spirit now.

The next day she left the town with all its blessings, no longer a scapegoat, sin-laden, limping into the wilderness, but a missionary, God-spiced into the farthest lands of the earth. It seemed that all Calverly was there to wring her hand and wait her salutations. The family was weebegone at losing her—all but Gladys, who wore a mysterious smile that puzzled them.

The conductor called "All aboard!" and hasty farewells were taken in clench of hand and awkward kiss.

Mem ran to the rear platform and waved and waved lengthening signals of love to her dwindling family. She noted the absence of Gladys, and wondered at it as she went to her drawing-room. There she found the girl ensconced in elfin triumph, smiling like a pretty witch.

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"What on earth are you doing here?" Mem cried.

"Going to Los Angeles with you. I may never be great like you, but I'm going to have a mighty good time trying. Can you blame me for running away from that graveyard when I see what came to you?"

HOW could Mem blame her? How could she fail to understand her and to promise her help. All the world was filled with runaway girls, striking out for freedom and for wealth and renown. Mem's little sister was only another in the multitude, and she was so pretty, so delectable, magnetic, that her future looked all roses.

"I'm jealous of you," Mem said. "You'll ruin my chances, you're so much better looking, and—and—"

"Oh, you!" Gladys laughed.

There were many questions to exchange, and Mem soon learned that her sister had flung off the chains that one or two ardent lovers had tried to fasten about her. She had substituted for the old saws the modern instances. She had changed the old ditty to run: "The boy I left behind me." Gladys was not beginning her future with the dark groping fearsomeness of Mem's. Mem had been like a pioneer who fights the wilderness, and makes the path easy for the followers.

When Mem with a last faltering reproach asked her sister if she were wise to toss aside the devotion of a good man, Gladys laughed.

"Let love wait! The men have kept us waiting for thousands of years, till they were ready. Now let them wait for us."

There was no gainsaying this. It had been Mem's own feeling when she left Los Angeles and her lovers there.

Consternation must be rife at home in Calverly, where Gladys' elopement was doubtless realized by now, but there would be more consternation in the hearts of countless men when the fascinations of the Steddon sisters should shine upon them from the silver sheet.

Mem resolved to save her sister from the anguishes she had known in her own pilgrimage. She felt already a veteran and a guide with a diploma from the college of life. Her first thought had been a remorseful feeling that she had not only gone wrong but had led her own sister astray as well. Now she felt that she had led her sister out of the dark into the light.

Mem had been somehow rescued from oblivion into the higher opportunities. She would make her name famous and

keep it. If she ever got a husband, she would still keep her name and not use his except for the sweet purposes of domesticity.

Life had not plucked her to fling away or merely to adorn the buttonhole of some lover. Life had transplanted her into a garden where the choicest flowers bloomed. She would make herself the rosiest rose that she could. She would yearn upward toward the sun and spread the incense of her soul as far as the winds of the world would carry it. And when she died, she would leave her name and her face in immortal pictures of deathless motion.

She had sinned; indeed, her life had been redeemed from nullity through her sin. She might sin, again—but then, everybody sins again and again. But she would make atonement by entertainment, purging her soul, not by hiding in the wilderness, but by shining like a little sun around the world, blessing the world with sympathy and the nobility of tears shed for another's sorrows.

Let love wait, then, till she had made the best of herself. And then let love not demand that she bow her head and shrivel in his shadow, but let him bloom his best alongside.

She wondered who that companion of her destiny would be—Tom Holby, maybe, Austin Boas, or still another perhaps; or others perhaps, including him—or them! In any case he (or they) had better behave and play fair! As for being a mother, let that wait, too. She was going to mother the multitudes, and tell them stories to soothe them.

There was far more in this dream than vanity, far more than selfishness. The hope of the world lay therein, for the world can never advance farther than its women.

She had a soul to sell, and it was all her own, and she was going to market.

The dawn was hers for conquest. Man-kind was her lover and her beloved. That one-man passion called love could wait until at least the late forenoon.

Thus ends Mr. Hughes' story of the motion pictures. He is now completing his new novel, which, as always, will receive first and exclusive publication in this magazine, beginning in an early issue. It is entirely unlike anything Mr. Hughes has ever before written, and the prophecy is made that it will prove to be the most impressive of all his novels

## A New Serial Novel of the Movies

Every reader of "Souls for Sale," here ended, will be interested in the fact that in the next—the July—issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE will begin another great story of the motion pictures by no less an authority on them than Rob Wagner, author of "Film Folks" and numerous articles on the movies which have appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. Your attention is called to the special announcement on Page 2 of this issue.



## HER OWN LIFE

(Continued from page 53)

the table just as Julius cleared his throat and unlimbered his great guns. Trix was glowing like a rose, Julius like a beet. The wife, upon whom so much honor was being bestowed, was scarcely listening to the torrent of sophistries which came in that thick, monotonous voice. Nineteen previous occasions had taught her just how Julius' speech would go. It would begin with an anecdote in either Negro, Scotch or Irish dialect. He had a gift for making all dialects sound alike. This evening he chose Scottish.

"... and Jock said to Sandy, after thinking it over—you know the Scotch are great people to think things over—he said to Sandy—" A slight pause, during which Julius gave himself a chance to laugh heartily at the still unrevealed point. "He said to Sandy with a very sly wink—oh, I forgot to say that Sandy had just asked him why he didn't ever flirt the way he did before he was married—so Jock said to Sandy: 'Hoot, mon! Scotland is a sic a wee, sma' countree that ye canna gang far enough or stay lang enough to be verra indee-screet.'"

Laughter.

The story reminded Julius of another, this one concerning two Irishmen named Pat and Mike. Trixie prayed to an unknown god that Julius would learn to tell an Irish story without saying "Begorry." She turned wearily toward Mayne Oliver and saw his expressive eyes studying her.

"We have enough of sordid care in the daily round of life," went on the orator, "and on occasions—occasions like these we can indulge in a little lightsome banter. What says the poet? 'A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.' And I hope none of you will take me too seriously when I say that there's only one crime more deadly than matrimony, and that's murder. Commit murder and you get hung. Commit matrimony and you're in for a life sentence."

"Trix and I have served twenty years of our time, but we don't get a day off for good behavior. The better we behave, the longer we're apt to serve. But there's one funny thing about me and Trix—we're perfectly satisfied with our sentence. We're like the colored man who did time in Atlanta prison, and when they let him out, he wrote to the judge—"

Followed an African anecdote wherein the dialect differed from the Irish in that Sambo said "Say, boss," where Pat had said "Begorry." Trix thought her own thoughts. She could feel Mayne Oliver's foot under the table, a sustaining touch. She caught him yawning behind a slender hand. Julius had now swung tremendously into the emotional mood:

"A year ago our little daughter was with us for our anniversary gathering. Now she has gone over far seas to make a home for the man she loves. For well she knows that true womanhood makes a home. How time flies! It seems but yesterday that Trixie was a little girl like Kathleen. In another year, perhaps, we may have a new interest—that of grandparents. You laugh, my friends, but we

E. PHILLIPS  
OPPENHEIM'S  
GREAT NOVEL

"THE EVIL SHEPHERD," the most captivating novel yet written by the master craftsman in fiction who produced "The Great Prince Shan," "The Cinema Murder," "The Profiteers" and many other famous books, begins in the July issue of The Blue Book Magazine, on sale June 1st. Mr. Oppenheim always offers his readers the best of entertainment; and in this latest novel you will realize that he has surpassed himself—has written a story you will read with enthusiasm and remember with delight. You will find it, remember, in the July issue of—

THE BLUE BOOK  
MAGAZINE

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress August 24, 1912, of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1922.

State of Illinois, }  
County of Cook, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Consolidated Magazines Corporation.... 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Editor, Karl Edwin Harriman..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Managing Editor, None.  
Business Manager, Charles M. Richter..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Louis Eckstein..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Estate of Louis M. Stumer..... North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
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M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Ralph K. Strassman, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1922. [Seal.] LOUIS H. KERBER, JR.  
(My commission expires Jan. 4, 1925.)



## X-BAZIN

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SO dainty, so pure, and so safe is X-Bazin that French women have, for more than a hundred years, been using it with marvelous results, on the face as well as on the arms and under the arms.

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## A Hint from Elizabeth Arden

Don't allow the warm weather to relax your skin! You can keep it unlined and smooth-textured throughout the summer by using the following preparations:

**Venetian Pore Cream**—to close relaxed pores. Makes the skin fine, smooth and satiny. \$1.00.

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Send for Elizabeth Arden's booklet  
"The Quest of the Beautiful."

**ELIZABETH ARDEN**

Salon d'Oro, 673-E Fifth Ave., New York  
London, 65 old Bond St. Paris, 66 Rue L. Havre

are all leaving footprints on the sands of Time, as Longfellow so nobly said. All too soon will silver threads appear among the gold, and the crystal eye grow dim—"

It was with difficulty that Trix remained composed beside the man who had infatuated her. She made a nervous gesture as if to touch the fine-spun gold above her temples. Conscious of every white hair she had plucked secretly, she closed her mind against the orator's puffy clamor, only awakening to his climax:

"As Browning so aptly said: 'Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be.' To loving hearts united, the space of twenty years is like a summer's day. Friends, I raise my glass in reverence to the little woman, helpmate, wife and mother, who has given me from youth to middle age the sweetest thing a man can ever have—a home!"

The entire tableful—business associates, college chums, even the intellectually detached Mayne Oliver—had come to their feet, glasses raised. Finally, when the clamor had subsided, she arose and tried to smile.

"It's awfully nice of you," she acknowledged. "Don't you think we'd better have coffee in the drawing-room?"

ACCORDING to routine they sipped a coffee and gossiped for a dull half-hour. Trix knew that Julius would propose poker after the stragglers had yawned their way home. In that expectation she had chattered mechanically in momentary dread that the brilliant Oliver would straggle away to join the sleepers. But he held doggedly on beside a fat lady in pink who had spread herself over half the couch, obliterating the black pillow. Mayne was talking about the Newer Scenic Symbolism, and although he was obviously playing for time, he did his best very well.

"What say we start a game of poker!" suggested Julius brightly, as though he had thought of it for the first time in the history of indoor sports.

"Deuces wild!" shouted the reddest and gayest of the college chums, who had been winning in Wall Street, and therefore affected the dashing style in games of chance.

Without further preliminary, chips began clattering in the library.

"Count noses," commanded the cheerful host. "Six—seven—eight—nine. Too many for one table."

"I must be going, I'm afraid—early rehearsal tomorrow," apologized Mayne Oliver.

"Mighty sorry," condoned Julius, opening a fresh pack of cards. "Business before pleasure. That's the secret of success."

"I'll come in later," suggested Trix languidly, and she followed Mayne into the hall.

She was bringing his coat for him out of the closet when she felt him thrillingly near her and looked up to see the earnestness in Oliver's lean and thoughtful face.

"How can you stand it?" he muttered. "He wants you to grow old! Old! To shrivel for this!"

He gestured round the Barnaby interior, an artist's condemnation for the

stupid, well-meant work of *bourgeois* hands. An instant later the hat and coat dropped like broken armor at her feet. He had kissed her, and on that thrill she was whirled away into another life. . . .

After an hour she returned to the library and found a mountain-range of chips piled in front of Julius, who was smoking contentedly. The venturesome stockbroker, who had proposed deuces wild, was whistling to keep up his spirits.

"It seems a shame to invite you here and take away your money," said Julius, which was what he invariably said when he won in his own house.

Nobody showed any real eagerness to offer Trix a chair at the big table.

"Heavens, no!" shrielled the broad lady in pink, who was wedlocked to the bald college chum with the mouse ears. "We don't want to give it *all* to the Barnaby family—you close-harmony little devils, you!"

Trix was thankful for this humorous rebuff. She hated the cheerful clatter. She wanted time to wander and to collect her poor wits. Ostentatiously displayed on the drawing-room table lay a thick, decorative book: "The Theater, a Symbol." Under its title, handsomely printed, stood the name of Mayne Oliver. There was a portrait of Mayne by the way of frontispiece, and between the text were many-colored engravings, showing the stage as it should be. They were compositions of indefinite shapes, ghostly figures trooping amidst symbolic scenery. Like dreams impossible to comprehend, like dreams they charmed. And Mayne had called her to this spiritual realm of color and harmony!

She cast the book aside and wandered through the apartment. Halfway down the hall she opened a door and clicked on a light, revealing the room where Kathleen had lived until her marriage day. There was the girlish blue bed with flowers painted on its headboard; college trophies and schoolgirl photographs lined the walls. Alone in its silver frame on the bureau stood a photograph of a little girl of two, holding to the arm of a chair as she smiled ecstatically into the world. That was how Kathleen had looked when the Barnabys came to live in Utopia Hall.

Trix went back to her own room. The spot on the wall fascinated her. Almost feverishly she planned to have the room replastered, repainted. But what if that spot should come out again, brighter than ever? Mr. Durgin had told her that it was ingrained in the very fabric of the house. It was like a human tendency, headstrong, unreasoning, persistent because founded on a law deeper than man's.

THE hall clock had chimed one when the gamblers came out of the library and Julius led an expedition against the icebox, where beer and sandwiches had been set aside. It was two o'clock before the gay half-dozen decided to go home. Julius and Trix stood in the doorway, and when the venturesome stockbroker said, "Come on home, girls, and leave the bride and groom to themselves," kind old Barnaby smiled like a harvest moon and passed an arm about his wife's slim waist.

She permitted it to rest there until the door was closed.

"Wasn't it a bully party!" crowed Julius later when he came into her room and found her letting down her hair. He was wearing an ancient gray bathrobe which, like his habits and his anecdotes, he had worn quite threadbare. Julius had a way of endowing his possessions with all sorts of imaginary virtues.

Trix went on combing her hair.

"Don't you think it was a grand crowd?" he insisted. "The same old gang. Nothing like old friends when you really want to loosen up and have a good time. Sorry about that Oliver, though. Guess he felt kind o' lost in a crowd where everybody knew everybody so well. What's the matter, Trix?"

She was very cool now as she looked up from her dressing-table and said:

"Julius, I've decided to leave you."

Barnaby's face, which had been rubicund before, turned ashen, so that his hair and his cheeks and his dressing-gown were in one gray monotone.

"You're going to—what?"

"I've decided that I can't stand this any longer, Julius. It's no fault of yours."

His mouth wore a withered look, but his voice was calm enough as he replied:

"Just as you say, Trix. I've been thinking lately you were going too hard. Why not pack up for Honolulu and visit Kathleen awhile?"

"No."

"Where do you want to go, then?"

She looked straight into her mirror and announced: "I'm going to Paris tomorrow—or by the next boat."

"But I can't understand," he fell to mumbling, "I can't understand. If it's anything I've done, Trix—"

"You haven't, Julius. You've been as good as a man can ever be to a woman. But I've simply got to go."

"And—not come back, you mean?"

"No. I'll stay. I'm going to lead my own life. I'm—"

He came heavily down on the edge of the bed and sat staring, uncouth, dumb.

"Trix!" He cleared his throat, and the words came hard. "What in the world's got into you?"

"I couldn't tell you, Julius," she answered helplessly. "And even if I could, you wouldn't understand."

**F**OR RENT FURNISHED handsome 12 room apartment in Utopia Hall, very light, 3 master's baths, servants' bath and sitting room, large closets, artistic decorations, valuable rugs and pictures, every modern convenience. Commands view of Fifth Avenue and Park from third floor front. Apply Superintendent."

It was late in October, a little more than a year after Trixie's disappearance into her unknown freedom, that the oldest elevator-boy in the world sat at his switchboard and reread the above item, which appeared among many similar ones in the morning *Herald*. The advertisement held for the ancient Danny a morbid personal interest; it was as though he had come upon a notice of public sale, offering his grandfather's tombstone.

# KOTEX



## One Problem Less

**STUDY** lamps instead of pine torches. Printed books instead of written parchments. Women welcome instead of barred at schools of higher learning.

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**SANI-FLUSH** does just one thing—cleans closet bowls. And it cleans *without* scrubbing, *without* scouring, *without* dipping out the water—and *without* the use of other makeshift and uncertain methods.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, and flush. Sani-Flush cleans thoroughly, even down in the hidden trap where you never could really clean in any other way.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

**THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
CANTON, OHIO**

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Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

**Sani-Flush**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



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**DENNEY'S  
MAGIC**

Mr. Durgin bobbed round the corner and caught his subordinate in the act.

"Look here, boy," chid Mr. Durgin, "whaddya mean, settin' here at four o'clock readin' the mornin' papers?"

"Mr. Barnaby's apartment's fer rent, aint it? Well, I gotta know about it, don't I?" Danny defended himself, having concealed his newspaper under the switchboard.

"The ad' says, 'Apply to Superintendent,' see?" Mr. Durgin was very definite. "Since when has Stover & Welch appointed you to show apartments?"

Danny sat chewing his gums, his elderly face all crinkled and crushed.

"Just the same," he insisted meekly, "I hate to see Mr. Barnaby movin' out. The house aint goin' to seem so neighborly or anything."

"What does he want of a great big flat like that?" asked Mr. Durgin sympathetically, although he maintained the harsh tone with which he always addressed Danny. "Rattlin' around in it. I tell you, boy, I'm sorry for that guy. Aint a better tenant in New York than Mr. Barnaby. And what does he git for it? Wife just walks out on him and grabs a divorce. For what? Nothin'."

"Folks don't git divorces for nothin'."

"In Paris? Sure they do."

"Married to an actor, I bet she's havin' a swell time, anyway," suggested Danny.

They had discussed this point frequently during the Barnabys' year of separation. Today Mr. Durgin answered with his typical crusher:

"What do you know about actors?" "One thing I do know," squeaked Danny, a look of cunning triumph on his withered face.

"Who'd 'a' thought it!" exclaimed Mr. Durgin.

"Remember 'bout a year ago—time of their weddin' anniversary? Well, remember what you was sayin' about Mrs. Barnaby—best little housekeeper in New York, crazy 'bout home and everythin'?"

"I fail to recall such a conversation," replied Mr. Durgin loftily.

"Well, y' did," creaked Danny. "And right after that the Barnabys blew up. And it proved somethin'. It proved there aint no real home-life in apartments, a hundred feet in the air. You got to live on the ground, the way we do in Newark, to have any regular family ties."

"Birds live in trees," Mr. Durgin pointed out, "and I don't see nothin' wrong about their family ties. What's more, young man, don't forgit one thing. I happen to live in an apartment meself."

The boy scratched his hoary head. "You're different," he explained. "Yours is in the basement."

The argument was never concluded,—what argument is?—and interruption came in the person of Mr. Julius Barnaby, who had returned early from his office in pursuit of his morning's advertisement.

**JULIUS**, the unchangeable, had altered a little with the passing year. He had grown sallow, and his cheeks sagged, as cheeks will when the flesh beneath has melted away. His overcoat looked seedy; a button was coming loose. His walk was still punctilious, but there was

something about him to proclaim that Julius Barnaby had slipped a cog in that clockwork personality which had once been his pride.

"Has anybody called to look at the apartment?" he asked of Mr. Durgin at the door.

"A party phoned, Mr. Barnaby, and said they'd be around at four-thirty."

"That's a Mr. Hankey," explained Julius. "I made an appointment at the office. He wanted me to show the place, so you can send him right up."

With Danny at the levers, Julius took the elevator to the third floor. Struggle as he would to put a brave face on the matter, the business of that afternoon oppressed him, turned the world to gray. In that short ascent of three flights his eyes dwelt morbidly on Danny, an effigy of passing time. Withered and bent inside his gold-laced uniform—it seemed but yesterday that he had been a plump and sanguine man of forty-five!

"You've been here a long time, haven't you, Danny?" Julius said as the car stopped at his floor.

"I come to this house just a week before you did, Mr. Barnaby," quavered the boy.

"It doesn't seem so long as that."

"It sure don't," mused Danny. "Gee, I can remember plain as day the mornin' you come here with your baby and your wi—"

He caught himself on the verge of the not-to-be-spoken name, and being a practical old elevator-boy, he saved himself by descending to the ground floor.

**T**HE Barnaby apartment suggested a change as indefinite as that which had come over Julius Barnaby himself—everything orderly, in its place, a little grayish. A charwoman had been rubbing and dusting there for something less than a week, but she lacked the personal interest which gives life to a home.

Julius pulled up the shades in the drawing-room, bringing light to its ornamental vacancy. Then he went into his library and repeated the operation. The room still held an intimate feeling for him; it hadn't grown stale and meaningless, like the others. Standing at the window, he could look across at the jumbled scene he knew by heart: the vacant corner lot, half screened by the blue and yellow announcement, "O Kid, Try Zebras, the Cigarette without Regrets." Beyond this he could catch sight of apple-green undergarments flapping on clotheslines from windows of the uptown Ghetto. He could see an angle of the Orthodox Greek Church, showing minarets like swirling green bubbles with golden crosses at their apexes. He had often wondered about that vacant lot across the way. A new apartment-house there would add elegance to the neighborhood, but it would cut off his view of the Greek Church and of the gay clotheslines, flapping like banners. He had grown so used to them that it was impossible for him to think of living outside the glimpse of that jumbled beauty and ugliness.

The telephone rang. "Party to look at the apartment," announced Danny below.

"Show 'em up," decreed Mr. Barnaby, and straightened his necktie, making



ready to meet the prosperous Mr. Hankey, who had been introduced as a possible tenant through the Bridgeport branch of Barnaby's Perpetual Rubber Stamp Company.

He opened the door himself, being quite alone, and in the vague light of the hallway was aware of a modish little woman gazing up at him through a needlessly complicated veil.

"Oh," she said nervously, and took a step farther back into the shadows.

"You want to see the apartment?" he queried.

"Yes." Her voice was as indistinct as the atmosphere in which she stood. "I did—I thought the superintendent—"

"I'm showing the place this afternoon," explained Julius. "I'm Mr. Barnaby."

"Yes—I know."

SOMETHING in the intonation caused him to turn sharply and switch on the electric lights in the foyer. The radiance, blazing through the open door, fell full upon her. If recognition smote him with a sudden faintness, nothing of this showed in his manner, which was kind, almost parental.

"Well, well, Trixie!" he said, holding out a big hand. "It's been a long time since I've seen you."

"A long time," she echoed, stepping in under the light. The door closed on them. He could see her eyes behind their veil staring greedily around.

A ghost had come to walk in the home of Julius Barnaby. And why should not a modern ghost be summoned through a "To Let" advertisement in the *Herald*?

In the ensuing pause Julius stood dumbly, considering what next to say. In all his habit-ridden life he had never studied the technique proper to one renting a furnished apartment to his divorced wife; he found himself in the bemused condition which seers of spirits feel when familiar shapes walk before them, intangible, moving in spectral light. He gazed shyly upon the little face, every line of which he knew. She too had aged. Despite her trim foreign clothes and the air with which she wore them, Trixie had faded; youth had gone out of her eyes—the rose had been stepped upon.

"I saw your advertisement in the papers," she resumed crisply.

"Oh, yes," blundered poor Julius. "I thought I'd subtlet it. You see, I'm away a good deal of the time, and it's pretty hard to keep up."

"Isn't it?" she agreed, a curious hardness in her smile. "Do you mind showing it?"

"To you?" His jaw dropped, and he saw the irony of it, despite his reputation as a bromide.

"You've no objections?" she asked, quite unmoved.

"Why, no. I'd like to let it go to any desirable tenant. There's a Mr. Hankey about promised to take it. But if you think it's necessary for me to show you—"

He floundered for words and led her into the golden-carpeted drawing-room. Again he caught the hunger in her eyes as she lifted her veil and glanced around. He was not surprised to see



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her step over to the big Italian cabinet and begin fussing with the articles of bric-a-brac which the charwoman had arranged to her own liking.

"There!" said Trix, standing back and surveying the effect. Miraculously the cabinet resumed the character it had held when she was mistress of Apartment 3-A—two pottery love-birds now stood equidistant from a silver urn in the center.

"That's better," she decided. "They'll always get everything wrong if you let them."

She perked her head to one side and gazed critically. The old Trix—no, the older Trix. Little tired creases showed at the corners of her mouth.

"Now, why don't you show me your apartment?" she accosted him, wheeling round.

"What do you want to know about it?" he blurted.

"What rent are you asking?"

"Four thousand a year—Mrs. Oliver."

Her eyes shifted a twinkle's length; then she continued the businesslike argument: "And you include draperies, bed-linen and flat silver?"

"I—I suppose so. I don't know exactly what's the custom. I'm willing to do whatever's right."

"Draperies, bed-linen and flat silver. Let me see. This is the dining-room in here." She walked past the glass doors and made a practical survey of the room upon which she had lavished fifteen years of domestic art. "I see you've managed to dent one of our—one of your silver candelabra," she observed. "There are only ten chairs—how do you do when you're giving large dinners?"

"Oh—I don't exactly know. You see, my wife—" Julius could have bitten his tongue for this unfortunate statement. He lost patience and said brazenly: "Look here, Trix! What sort of game is this you're playing?"

"I'm looking at your apartment. I've been allowed to ask just such questions everywhere else."

If her intention was satirical, there was no betrayal in her tone. Her absence, which had struck illusion from his eyes, permitted him now to see the leaden tragedy of her face.

"Would you like to see the kitchen?" he asked stupidly.

"Oh, yes. The kitchen."

His fingers had barely touched the swinging door into the butler's pantry when the doorbell sounded, a shocking clamor in the vacant place.

"Excuse me," said Julius stiffly. "I think Mr. Hankey has come. Just look around—"

UNABLE to finish the nonsense on his tongue, he escaped to the door and found Mr. Hankey with his wife. He recognized the little man with the pucker face and the horn spectacles. The large lady with protruding brown eyes and a hairy mole had to be introduced as Mrs. Hankey.

"I thought I'd bring the wife along," announced Mr. Hankey, annoyingly cheerful, as optimists sometimes are. "Housekeeping is a lady's business, isn't that so, Mr. Barnaby? Ladies see a thousand things that us poor devils just

pass over. Pretty apartment, isn't it, Millicent?"

"Lovely," said Millicent, a decided contralto. "Does your apartment-house furnish the vacuum-cleaner service, Mr. Barnaby?"

"I—I think so," parried Julius. "I've been away a good deal this year. But I'm sure the superintendent can tell you, if you'll step this way." Floundering in his rôle as guide, Julius switched on lights until the dining-room blazed.

"Of course I'd never use those horrid ceiling lights," objected Mrs. Hankey. "Side-lights—I see they're very nicely placed."

"Yes. My wife—" He stopped himself and amended: "The room's very artistic when you get it right."

"It's not a man's job, these fixin's," agreed Mr. Hankey affably. "You've certainly got your nerve to try and show Millie anything."

"No agate-ware in the kitchen, I suppose?" came in Millicent's definite contralto.

"No which, madam?" Poor Julius was puzzled.

"Agate-ware," she persisted.

"I'm not much up on kitchen affairs," he confessed.

"Oh! But you surely must know about agate-ware. It chips."

"Does it?"

Out of the shadows beyond the dining-room a slight, dark-clad figure came scurrying. It was Trixie. Julius' embarrassment had become profound, for he had hoped to keep her in the background. Instead she approached cordially and planted her determined little self in the very center of the group.

"I—ah—" moaned her ex-husband, but Trixie remained perfectly calm.

"I think, Julius," she dimpled, "you'd better let me show the apartment."

"But Trix—" He retreated a step.

"It isn't a man's place, is it, Mrs. Hankey?" she asked of the prospective tenant. "Not one of them knows a thing about what housekeeping means."

"They think they do," commented Mrs. Hankey with a glare at her husband.

"We'll just let them think," said Trixie with a laugh that seemed to echo out of the past. "And now, if you'll follow me into the kitchen—"

Then, as if to settle the matter, she held out her hand to Mrs. Hankey.

"I'm Mrs. Barnaby," she explained.

THE name smote Barnaby's ear with a shock. Why should she be practicing this useless deception? She had spoken the name clearly. "I'm Mrs. Barnaby!" Julius kept repeating it idiotically to himself as he followed the group into his butler's pantry. Mrs. Barnaby!

Trixie's manner was perfectly assured. "We've spent a great deal of our own money," she explained, "having things done. Oh, yes, the management is very obliging, but we couldn't ask them to do so many things for us. I'm rather a fussy housekeeper, I suppose. Look up at the top of the pantry, and you'll see where we've put in special lockers for silver and fine china. This broom-closet—like it? It was my idea. I believe in saving servants' steps. We've always

kept ours. Notice the linoleum—hardly worn at all—we got the very finest with a ten-year guarantee. Here's the kitchen cabinet. I had it built into a useless old closet, and you can't imagine how the cook appreciates it."

Somewhere beyond the towel-rack Mrs. Hankey was heard to admire.

"It's all Greek to you and me," confessed Mr. Hankey. "But I guess your wife's like mine—not satisfied till things are right. And that's what makes things homelike, Mr. Barnaby."

"How old a house is this?" asked Mrs. Hankey with the air of one who has praised a bargain too highly.

"Nineteen years," replied Trix promptly. "It was quite new when we moved in."

"But the plumbing—"

"All renewed five years ago. Now, if you don't mind, let's look at the servants' dining-room. We've arranged it so they can sit there in the evening and—"

SO the progress followed from room to room, Julius an impotent spectator, Mr. Hankey contributing his praise now and then with such expressions as: "Your wife's just like mine. Always says, 'Give me a good kitchen, and the rest of the flat'll take care of itself.'"

Only in the bedroom which had been hers for years was Trixie hesitant—and then but an instant. She went to the blue panel above her bed and ran a finger thoughtfully over the leprosy spot in the plaster. Then she returned so rapidly to her volunteer task of merchandising that the Hankeys made no mark of the flaw.

"We had the special hangers put in all our closets," she rushed to explain, "and the mirrors in the doors. We had that passage opened up so that Mr. Barnaby's room and mine would be connected as a suite. Those wardrobe closets have been joined with the hall closet—that's an innovation in apartment-houses."

"Neat," declared Mr. Hankey.

"You've certainly done a great deal," admitted Mrs. Hankey. "You must take great pride in it."

"We always had long leases," explained Trix crisply.

"I should think you'd hate to give it up," echoed Mr. Hankey's meek voice from the background.

"Wouldn't you!" chimed Trix.

During her itinerant lecture, she never looked at Julius; and this doubly gave the illusion of ghostliness. She had been dead a year. A whim of the supernatural had brought her back to point out every inch of that sanctuary she had made so blessed for him during the best years of his life. And she was calling herself by his name!

"We like it, don't we, Sid?" said Mrs. Hankey when they paused to parley in the vestibule.

"It's great!" chirped Mr. Hankey. "So homelike!"

"About terms," suggested Mrs. Hankey. "We were told it would be six hundred a month for a short lease."

"That was what I was asking," began Julius, asserting proprietorship at last. But here again Trix cut in.

"Oh, not for a short lease, Mrs. Han-

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key! We should have to ask two years at that rate."

"But Mrs. Barnaby—we're only here for the winter."

"I'm so sorry," cooed Trixie. "A short lease would be much higher. A thousand a month."

"Rents are going down all over town." Mrs. Hankey's little mouth tightened.

"Ah, but not in this neighborhood." Trix still smiled. "This is becoming the fashionable residence section—"

"Don't believe in paying for style," broke in Mr. Hankey.

"Now, Sid!" Mrs. Hankey cautioned the generally silent member of the firm. "Mrs. Barnaby, will you give us till tomorrow to consider?"

"Till tomorrow noon," conceded the hard bargainer. "And we should so like to see you have it, Mrs. Hankey!"

AFTER they were gone, Trix went back into the drawing-room. She had switched out lights after inspection from room to room, and the space was therefore bathed in autumn twilight when Julius found her at the window gazing out toward the vacant lots and the bubble minarets of the Greek Church.

"I thought it would be changed," she said dreamily.

"They're talking of putting up an apartment-house over there," he explained huskily, because his thoughts were far from local real-estate. She gazed for a long time, the northern dusk lying palely on her faded beauty.

"Trix," he ventured at last, "were you trying to keep those people from renting?"

"No. I don't think so." Her voice came faintly, but it gained calmness as she said: "It ought to be worth it to them."

"I thought maybe—"

"Thought what?" she encouraged him.

"That maybe you wanted it for yourself."

"What good would it do if I did?" she asked, and her face was a patch of gray against the gloom. "I haven't any money; I haven't anything—I—"

"But Trix—what's this about money? What's become of the hundred thousand I settled—"

"You were very generous," she told him. "It was more than I deserved."

"You don't mean to say it's gone?"

She made no sound to answer him; and Julius, who prided himself on his knowledge of money's worth, growled as he asked.

"How?"

"I was crazy to go on the stage, Julius; and Mayne made me think I could act. He wanted to put on a big spectacular production in London."

"And used your money for it."

"It failed horribly after three nights. It was laughed off the stage."

"So you've come back to New York—"

"Don't, Julius!" she begged in a voice which broke a little.

"I'm sorry, Trix," he apologized clumsily. Then a great suspicion came rushing through his brain and compelled him to blurt the question: "Trix, why was it you told those people just now that you were Mrs. Barnaby?"

"I?" In the dusky north light he

could see her eyes open wide, and for the moment she looked as young as she did on the day she left him.

"You'll get yourself into all sorts of trouble doing that."

"But Julius," she said, "what else am I to call myself?"

"Why don't you use the name of the man you married?"

"I do." She was looking again out into the street, and he could scarcely hear her, so low was her explanation: "I never married Mayne Oliver, you know."

As if physical light would dispel the confusion of his mind, Julius groped his way to a table and lighted a shaded lamp. Now he could see the shame in her eyes and the look which hurt old Julius—she had always been such a valiant little leader in his household.

"I understand," he said huskily.

"You're saying that to be kind," she insisted, and settled wearily in the nearest chair. "How could you understand? People wouldn't tell you the truth about me. It's simple enough. I went to Paris and got a divorce so that I *could* marry him."

"I knew that. I knew it was what you wanted, and I didn't do a thing to prevent it."

"I—I got my divorce. And then we arranged to get married after his play went on. But—we weren't—married."

"Of course not," he consoled her. "You just found what a windbag he was, and threw him down."

"He threw me down, Julius." Her face had taken on a little color, and shameful tears stood in her eyes.

"What? After what you'd done?"

TRIXIE was looking stonily across the room. A tear furrowed its way down her thin cheek.

"The dirty scoundrel!" he roared, bringing a fist down on his chair-arm. "I'll beat him up for that, if it's the last thing I ever do!"

Poor, reliable, unclever Julius! How like him to say just that—solemnly offering to thrash the man who had refused to marry his wife!

"I've been working," she went on. "I'm only fit for queer little jobs, but last month I got something with an English insurance company. They're sending me to their Chicago branch. I didn't intend to see you—"

"You weren't really looking for apartments, then?"

"No. But I stumbled on your advertisement in the paper, and I just had to—"

"It was like a dream," he confessed.

"It was a dream," she smiled wanly.

"You came to the door and let in my ghost. But I had a certain right, hadn't I—to see the place before it was gone? All the way up in the subway I was afraid the house would be torn down—they're always tearing things down in New York. But it's scarcely changed at all. You didn't have that spot fixed in the bedroom, did you?"

"I never was much of a hand at changing things," he blundered.

With the briskness she had shown so recently, Trixie came to her feet.

"I must go back to my hotel now," she said. "People might talk if I stayed



any longer." This with one of her quick laughs.

Julius, stunned and inarticulate, stood over her.

"Good-by." She held out her hand, but he made no move to take it.

"There's one more thing I'd like to show you," he explained, just as though he had heard nothing of her good-by. "It came yesterday—let's see."

He fumbled in his pockets and brought out a cable envelope. His hand trembled as he opened it and unfolded the yellow paper. Trixie took it under the light, and her eyes puckered over the sheet.

"Kathleen has a baby!" she cried.

"We're grandparents now, Trix," said Julius. Something fluttered to the rug. It was the cablegram from Honolulu.

"Julius!" she called out to him. "Am I as old as that?"

**W**HAT a chance for a pretty compliment! Instead Julius Barnaby strode over to her and looked her candidly in the eye.

"You're getting to be an old woman, Trix. And I thank God for it."

"I'm going now."

She had brushed past him and reached the dim hall before he overtook her and blocked the way.

"Not like this, Trix!" His heavy voice was begging her as she struggled to escape. "You can't go now. Can't you see? You've come home!"

"Home!"

She backed against the wall, afraid to go, afraid to stay.

"But there's the difference now," she argued.

"I see that fast enough. We're divorced. What's a divorce to you and me? Just you let me fix that, Trix."

"Julius Barnaby!" The humor of it suddenly rushed upon her. "Are you asking me to marry you again?"

"That's just what I'm doing."

"After I've treated you so and been jilted by another man?"

"That makes no difference to me."

"Where's your pride?" The sprightly note with which she had badgered him in days of old came back with the question. "Haven't you got any spirit?"

"Great Scott!" he laughed. "Seems as though I'd heard you say that a thousand times."

He saw her standing before him in the dusk, and in that softening light she was again the slender girl he had brought to this apartment sixteen years ago.

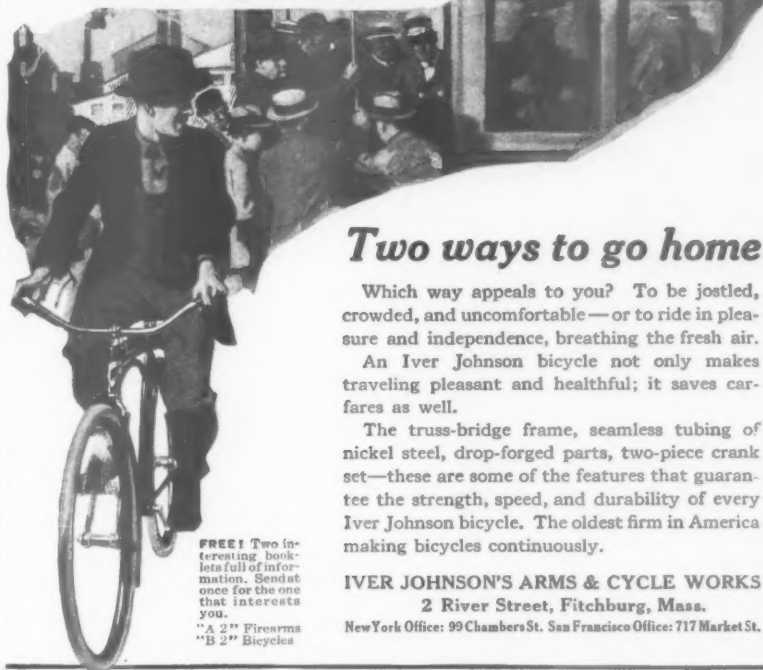
"We could never be the same again," she said.

"Why not?" he stormed. "Do you think a man and woman can live together twenty years and make a home and raise a family and be grandparents—do you think one divorce or a dozen will make any difference? We're married, Trix—just as married as ever we were. Nothing in the world can make any difference—that is, if you want to stay. But maybe you'd rather go on with your own life—"

"My own life!" she laughed bitterly. "Nobody's life is his own. No human being can lead his own life any more than he can sit up on a cloud in a rocking chair—"

"Even then you'd have to depend on the rocking-chair," said Julius—which

# IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES



## Two ways to go home

Which way appeals to you? To be jostled, crowded, and uncomfortable—or to ride in pleasure and independence, breathing the fresh air.

An Iver Johnson bicycle not only makes traveling pleasant and healthful; it saves fares as well.

The truss-bridge frame, seamless tubing of nickel steel, drop-forged parts, two-piece crank set—these are some of the features that guarantee the strength, speed, and durability of every Iver Johnson bicycle. The oldest firm in America making bicycles continuously.

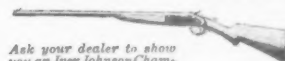
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**FREE!** Two interesting booklets full of information. Send at once for the one that interests you.  
"A 2" Firearms  
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Ask your dealer to show you an Iver Johnson Champion single barrel shotgun. Accurate, dependable, moderately priced.



Keep an Iver Johnson revolver in the home for self-protection. It's accident-proof—you can't hammer the Hammer. Quick, accurate, safe.



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YOU can make \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

**WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE**  
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by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.  
Imparts in one volume:  
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
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Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
All in one volume. Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
\$2.25 postpaid. Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents  
Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 789, Central, Phila., Pa.



## They get best results when they use WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Magazines properly illustrate woman's activities, and mirror like finish comes from using WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Send for Illustrated Literature

**JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U.S.A.**  
Brush Manufacturers for Over 112 Years and the Largest in the World

## \$2 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND RING for 10 Days FREE TRIAL

**Set in Platinum**  
Most Sensational Ring Offer Ever Made  
Think of it—seven brilliant steel blue genuine diamonds massed by a secret process in a setting of solid platinum set so closely together that only close inspection will distinguish it from a Solitaire valued at \$500.00. Shank of ring is 14 kt. solid gold.

**TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**  
You take no chance—if it is not satisfactory at the end of ten days, or if you can duplicate this genuine diamond ring in any jewelry store for less than \$65.00, your deposit will be refunded to you.  
**SEND ONLY \$2.00**  
and the ring goes to you in a handsome gift box, charges paid. A legal guarantee bond as to quality and value accompanies each ring. After ten-day trial pay balance \$4.95 a month for ten months. Price only \$49.50.  
Free Royal Bargain Bulletin. Illustrates and describes over 500 special offers in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry which we are making this month from our \$2,000,000 stock. Address Dept. 64.

**ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO**  
35-37-39 Maiden Lane - New York

## Takes 10 Years From the Age

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure



and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, fresh hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the

natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at drugist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 1103 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul Minn. Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, light auburn or blond.....

Name.....

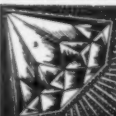
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## FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drugist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



## BUY TODAY

### 10 Months to Pay



G100—Ladies' Belcher Ring, set with a blue-white Diamond. \$25.



G101—SWEET Engagement Ring with perfectly cut Diamond. \$40.



G102—7-Diamond Cluster set in Platinum, in 18K White Gold mounting. \$55—\$5 down, \$5 a month.

SWEET Diamonds are distinctive in beauty, perfect in cut, and of a beautiful, blue-white color. Every Diamond accompanied by a Guarantee Value Bond allowing for a 7½% yearly profit to you.

We'll send whatever you select for FREE examination. If satisfied, pay only 1/5 the price, and keep it. Balance divided into 10 equal amounts, payable monthly.

Send for FREE Catalog. 93 pages, handsomely illustrated, shows thousands of exquisite gifts. Ask for Catalog No. 52-L.

Capital \$1,000,000

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY  
**LW-SWEET INC.**  
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

was pretty good for him; and he laughed at his wit.

They stood there, indistinct amidst the twilight furniture. Shadows among shadows, they seemed as inanimate as the household gods they had worshiped from youth to middle age.

"Honey!" His voice came low and rusty through the dark. "If you feel like going again, I know you've got your reasons. I'll not stand in your way. But just this evening—"

He could see her still figure cowering against the wall. It accentuated her ghostliness.

"Sometimes I get so lonesome, Trix—especially evenings. What say we go

out to dinner? It's Thursday night—we always went out Thursdays."

He was speaking into silence. Had the spirit fled?

"And afterwards we could take in a show. We don't need to make it one of those musical comedies, if—if you've got other ideas. Just choose your play, Trix; you know fine things—"

Then it was that he felt her hands groping out for him until her arms were locked around his thick neck. She began to cry, shameless and unrestrained, like a very tired little girl. So he took her on his knee to make it more comfortable for her. Always that—to make it more comfortable for her.

## CONTRABAND

(Continued from page 64)

advertise. She discussed the matter with Tubal and Simmy, who were not of the least assistance, though very eager. She did not discuss it with Professor Evan Bartholomew Pell, because that member of the staff was engaged in writing a snappy, heart-gripping article on the subject of "Myths and Fables Common to Peoples of Aryan Derivation." Because Carmel could think of nothing else at which to set him to work, she permitted him to continue.

"Advertising pays," she said to Tubal. "How can I prove it to these people?"

"Gawd knows, Lady. Jest go tell 'em. Mebby they'll believe you."

"They won't believe nothin' that costs," said Simmy with finality.

"I'm going out to solicit advertising," she said, "and I'm not coming back until I get something."

"G'by, Lady. Hope we see you ag'in."

IN front of the office Carmel hesitated, then turned to the left. The first place of business in that direction was identified by a small black-and-gold sign protruding over the sidewalk, making it known that here one might obtain the handiwork of Lancelot Bangs, photographer. In glass cases about the door were numerous specimens of Lancelot's art, mostly of cabinet size, mounted on gilt-edged cards. Mr. Bangs, it would appear, had few ideas as to the posturing of his patrons. Gentlemen, photographed alone, were invariably seated in a huge chair, the left hand gripping the chair-arm inexorably, the right elbow leaning upon the other arm, and the head turned slightly to one side as if the sitter were thinking deep thoughts of a solemn nature. Ladies stood, one foot advanced, hands clasped upon the stomach in order that the wedding ring might show plainly, with chins dipped a trifle downward and eyes lifted coyly—which in dowagers of sixty with *embonpoint* and steel-rimmed spectacles, gave a highly desirable effect.

Carmel studied these works of art briefly and then climbed the uncarpeted stairs. Each step bore upon its tread a printed cardboard sign informative of some business or profession carried on in the rooms above, such as "Jenkins and Hopper, Fire Insurance," "Warren P. Bauer, D. D. S.," and the like.

The first door at the top, curtained within, was labeled "Photographic Studio," and this Carmel entered with some trepidation, for it was her first business call. As the door swung inward, a bell sounded in the distance. Carmel stood waiting.

ALMOST instantly a youngish man appeared from behind a screen depicting a grayish blue forest practically lost to view in a dense fog. At sight of Carmel he halted abruptly and altered his bearing and expression to one of elegant hospitality. He settled his vest cautiously, and passed his hand over his sleek hair daintily to reassure himself of its perfect sleekness. Then he bowed.

"A-a-a—good morning," he said tentatively.

"Mr. Bangs?"

"The same."

"I am Miss Lee, proprietor of the *Free Press*."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Lee, though of course I knew who you were right off. I guess everybody in town does," he added. "We don't have many move here that would photograph as well as you would—bust or full length. What kin I do for you?"

"I came to talk to you about advertising in the *Free Press*."

"Advertising!" Manifestly he was taken aback. "Why, I haven't ever advertised. Haven't anythin' to advertise. I just take pictures."

"Couldn't you advertise that?"

"Why—everybody knows I take pictures. Be kind of funny to tell folks what everybody knows." He laughed at the humor of this, in a very genteel way.

"You would like to take more pictures than you do, wouldn't you—to attract more business?"

"Can't be done."

"Why?"

"Wa-al, folks don't get their pictures taken like they buy flour. Uh-uh! They got to have a reason to have 'em taken—like a weddin', or an engagement, or gettin' to be sixty year old, or suthin' sim'lar. No, folks in Gibeon don't just go off and get photographed on the spur of the moment, like you might say. They haint got any reason to."

"There are lots of people here who

have never been photographed, aren't there?"

"Snags of 'em."

"Then why not induce them to do it at once?"

"Can't be done, no more'n you can induce a man to have a weddin' anniversary when he haint got one."

"I believe it could. I think we could put the idea into their heads, and then offer them inducements to do it right off."

HE shook his head stubbornly, and glanced down at the crease in his trousers. Carmel's eyes twinkled as she regarded him, for he was quite the dressiest person she had seen in Gibeon. He was painstakingly dressed, laboriously dressed. He was so much dressed that you became aware of his clothes before you became aware of him.

"Mr. Bangs," she said, "you look to me like a man who is up to the minute—like a man who would never let a chance slip past him."

"Folks do give me credit for keepin' my eyes open."

"Then I believe I can make you a proposition you can't refuse. I just want to prove to you what advertising can do for your business. Now, if you will let me write an ad' for you, and print it, I can show you, and I know it. How much are your best cabinet photographs?"

"Twelve dollars a dozen."

"Would there be a profit at ten dollars?"

"Some—some!"

"Then let me advertise that for a week you will sell your twelve-dollar pictures for ten. The advertisement will cost five dollars. If my advertisement brings you enough business so your profit will be double that amount, you are to pay for the ad'. If it is less, you needn't pay. But if it does bring in so many customers, you must agree to run your ad' every week for three months. Now, I—I dare you to take a chance."

Now, there was one thing upon which Lancelot Bangs prided himself, and that was his willingness to take a chance. He had been known to play cards for money, and the horse-races of the vicinity might always count upon him as a patron. Beside that, he had a natural wish to impress favorably this very pretty girl whose manner and clothes and bearing coincided with his ideal of a "lady."

"I'll jest go you once," he said.

"Thank you," she said, and was turning toward the door when Lancelot arrested her.

"Er—I wonder if I could get your opinion?" he said. "You come from where folks know what's what. This suit, now." He turned completely around so that she might view it from all sides. "How does it stand up alongside the best dressers where you come from?"

"It—it is very impressive, Mr. Bangs."

"Kind of figgered it would be. Had it made to order. Got a reputation to keep up, even though there's them that tries to undermine it. Folks calls me the best-dressed man in Gibeon, and I feel it's my duty to live up to it. Well, I aint vain. Jest kind of public duty."

## Excessive Perspiration

### What Causes It—How to Correct It

Profuse perspiration, which so often ruins clothing, and is always embarrassing, is an irregular condition easily corrected. It is natural and healthy when it covers the entire body, as after vigorous exercise.

When, however, this condition is extreme in certain parts of the body, as the arm pits, palms, feet, etc., it is due to local irregularity of the sweat glands, and physicians call it Hyperidrosis. Even the healthiest persons may be troubled in this way.

It can be easily and harmlessly corrected by proper local treatment without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

To meet this need, ODO-RONO was formulated by a physician. It has become the accepted perspiration corrective and deodorant of more than

two million people. It is used in 47 countries besides our own. Physicians and nurses recommend it.

A clear antiseptic liquid, ODO-RONO is easy and pleasant to use. Its mild but effective action immediately regulates profuse perspiration and destroys all odor, leaving the part to which it is applied daintily clean, dry and aseptic. One application is effective for at least three days. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1.00; or by mail postpaid.

Ruth Miller of the Oodorono Company will gladly advise with you or send you a booklet of information upon request.

The Oodorono Company,  
806 Blair Ave., Cincinnati,  
Ohio.

# ODO-RONO

THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE



TRADE-MARK REG.



None Genuine Without  
This Trade-Mark

### MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used. Women tired of experimenting, find that MI-RITA destroys the most stubborn growth. The treatment can be used successfully at home.

Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair.

**Dr. Margaret Ruppert**

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment  
Dept. AF—1112 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



### Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

### Liquid Silmerine

Is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores \$1.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact . \$1.00  
Parker-Belmont Rose Compact . . 1.00  
Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream . . 1.00  
Powdered Barriflower (decoloring) . . 1.00  
PARKER, BELMONT & CO., 134 Madison Street, Chicago

### Reduce Your Flesh in Spots

Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin  
In fact, the entire body or any part, without dieting  
by wearing **DR. WALTER'S**

Famous Medicated Reducing

### RUBBER GARMENTS

For Men and Women

Anklets for Reducing and

Shaping the Ankles, \$7.00

per pair. Extra high, \$9.00

Send ankle measurement

when ordering.

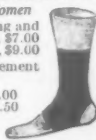
Bust Reducer, \$5.00

Chin Reducer, \$2.50

Send for Illustrated Booklet

**Dr. Jeanne D. R. Walter**

353 Fifth Avenue :: New York



### For Long, Dark Lashes

Use Liquid Lashlux to bead and darken your lashes instantly. Moisture has no effect on this wonderful new liquid—it will not run or smear even after swimming. Liquid Lashlux is pure and will not harm the eyes. One application daily is sufficient to KEEP your lashes and brows evenly darkened.

At night apply Colorless Lashlux to keep lashes soft, well nourished and encourage their growth. Liquid Lashlux, Black and Brown, 75c, Cream 50c, at Drug and Department Stores, or by mail.

Send 10c for a generous sample of the new Liquid Lashlux.

**ROSS COMPANY**

71 Grand Street New York

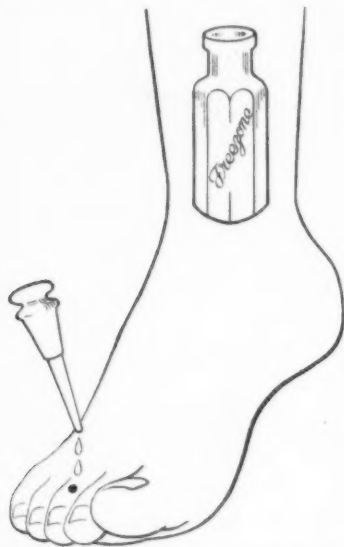
# LASHLUX

means luxuriant lashes



# Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-gist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

**Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura**

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.

**DIAMONDS-WATCHES**  
CASH or CREDIT  
**LOFTIS**  
BROS. & CO. ESTD. 1823

**Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED**  
**Send for Catalog**  
Everything explained. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set jewelry, Pearls, Watches, etc. Any article sent prepaid for Free Examination. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Our immense Buying Power for our Chain of Stores and our large Mail Order House enables us to make lower prices than small concerns.

We invite inspection of quality and price. You will be convinced that you can do better with LOFTIS.

**LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED AT PAR**

The handsome articles shown are SPECIAL BARGAINS selected from our "A1 Best Sellers." Diamonds are dazzling, blue white, perfect cut. Mountings are all Solid Gold. Furnished at prices given, and up to any price you wish. Order by Number.

**DIAMOND RINGS:** 1—White Gold, \$100. 2—White Gold or Green Gold with White Gold prongs, \$75. 3—White Gold, \$75. 10—White Gold, or Green Gold with Diamond set in White Gold, \$37.50. 11—Yellow Gold, Diamond set in White Gold, \$100. 6—WEDDING RINGS: Platinum, \$25. Green or Yellow Gold, \$10. 7—WATCH, 17-Jewel, gold-filled, guaranteed 25 years, \$27.50. 12—WATCH, White Gold, 15-Jewel, \$25. 17-Jewel, \$44.

One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.

**CREDIT TERMS.**

**LOFTIS**  
BROS. & CO. 1823  
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS  
DEPT. A241  
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.  
Stores in Leading Cities

Now, George, he's set out to be the best-dressed man, and so's Luke. That's why I got this suit, and this shirt and tie. I aim to show 'em."

"I should say you were doing it," said Carmel. "And who are Luke and George?"

"George Bogardus is the undertaker, and Luke Smiley clerks in the bank."

"I haven't seen them," said Carmel, "but I'm certain you haven't the least cause for worry."

"Would you call this suit genteel?"

"That's the word. It is exactly the word. It—it's the most genteel suit I ever saw."

SHE was about to leave when a rapping on the back door of the studio attracted Mr. Bangs' attention, and attracted it so peculiarly that Carmel could not but remark it with something more than curiosity. If one can have suspicion of an individual one does not know, with whose life and its ramifications one is utterly unacquainted, Carmel was suspicious of Mr. Bangs. It was not an active suspicion—it was a vague suspicion. It resembles those odors which sometimes are abroad in the air, odors too faint to be identified, so adumbrate one cannot be sure there is an odor at all. Mr. Bangs, who had been the picture of self-satisfaction, became furtive. For the first time one ceased to be aware of his clothes and focused upon his eyes.

"Er—pardon me a moment," he said in a changed voice, and made over-rapid progress to answer the knock. It was inevitable that Carmel's ears should become alert.

She heard a door opened and the entrance of a man who spoke in an attempted whisper, but not a successful whisper. It was as if a Holstein bull had essayed to whisper.

"Sh-sssh," warned Mr. Bangs.

"It's here," said the whisper. "Back your jitney into the first tote-road this side the hotel, and then mosey off and take a nap. Everything'll be fixed when you git back."

"Sh-sssh!" warned Mr. Bangs a second time.

Carmel heard the door open and close again, and Mr. Bangs returned.

"Express parcel," he said with that guilty air which always accompanies the unskillful lie.

The zest for selling advertising space had left Carmel; she wanted to think, to be alone and to consider various matters. She felt a vague apprehension, not as to herself, but of something malign, molelike, stealthy, which dwelt in the atmosphere surrounding Gibeon. Perfunctorily she took her leave, and instead of pursuing her quest, returned to her desk and sat there staring at the picture above her head.

Gibeon! She was thinking about Gibeon. The town had ceased to be a more or less thriving rural community, peopled by simple souls who went about their simple, humdrum round of life pleasantly if stodgily. Rather, the town and its people became a protective covering, a sort of camouflage to conceal the real thing which enacted itself invisibly. She wondered if Gibeon itself realized. It

seemed not to. It laughed and worked and went to church and quarreled about line fences and dogs and gossiped about its neighbors as any other town did. Perhaps, unaccustomed to the life, excited by new environment, she had given too great freedom to her imagination. She did not believe so. No, something was going on; some powerful, evil influence was at work, ruthless, malevolent. Its face was hidden, and it left no footprints. It was capable of murder! What was this thing? What was its purpose? What activity could include the doing away with a sheriff and the services of a rural fop like Lancelot Bangs?

Carmel was young. She was dainty, lovely. Always she had been shielded and protected and petted—which, fortunately, had not impaired the fiber of her character. Now, for the first time, she found herself staring into the white night-eyes of one of life's grim realities, knew herself to be touched by it—and the knowledge frightened her.

Evan Bartholomew Pell stayed her unpleasant thoughts, and she was grateful to him.

"Miss Lee—I have—ah—been engaged upon a computation of some interest—academically. It is, of course, based upon an arbitrary hypothesis—nevertheless it is instructive."

"Yes," said Carmel wearily.

"We take for our hypothesis," said Evan, "the existence of a number of men willing to evade or break the law for profit. Having assumed the existence of such an association, we arrive upon more certain ground. Our known facts are these: Intoxicating liquor is prohibited in the United States. Second, intoxicants may be brought freely over the Canadian line. Third, the national boundary is some twenty miles distant. Fourth, whiskey, gin, et cetera, command exceedingly high prices in the United States. I am informed liquor of excellent quality commands as much as a hundred dollars per dozen bottles, and less desirable stock up to fifty and seventy-five dollars. Fifth, these same liquors may be bought for a fraction of that cost across the line. Now, we arrive at one of our conclusions. The hypothetical association of lawless men, provided they could smuggle liquor into this country, would realize a remarkable percentage of profit. Deducting various costs, I estimate the average profit per dozen bottles would approximate thirty-five dollars. I fancy this is low rather than excessive. One thousand cases would fetch a profit of thirty-five thousand dollars. Let us suppose an efficient company engaged in the traffic. They would smuggle into the country a thousand cases a month. In that case their earnings would total three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in ten months. Ahem! Interesting, is it not?"

"Yes," said Carmel; "but what set you thinking about it?"

EVAN peered at her gravely through his spectacles, as he might peer at a minute zoölogical specimen through a microscope, and was long in replying.

"I—er—was merely wondering," he said, "if a life of lawlessness could not offer greater rewards than—ah—respectable journalism."



"Are you proposing that I become a rum-runner?"

"Not exactly," said Evan Bartholomew, "not precisely. I was, so to speak, offering you an opportunity to exercise your reason. If exercise is salubrious for the body, why not for the mind?" He cleared his throat and turned his back upon her abruptly.

"The various sciences you have studied," she said sharply, "did not include good manners."

"As I understand it," said Evan, "our relations are not social, but purely of a business nature. If I am in error, I beg you to correct me."

Carmel smiled. What a strange, self-centered, egotistical little creature he was! So this was what became of infant prodigies. They dried up into dusty intellect, lived for intellect alone, became a species of hermit living in social poverty in the cave of their own skulls!

"I cannot," she said, "fancy you in any relation which remotely approximated social."

"H'm," said Professor Pell.

### Chapter Six

IT was on the morning following the issuance of the second publication of the *Free Press* under Carmel's editorship that she became uneasily aware of a marked scrutiny of herself by Evan Bartholomew Pell. There was nothing covert about his study of her; it was open and patent and unabashed. He stared at her. He watched her every movement, and his puckered eyes, wearing their most studious expression, followed her every movement. It was the first sign of direct interest he had manifested in her as a human being—as distinct from an employer—and she wondered at it even while it discomposed her. Even a young woman, confident in no mean possession of comeliness, may be discomfited by a persistent stare. It was not an admiring stare; rather it was a researchful stare, a sort of anatomical stare. Being a direct young person, Carmel was about to ask him what he meant by it, when he spared her the trouble.

"Er—as I was approaching the office this morning," he said in an especially dry and scholarly voice, "I chanced to overhear a young man make the following remark, namely: 'Mary Jenkins is a pretty girl.' Now, it is possible I have encountered that expression on numerous occasions, but this is the first time I have become conscious of it, and curious concerning it."

"Curious?"

"Precisely—as to its significance and—er—its causes. I have been giving consideration to it; it is not without interest."

"Pretty girls," said Carmel somewhat flippantly, "are always supposed to be of interest to men."

"Um, I have not found them so. That is not the point. What arrested my thought was this: What constitutes prettiness? Why is one girl pretty and another not pretty? You follow me?"

"I think so."

"Prettiness, as I understand it, is a quality of the personal appearance which



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gives to the beholder a pleasurable sensation."

"Something of the sort."

"Then, what causes it? It is intangible. Let us examine concrete examples. Let us stand side by side Mary Jenkins, who is said to possess this quality, and, shall we say, Mrs. Bogardus, who is reputed not to possess it. Why is one pretty and the other quite the opposite of pretty?" He shook his head. "I confess I had never become consciously aware of this difference between women."

"What!"

He opened his eyes in mild surprise at the force of her exclamation.

"As a matter of fact," he said patiently, "I do not recall taking special notice of any individual woman. As to this matter of prettiness—what constitutes it? What assembling of features and contours create a pleasant sensation in the beholder, and why? Perhaps you noted how I have been scrutinizing you this morning?"

"I most certainly did."

"Um! It was for the purpose of determining if your appearance aroused pleasant sensations in myself."

"And did it?"

He wrinkled his eyes behind his glasses and pushed stiff fingers through his hair. "It is difficult to determine with accuracy, or to state in terms the degree of pleasure derived, but I am almost certain that I derive a mild satisfaction from regarding you."

"I—I am overwhelmed," said Carmel, and with abruptness she passed through the wicket and out into the composing room, where she sat down in Tubal's rope-bottomed chair, quite breathless with laughter.

"Tubal," she said, "what sort of creature is he anyhow?"

"The Prof?"

She nodded weakly.

"H'm! The Prof," averred Tubal, "is a kind of cabbage that never headed up. He's got all the roots and the leaves, like that kind of a cabbage, and sim'lar, he haint got no idee how to fold 'em up, or why he's a cabbage, nor that cabbages is the main and chief ingredient of sauer kraut."

"Yes," said Carmel, "that's it." And for a long time after that she continued to think of Evan Pell as a cabbage which had grown to maturity without fulfilling a cabbage's chief object in life, which is to head. "Only," she said, "he's really just the opposite. He's never done anything but come to head. He's comatose from his eyebrows to his toes."

THE second issue of the *Free Press* had brought faint encouragement. There had been a slight increase in advertising, due to Carmel's solicitations, but her pleasure in this growth was somewhat dimmed by a guilty feeling that it was not due to any merit of the paper, or of her solicitations, but to a sort of rudimentary gallantry on the part of a few merchants. Perhaps half a dozen men had lounged in to subscribe, investing a dollar and a half in curiosity. But to put the worst face on it, she had held her own.

She really felt she had improved the paper. The columns of personals, which

had been intrusted to Evan Pell, were full of items. He had shown an unusual aptitude for observing the minutiae of the community. Having observed, he would have reported in the language of a treatise on sociology, but Carmel referred him to the files, and admonished him to study the style of the late Uncle Nupley.

This Evan Pell had done grimly, ironically, and the result was a parrotlike faithfulness. He had also read and corrected all the proofs, to the end that the sensibilities of the community be not offended by grammatical *gaucheries*. But he had been offended close to resignation when Carmel insisted upon running, in inch-tall block type across the top of the first page, this query:

WHO IS THE HANDSOMEST MAN  
IN GIBEON?

That was her great idea, born of her interview with Lancelot Bangs. "If papers run beauty-contests for women," she said, "why not run handsome contests for men? Anyhow it'll be fun, and I'm entitled to a little pleasure. Men are vain. It will make talk, and talk is advertising, and advertising pays."

Evan inveighed against the scheme as undignified, stultifying, and belittling to a dignified profession.

"If it brings in subscriptions—and dollars," said Carmel, "we should worry!"

Evan closed his eyes in pain. "We should worry! I beg of you. That barbaric phrase! The basest *argot*. Our newspapers should be the palladium of the purity of the language. If such expressions are tolerated—" He stopped abruptly, because his mind could not encompass the horrors which would result from its toleration.

"Anyhow, I'm going to do it—and you'll see. A regular voting—coupons and everything. We'll have a six months' subscription worth fifty votes, a year's subscription worth a hundred votes."

"But—er—whom will they vote for?"

"Just wait," she said.

Following this, she proceeded with enthusiasm. First she printed the rules of the contest in the *Free Press*, and then she went to Tubal.

"I want to stick things up all over the township," she said, "telling about it."

"We got a mess of yaller stock," he said. "You write it out, and I'll print it, and we'll make the Prof' go and paste 'em up."

So it was done, and on a day Gibeon awoke to find itself placarded with large yellow notices making it known that the *Free Press* was in a fever to discover who was considered the handsomest man in town, and to read the paper for particulars. Carmel was right; it caused talk.

IN other matters she was feeling her way, and the way was not plain before her. Of petty news there was a plenty, and this she printed. She also printed a trifling item about a traveling salesman who had been "making" the territory for years in a buggy, and who had been detected in the act of smuggling a few bottles of liquor over the

border in his sample case, thus adding to a meager income.

"There's your vast liquor-traffic," she said to Evan Pell, "a poor, fat little drummer with six bottles of whisky."

"H'm! Who arrested him?"

"Deputy Jenney," she said.

"There is," said Evan, "a phrase which I have noted in the public prints. It is 'strangling competition.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Why—er—if you were engaged in a profitable enterprise, and some individual—er—encroached, you would abate him, would you not? That is the ethics of business."

"Do you infer this drummer was abated as a competitor?"

"Oh, not in the least—not in the least." He spoke airily, as one who disposes of a troublesome child.

The incident, small as it was, troubled her. Evan Pell, by his cryptic utterances, set her thinking. If her imagination had not tricked her wholly, there was a reticence about Gibeon; there was something Gibeon hid away from her. A thing was transpiring which Gibeon did not wish to be known—at least the powerful in Gibeon. She had encountered whisperings and slynesses. She laughed at herself. She would be seeing specters presently, she told herself. But there was the disappearance of Sheriff Churchill. There was the warning note to herself. There were many petty incidents such as the one in Lancelot Bangs' studio. But why connect them with illicit traffic in intoxicants? It was absurd to imagine an entire town debauched by the gainfulness of whisky-running. It was a matter best left alone.

And so, pursuing her policy of feeling her way, the current issue of the *Free Press* was quite innocuous—save for what is known technically as a "follow-up" on the subject of Sheriff Churchill, and an editorial in which was pointed out the lethargy of official Gibeon in assailing the mystery.

AS she was leaving the hotel after luncheon that day, she encountered Abner Fownes making his progress down the street. It was a slow, majestic progress, and quite impressive. Mr. Fownes carried himself with an air. He realized his responsibilities as a personage, and proceeded with the air of a statesman riding in a Victoria through a cheering crowd. He spoke affably and ostentatiously to everyone, but when he met Carmel face to face, he paused.

"A-hum! I have read the paper—read it all."

"I hope it pleased you."

"It did not," said Mr. Fownes.

"Indeed! And what fault did you find, Mr. Fownes?"

"You didn't consult with me. Told you to consult with me. Number of things shouldn't have been mentioned. Editorial on Churchill—bad business. Young woman, you can see past the end of your nose."

"I hope so."

"Didn't I make myself plain?"

"You did."

"Um—hem—no time for nonsense. After this—want to see every line goes in that paper."

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"Before it is published?" Carmel was  
stirred to antagonism, but forced herself  
to speak without heat.

"Before it's published. I'll tell you  
what to print and what you ought not to  
print."

"Oh," she said softly, "you will?"

"I own that paper—practically; I let it  
live. You're dependent on me."

Carmel's eyes snapped now; she was  
angry. "I fancied I owned the *Free  
Press*," she said.

"Just so long as I let you—and I'll  
let you as long as you—edit it—er—con-  
servatively."

"And *conservatively* means so long as  
I print what you want printed, and omit  
what you wish omitted?"

"Exactly," he said. "You've kept that  
school-teaching fellow after I told you  
not to."

She paused a moment, and then she  
said very quietly and slowly: "I think,  
Mr. Fownes, that you and I have got to  
come to an understanding."

"Exactly what I'm getting at," respond-  
ed Abner succinctly.

"Very well; now please listen carefully,  
and I'm sure you'll understand: At this  
moment I own the *Free Press*. Until  
your chattel mortgage falls due,—and  
that is two months away,—I shall con-  
tinue to own it. During that time I shall  
edit it as I see fit. I think that is clear.  
I shall ask no advice from you. I shall  
take no dictation from you. What I  
believe should be printed, I shall print.  
Good afternoon, Mr. Fownes."

SHE brushed past him and walked rap-  
idly toward the office; Mr. Fownes  
stood for a moment, frowning; then he  
turned his round head upon his shoulders—  
apparently there was no neck to  
assist in the process—and stared after  
her. It was not an angry stare, nor a  
threatening stare. Rather it was apprais-  
ing.

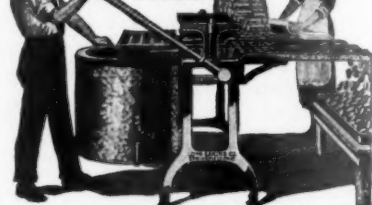
If Carmel could but have studied his  
face, and especially his eyes, at that mo-  
ment, she would have wondered if he were  
so fatuous as she supposed. She might even  
have asked herself if he were really, as  
certain people in Gibeon maintained,  
nothing but a bumptious figurehead, used  
by stronger men who worked in his  
shadow. There was something in Abner  
Fownes' eyes which was quite worthy of  
remark; but perhaps the matter most  
worthy of consideration was that he  
manifested no anger whatever—as a  
vain man, a little man, bearded as he  
had been by a mere girl, might have  
done.

He peered after her briefly; then, by a  
series of maneuvers, set his face again  
in the direction he had been traveling,  
and proceeded magnificently on his way.  
Carmel would have been more disturbed,  
and differently disturbed, could she have  
seen into the man's mind, and read what  
was passing in its depths. His thoughts  
had not so much to do with Carmel as  
an editor, as with Carmel as a woman.

Carmel Lee is forced to face a crisis  
in the forthcoming chapters of this  
absorbing novel by the author of  
"The Highfliers" and "The Little  
Moment of Happiness." Be sure to  
read them in the next, the July, is-  
sue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

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Everybody loves them. Can't get enough. Come  
again and again for more. Easy  
to make. I furnish everything.  
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cheap. Profits enormous.



Quick success possible anywhere—cities, small  
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surging throngs at fairs, carnivals, parks, etc.; whole-  
sale to grocers, bakeries, druggists, and so on. Pos-  
sibilities unlimited! Need no experience. Little cap-  
ital starts you on the road to phenomenal earnings.

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You can succeed, too. Start is all you need. I'll gladly  
help you. Furnish everything—complete outfit, materials,  
secret formula, full directions, wrappers, etc. Send post-  
card for illustrated book of facts. Tell me how to start.  
Explains most successful methods. Gives all information  
needed. It's free. Write now!

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629 High Street Springfield, Ohio

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MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

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432 National Bldg. Cleveland, O.



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## BOXES OF GOLD

(Continued from page 83)

warrant against him on the charge of manslaughter; we have watched every steamship at every port; yet I don't mind confessing to you that we have reason to believe that he is in London at the present moment and in touch with his old associates."

"If that is so," I declared, "I should imagine that the person who earns your hundred pounds will be able to solve the mystery of the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. de Miguel."

**N**OTWITHSTANDING Rimmington's conviction, I started on no mad quest of my enemy. Indeed, I had no inspiration as to where to begin my search. Janet had left Albemarle Court and had not replied to the various notes which I had written her. I had a vague idea that there was danger in prosecuting inquiries for her too closely. I had an idea, too, which was by no means vague, that I was being watched. There was always a loiterer of some sort or another in the street when I entered or left my rooms. I felt surreptitious eyes upon me often, when I lunched or dined or visited the theater. Once I walked home late through Lansdowne Passage, and heard the patter of rubber-shod feet behind me. I swung around, and my pursuer, whoever he was, a burly but agile figure, took refuge in flight. When I regained the entrance to the passage, he was nowhere to be seen. There were other and similar incidents. I had gone unarmed through the time of trouble in Ireland. I carried a revolver with me now, and I practiced getting at it quickly.

It was about three weeks after the attack upon Metzger and the disappearance of the gold, when I received a most unexpected visitor. I heard a shrill, foreign voice in the hall overriding my servant's objections, and a moment later a man entered unannounced and evidently in a state of some excitement. He was small and of exceedingly unprepossessing appearance. His face was pitted with smallpox; he had wicked-looking teeth, a stubby black mustache, a head of black hair as thick and upright-growing as a porcupine's. He addressed me at once in broken English.

"You are Sir Norman Greyes?" he said. "I am Gorty. I came to, this country of cutthroats with Metzger—with him who lies in the hospital. Will you listen to me?"

I motioned to Adams to leave us, and wheeled round an easy-chair for my visitor.

"Sit down," I invited. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Gorty, although I think you are a little hard upon us over here."

"What am I to think?" he demanded fiercely. "I come from a great but poor government. With much trouble we get together the gold with which to buy materials in this country and open credits. It is you who are supposed to be more civilized than any other country. I go to Manchester to speak at a meeting. I come back, and what do I find? My

comrade brutally assaulted, my country's gold stolen! Yes, and that in the heart of your London—in the center of your civilization! What am I to think of you, then, as a people, I ask?"

"It was a most unusual crime," I told him, "but you must remember that you were taking grave risks in having a large amount of gold like that unguarded in your room. The police, however, are doing—"

"The police?" he almost shrieked. "Your police? They are imbeciles—imbeciles or rascals, I know not which! And as to having the money unguarded, how could we help it? There are many banks in London who say we owe them money. What would have happened if I had deposited my gold there? They would surely have annexed it. And as it is, do you believe that it is an ordinary thief who has robbed us? No! I say no! Or if it is a thief, it is one whom your precious police can lay their hands on when they choose; and when they do so, what will happen? The gold will be claimed by your Government."

"I am afraid," I said, "that you are taking a very extreme view of things. However, under the circumstances I cannot blame you for feeling ill used. Tell me what brings you here."

"Ten years ago," he went on, suddenly calmer, "I was in the service of the police of my country. There was an anarchist plot. Three criminals escaped to London. You were at Scotland Yard, and I came to see you. You found me those criminals."

"I remember it perfectly," I answered. "But you have changed your name."

"It was necessary," he admitted. "In my country one changes one's name frequently. But you I remembered. Mr. Rimmington spoke of you. I found your address. I am here."

"Tell me what can I do for you?" I asked.

"Find me my gold," he demanded. "Find me the man who attacked Metzger."

"If I could do that," I told him, "I should have done it long ago. I am only too pleased when I can help the police in their duties."

**H**E drew his easy-chair a little closer to mine. He eyed my box of cigarettes hungrily. I placed it by his side, and handed him a match. He smoked furiously.

"Listen," he confided; "I have a piece of evidence. I will not take it to the police. I do not trust them. You shall find me my gold."

"What is your piece of evidence?" I asked.

"The little gray man," he answered, "the man whom they spoke of as visiting the South Americans in the next suite. Ah, those South Americans—I never trusted them! I saw Madam make eyes at Metzger. What need had she of Metzger! A woman like that has lovers enough."

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"About the little gray man?" I ventured.

"They speak of him in the evidence," Gorty went on eagerly. "He was at the suite that night. I saw him with Madam the South American, two days before. I know where he is to be found now."

"Why the devil haven't you told the police?" I exclaimed. "That is the one man they are looking for."

My visitor narrowly escaped a paroxysm. He swept an ornament from the table by his side without noticing it. He gibbered for a moment like a madman.

"But have I not explained?" he expostulated. "I do not trust the police. Six of those solemn constables would march up in uniform to the place I spoke of, and the little gray man would slip away. I tell you. You must find him and see who he is. You must consider how to act. The assault upon Metzger was bad, but it is the gold I want."

"Very well," I said, "tell me where to find him."

"Go to the reading-room at the British Museum between eleven and one o'clock," Gorty told me. "You will find him there, reading. I myself am a student. Twice I have sat at the next table. He is reading from some rare volumes the 'History of the Rosicrucians.'"

"Between eleven and one," I repeated. "You will go?"

"Tomorrow morning," I promised.

Gorty arose.

"Listen, Greyes," he said, "—you, Sir Norman Greyes. Will you swear that if you recover my gold, it comes to me?"

"I swear it," I answered.

"Then through that man you will find it," he declared.

GORTY was right. The moment when, from my place of concealment, I saw him come shuffling into the reading-room and take his place nearly opposite to me at the great round table, I knew very well that this was Michael. He carried with him two or three books, a volume of reference and a notebook. He had the appearance of the most devout bibliophile, and indeed, having watched him for some time, I came to the conclusion that he was in earnest about his labors. It was in these little ways that Michael achieved real greatness. Detail was a passion with him. He not only appeared to be deeply interested in the Rosicrucian history. He had actually become so.

I was without doubt at fault not to have at once passed on my information to Rimmington and to have had my old adversary arrested on one of the many previous counts against him. It seemed to me, however, that this would bring to an end our chances of recovering the gold, and I could not ignore the fact that I was indebted to Gorty for the information which had delivered Michael into my hands. I therefore maintained a strict watch, and waited.

For three days and three nights I knew Michael's every movement. He made his own breakfast, lunched at a small restaurant near the Museum, and dined each night at the Monico, where he sometimes played dominoes for an hour afterward, if able to find an opponent. On the fourth night, however,

he departed from his usual practices. The young woman whom I had been employing to watch him came to me in haste.

"Our friend," she announced, "called at the Monico but took only an *apéritif* there. He walked across to Romano's and has ordered a table and dinner for two."

"Whereabouts?" I asked quickly.

"Downstairs in the restaurant, on the right-hand side," she replied.

I rang up Romano's and engaged one of the tables in the balcony. In a quarter of an hour I was ensconced there behind the curtain, with Miss Rose Weston, the young woman who had brought me the news of Michael's change of plans, as my companion. She had found time to change into evening clothes, and she played her part exceedingly well. We should have passed anywhere as a very ordinary couple, indulging in a somewhat pronounced dinner flirtation. I kept my eye, however, on the table at which Michael was seated below, and in due course I was rewarded. A very elegant, quietly dressed woman came into the restaurant and sank into the chair by his side. I saw at once that it was Janet.

"What you expected?" my companion asked quickly.

"In a sense," I admitted. "Remember, when they leave, it is the woman you follow."

I watched them closely from behind the curtain. There was no more distinguished-looking woman in the room than Janet, or more beautiful. She talked in a low tone to her companion, and her manner was often earnest. Nevertheless she never smiled. She was different in that respect from every one of the diners by whom she was surrounded. There was not a suggestion of festivity about her. She ate moderately, drank sparingly, and talked. All the time she gave one the impression of a great weariness. Toward the end of the meal, what I had been watching for happened. She opened her handbag and passed something across the table. It was about the size and shape of an ordinary shotgun cartridge, but I felt certain, from the way she handled it, that it was heavy. I knew then that we were on the right track.

"You are satisfied?" my companion asked.

"Perfectly," I assured her. "I am going to run no further risk of being recognized. I shall pay the bill and go. You will remain. Remember, it is the woman you must watch. Engage as much help as you require. She must be watched unceasingly."

My companion nodded.

"It will not be difficult," she said.

I TOOK my departure, and at this stage of my search for the missing gold, I took Rimmington into my confidence. He agreed with me as to the advisability of allowing Michael to remain at large for the present; and so far as he was concerned, he satisfied himself with placing a strict watch upon the house in Adam Street where we had located him. I myself retired a little into the background, although I remained in the closest touch with Miss Weston. Her information was always interesting, always suggestive.



"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

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The whole scheme gradually unwound itself. Rimmington and I found a certain delight in fitting the pieces together. He himself brought some valuable information, which he laid before me a few nights after the dinner at Romano's.

"One of the out-porters at Waterloo," he announced, "seems to remember a small furniture van backed up against the pavement some distance away from where the majority of the taxicabs were unloading."

"He didn't notice the name on it, I suppose?" I asked.

"No such luck! There's another thing, though. One of the old hands there told another of my fellows that he noticed several porters about, that night, whose faces were quite unfamiliar to him and whom he has not seen since. The driver of the bus from the Milan insists upon it, as you remember, that Madam de Miguel pushed away the first porter who accosted them, and insisted upon employing two of her own choosing."

I nodded.

"We have got so far, then," I pointed out, recapitulating items of information which had been brought us. "This pretended South American and his wife drove up to Waterloo with three heavy cases. They were met there by confederates dressed in the uniform of railway porters, who probably took the boxes into the station, and choosing their opportunity, brought them out again and got them into the furniture van. The inference is that the gold is still in London. To proceed: What have we learned about Janet? She is staying in a boarding-house in the Cromwell Road, frequented by artists. She spends an hour or two every day at the South Kensington Museum, studying statuary. It is exactly four days since she brought a little specimen of some sort of work to Michael, something that, unless I am mistaken, was of considerable weight, for I noticed that her handbag sagged as she walked up to the restaurant. Further—"

THE telephone-bell rang. I recognized Miss Weston's voice at the other end. I listened to what she had to say, and in ten minutes we were in my car and on the way to Twickenham. We picked up Miss Weston herself in Kensington.

"The woman whom I have been following," she announced, "is only a few minutes ahead of us. She is in a private car, and there is a strange man seated in front with the chauffeur."

"It looks well," Rimmington admitted. "Our friend has ordered the same table for dinner tonight at Romano's."

On our way I had a moment of uneasi-

ness. A gray touring-car passed us at a great speed and shot down the Brentford Road, considerably ahead of us. Rimmington spoke for a moment through the tube, and we pulled up at the district police-station.

"We've given Michael rope enough," he decided. "He may get the alarm at any moment now. I'm going to have him arrested."

I drew a little breath. It was hard to think that I should not be present at the end for which I had worked so zealously, but I realized the risk of letting him remain at large any longer. I waited while Rimmington entered the police-station and spoke to headquarters. When he returned, he brought with him a couple of plain-clothes men, one of whom sat in the front and the other with us.

"There will probably be half a dozen of them," Rimmington pointed out, "and from what I know of the gang that Michael generally employs, there may be a little trouble. We'll leave Miss Weston in the car."

WE turned off the main road at Twickenham, and finally stopped before the gates of a large, old-fashioned villa, badly out of repair and apparently empty. The grounds sloped down to the river, and the gates were padlocked. We climbed over, leaving Miss Weston behind. She detained us for one moment.

"The house is called the Sanctuary," she said. "Goodson, the sculptor, lived here once."

We hurried off. The place showed every sign of desertion, but there were marks of recent wheels upon the avenues, and as we turned the last corner we saw a thin cloud of smoke curling upward from a long range of outbuildings which looked like a sort of annex to the kitchen. Rimmington quickened his pace. We all broke into a run. We avoided the front door, with its flight of stone steps, and went straight for the building which we now perceived to have been the studio. The door of a long outbuilding stood open. We paused to look inside. There was a furniture van there, and inside, some clothing of rusty corduroy. The uniforms of the pseudo-porters at Waterloo were accounted for.

Entrance to the studio itself was gained by means of a stout oak door, obviously barred and bolted. We went round to the back, crossing a lawn where the grass and weeds were up to our knees. We failed to discover any other door, but somehow or other we found our way through a smashed window into the great room with its dome-shaped ceiling. I think, even as we entered, we realized that we were too late.

The place was empty. A small forge was burning; there were several strange-looking vessels lying about the floor; the coffers, covered only by a piece of matting which Rimmington kicked aside, were ranged against the wall. There was not a sound to be heard, but the place smelled of tobacco smoke, and indeed there was a faint cloud of blue smoke still hanging about the roof.

"We've lost them!" Rimmington muttered.

I thought of Gorty as I thrust my hand down amongst the gold-pieces.

"We have the gold, though," I reminded him.

"And Michael, I trust," was the fervent rejoinder.

WE searched the house, which was empty and desolate. Then we sent to the local police-station and arranged for the gold to be removed. Afterward we called on the house agent. He made a little grimace when we mentioned the Sanctuary.

"Thought I'd let it to a lady sculptor," he declared. "She paid for the house for a month, to see whether she could work there—wanted to do her own casting or something."

"She paid you for the month, I hope?" Rimmington inquired.

"Oh, she paid that, all right," the agent replied. "I wish these old places were all pulled down. They're more trouble than they're worth."

"Did the lady bring you any references?" I asked.

"I didn't ask for any," the house agent replied frankly. "I was only too glad to get anyone even to talk about the property. Besides, the lady put the money down."

"Nevertheless," Rimmington said quietly, "as a person who has had some experience in these matters—I am Inspector Rimmington of Scotland Yard—I should advise you to be a little careful how you deal with these large, old-fashioned houses. In the present case you may be interested to know that the little forge in the studio at the Sanctuary has been used for the purpose of melting down Russian gold."

"God help us!" the agent cried. "What, the Gorty and Metzger gold?"

"Precisely," Rimmington acquiesced. "They've only got rid of a little of it, as it happens, but to judge from the preparations, they were going into it more extensively in a day or two."

We drove back to London, and I followed my friend into his private room with a rare thrill of excitement. I saw his face grow white and stern as he listened to the report of the man who rose to meet him. Then he turned a disconsolate face to me.

"The rooms in Adam Street are empty," he said. "Stanfield has not visited the British Museum today. We've lost him again! I ought to have known better," he added bitterly, "than to have let him remain at liberty for a single moment."

"And the woman?" I asked, a little nervously.

Rimmington shook his head.

"We don't want her," he said. "She's just the decoy who may some day whistle her mate to his cell. It's a knock for us, Greyes. Neither De Miguel nor his wife nor Michael Sayers!"

"But we have the gold," I reminded him once more.

"Damn the gold!" Rimmington retorted profanely.

But Gorty thought otherwise. So, when he recovered consciousness, did Metzger.

(Another spirited episode in this greatest detective-story series since "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," will appear in the forthcoming July issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.)

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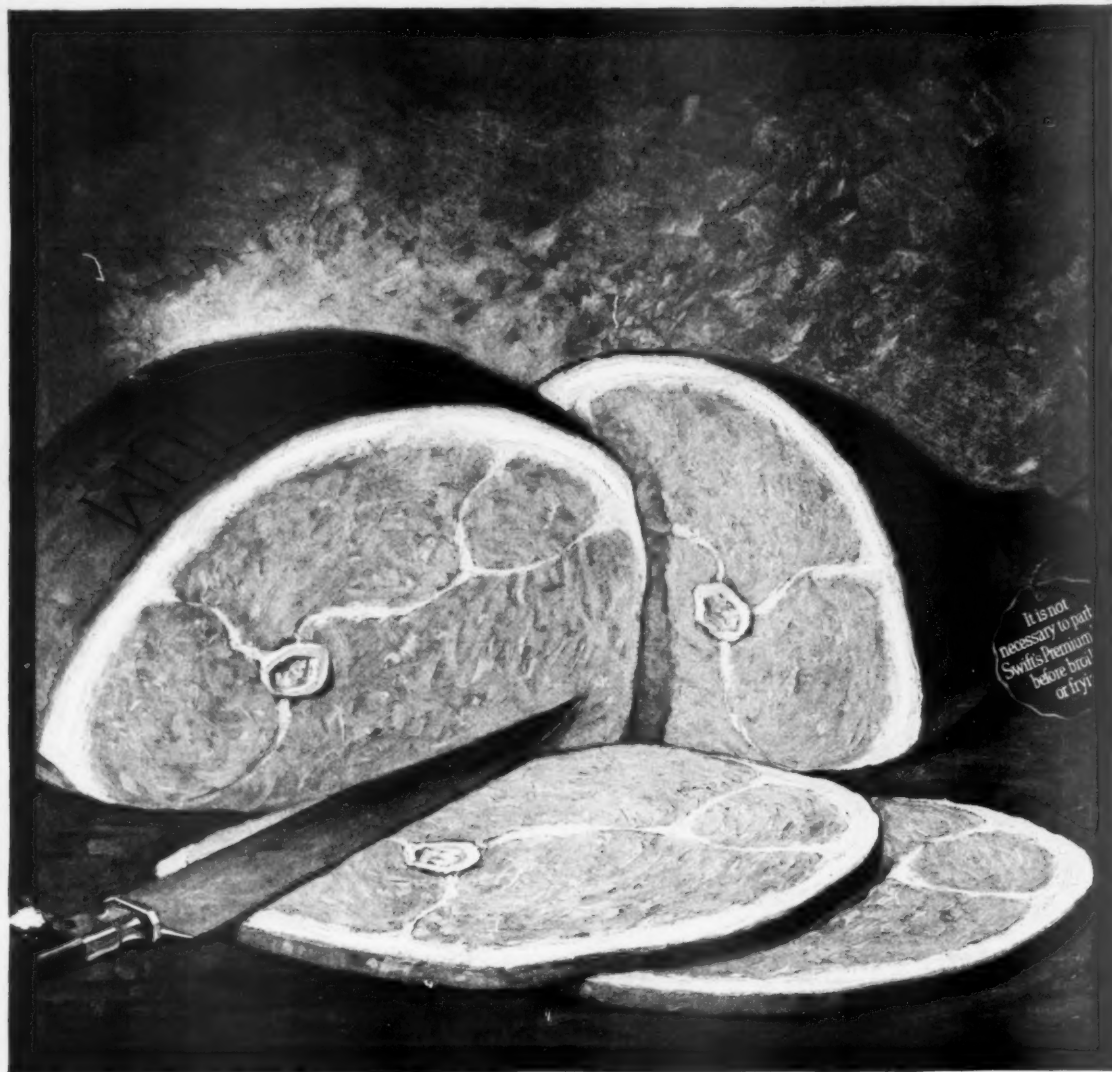
### Cleopatra's way

With a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with palm and olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin.

This beautifying was not confined to face alone. The bath was a daily ceremonial with all ancient peoples, palm and olive oils the cleansers used.

Bathe with Palmolive and keep your skin smooth and white. It is a luxury all can afford.





## A whole Premium Ham saves money and work

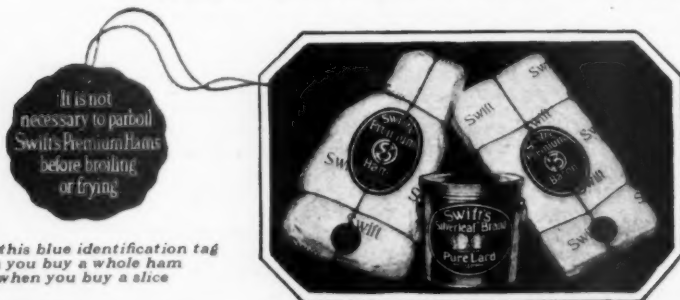
You save on each pound of this tender meat when you buy a whole Premium Ham. Also, buying it whole in the original wrapper, you are sure of getting Swift's Premium, the ham with the sweet mild flavor everyone likes.

You save work, too, when you buy this way. Cook it all at once, and you have meat ready for a

number of meals — meat that is equally delicious served hot or cold. Or, if you choose, have the dealer cut your Premium Ham into pieces—the butt end to bake, the shank to boil, the center slices to fry or broil.

Buy a whole Premium Ham—for economy—for convenience.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Swift & Company  
U. S. A.

